



FRONT VIEW OF TORONTO'S CITY HALL AS CANADA'S 3RD WAR LOAN WENT INTO HIGH GEAR LAST WEEK. SEE PAGE 5

We are glad to announce that arrangements have been made whereby Mr. L. S. B. Shapiro, whose column—written sometimes from New York, sometimes from Washington, sometimes even from Hollywood—in the Montreal Gazette has attained a high reputation, and who has contributed important articles to our pages in the past, will henceforth send us a weekly article on some phase of American life and affairs. For the time being these will come from Washington, where that life and those affairs are highly concentrated.

By an unfortunate error the article on Ot-lara, second of a series, which appeared in our last issue, was given the by-line of Kathleen Strange, the brilliant novelist of Winnipeg who has often contributed to these columns. It was actually by Kathleen Skelton, a young writer of partly French-Canadian ancestry who knows the capital like a book and has the wit to deal neatly with its minor foibles. Another article in her series will appear shortly.

CANADA is in the midst of a great recruiting campaign and a great loan flotation, both for the purpose of ensuring that the democracies with which we are fighting shall not lose the war.

Now is a good time to drop a most pernicious habit which has been seriously restricting our war effort ever since it began—the habit of assuming that other people are going to win this war for us anyhow, whatever we do or do not do about it.

For a whole winter and spring we assumed that the British and French were bound to win in the long run anyhow. The French were then defeated, and for a time we were seriously disturbed. But the British put up a magnificent job of resistance, and we once again began to assure ourselves that the British would win all alone by themselves. Since the Battle of the Atlantic began to seem dangerous, and the Battle of the Mediterranean positively disastrous, we have merely changed the tune a little, responding to the greater activity of the United States, and now what we are practically doing is relying on the British and the Americans to win. What we shall say when the Americans are really in and doing their utmost, and we cannot rely on any increase of their effectiveness, it is hard to tell;

THE FRONT PAGE

perhaps our incurable optimists will revive (there are signs of it already this week) the cry that Russia will eventually be with us.

It would be a great deal better if we recognized that the results of a great war are never determined until the last gun has been fired, and that it is entirely within the realm of possibility that Herr Hitler may conquer the rest of the world (with some Italian and Japanese aid) as he has already conquered almost the whole of Europe. That is not, to any loyal Canadian, an argument for not fighting him. It is no longer, to any loyal American, an argument for not fighting him, although it was such an argument before the real issues of the war were understood in the United States. It is, on the other hand, the best possible argument for fighting him with every ounce of energy that we possess, with every dollar that we can muster. This is not a time for insisting that we shall make no more effort and no

more sacrifice than any other nation fighting on our side; it is a time when everybody must make the utmost sacrifice of which he is capable, and if somebody else is making less sacrifice that is a good reason why we must make more, in order to fill up the deficiency.

This continent is as much an objective of Nazi tyranny as Poland or France; it is merely a few months later in the schedule. Democracy in Canada and the United States is as intolerable to the Nazi Weltanschauung as democracy in Czechoslovakia or Spain. Every Canadian soldier in Great Britain today is protecting Canada just as much and as directly as if he were behind a gun on the ramparts of Halifax, for if Great Britain goes under the chances of saving democracy permanently by the guns of Halifax will be slim indeed. We are all in the same war, even though we may not all be yet in the front line of it; and we can lose that war by our own weakness, inde-

cision, selfishness and lack of understanding of what it involves. We can lose it for ourselves, and we, all by ourselves, can lose it for everybody else that is in it on our side.

Cream and Diplomacy

IF THE request of Lord Woolton to the United States to establish "voluntary creamless days" in order to increase food shipments to Great Britain, a request made two weeks ago, was in any sense a request of the British government to the United States government—and it is difficult to see that it can have been anything less—then the Canadian government should have regarded it as addressed no less to Canada than to the United States, since both countries are equally available as sources of food supply for Great Britain.

Canada can afford creamless days quite as well as the United States, and Canada has much more reason to afford creamless days, since the Dominion is in the war while the Republic is technically not. The benefit to Great Britain is as great from a gallon of cream saved in Canada as from a gallon of cream saved in New York or Louisiana.

The fact that Canada is doing nothing about creamless days while the United States is being asked to observe such days is being exploited by every pro-Nazi and anti-British newspaper and speaker in the United States, as evidence that the soft-hearted Americans are being fooled by the astute Britishers.

The Labor Problem

THE relations between labor and the employing interests have been the chief subject of public discussion in this country for over a month now, and it cannot be said that the public is very much clearer in its mind than it was at the beginning of May. Its feelings on the other hand are, we fancy, a good deal livelier, for the behavior of certain elements on the labor side of this relation has been extremely unwise and illogical, and a few seemingly unauthorized strikes have lent color to the theory that persuasive individuals who have no desire to see the democracies win the war are operating in plants whose pro-

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PEOPLE *make news*



"Rapid Robert" Feller, pitching ace of the Cleveland Indians, had his famed arm, with a ball held fast in a characteristic pitching grip, cast in plaster last week. The finished piece will appear in Cleveland's Health Museum. Experts predict that Feller will win over thirty games for Cleveland this year.



Acting Squadron Leader Barrie Heath flies a Spitfire bought by his father and named after his brother killed in World War I. The pheasant he holds caught in the plane's radiator over France and stuck until he landed in England. The dog is "Pippy", the mascot of Heath's squadron.



Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands decorated 42 Dutch seamen for heroism last week. With several others, this picture was taken of the ceremony. To avoid recognition and reprisals on relatives still in Holland, the censor in every instance blotted out the faces of the Dutchmen.



Heralding the opening of resort publicity and ballyhoo, long-legged, shapely Dorothea Conlen, 19, was chosen Miss Television at Atlantic City, New Jersey. Wearing a bare midriff bathing suit decorated with stars and anchors, Miss Conlen won the top television title going away.



Max Schmeling, right, former heavyweight champion of the world, who was reported killed in the fighting in Crete. Schmeling, the only man to knock out heavyweight champion Joe Louis, was so severely beaten in a return match, he spent several weeks in hospital. Back in Germany, Schmeling joined the Nazi movement, volunteered for the parachute corps, was taken, though he was overage and overweight.



Gen. B. C. Freyburg, V.C., who was reported killed in Crete where he was Commander-in-Chief. Later the British denied the report saying that Freyburg was "with his troops."

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Not Much to Expropriate There

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

SOME statistics have been released by the National Industrial Conference Board that I would commend to the leftwingers, Socialists, Social Crediters, produced - for - use - and not-for-profit believers, and all the other theorists who are going to reform the world and big business by eliminating the profit motive from the conduct of business affairs.

The figures referred to are the Board's tentative estimates on the average rate of return on capital invested in manufacturing in the United States last year. This amounted to 4.09%, a decline from 5.24% in 1937 and 5.69% in 1936. Last year's rate, it was pointed out, was higher than the average rate of return of 3% for the 14 year period from 1925 to 1938. These figures give particular significance to your financial editor's oft repeated reminder that business operates in a profit and loss economy.

The following bit of comment which appears rather ironical to the writer, accompanied these statistics: "In point of stability of earnings the manufacture of food, liquor and tobacco was first, followed by printing and publishing. The former group was the only industrial group to show net earnings every year from 1925 to 1938." There must be a moral concealed in this item somewhere for what are the reformers going to do with a nation which is so unregenerate as to make catering to eating, smoking and drinking the three most consistently profitable enterprises on the continent.

But the real point is - where is the Utopia to come from that so many starry-eyed dreamers conjure up out of the expropriation of business "profits" that on the whole do not give as good a return as a decent industrial bond. I suspect most of them will take refuge in lambasting the National Industrial Conference Board as a procapitalistic institution, instead of confining their arguments to the facts they have unearthed.

Montreal, Que.

DON STAIRS.

"Permits to Burn"

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE Dominion government is spending thousands of dollars to exhort the people to save, conserve, work and contribute to an all-out war effort to defend not only our way of life but our rich resources so long coveted by the have-not nations who like to point a finger of scorn at our waste and inefficiency.

One drain upon the national wealth, that resulting from fire, is consistently fought by a handful of earnest and public-spirited people, with a certain amount of encouragement from Dominion and provincial authorities, and in recent years their efforts have borne excellent results save in one direction.

Considerable money is spent on fire ranging, first aid, control of campers and travellers, and warning signs; but there is apparently no adequate control of a very common cause of serious fire outbreaks, namely the clearing of land by "settlers" operating under government permits.

In Germany citizens are required by law to save their toothpaste tubes, used matches, and every conceivable bit of material of any possible use. In Canada we permit the destruction of millions in actual or potential wealth through lack of an intelligent national policy that would conserve forests where forests should be, and direct land settlement.

How ridiculous to risk destruction of vast forest wealth for the sake of the paltry production of marginal settlers, when we have untold acres of cleared or prairie land that are idle, or producing more than available markets can absorb!

What real authority has the Dominion Fire Commissioner or the Dominion Timber Controller to do anything about this situation? What

can provincial Fire Marshals or forest rangers do about it if other departments of provincial governments give settlers "permits to burn"?

Frank Barnjum labored on this subject for years, with little to show for his efforts. Must we be forever bedevilled with this division and overlapping of authority which leaves control of such a vital problem to petty politicians, and enormous national wealth at the risk of incompetent appointees who give "permits to burn" in a season of unusual drought?

Montreal, Que.

CONSERVATOR.

Meaning of P.C.7440

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. H. F. NICHOLSON quite misses the point of my letter in your issue of May 31. The dispute between the railways and their employees is whether the "basic standard of living" to be protected by Order-in-Council 7440 is that of 1926-29, or that of 1939-40. My point was that it is clearly the latter, since the order explicitly says that even where higher wage rates (in terms of money) had been established since 1929, it is these higher rates that shall be deemed generally fair and reasonable. It surely follows that where no higher wage rates have been established after 1929, the men have an even stronger claim to a bonus. It is true that I did not draw this obvious conclusion explicitly.

The purpose of my letter was to show that your contention (and that of the companies) was not supported by P.C. 7440, and to draw attention to your omission (and theirs) of the vital phrase "or higher levels established thereafter" in your references to it.

The companies contend, in effect, that, although the men have had no increase in wage rates since 1929, they are not entitled to a bonus owing to changes in the cost of living. My objection was that, on the contrary, they would have been so entitled according to the clear wording of the Order, even if they had obtained higher money wages since 1929, irrespective of the changes in the cost of living.

Mr. Nicholson says that this has "nothing to do" with the dispute. I fail to follow his logic, since the whole dispute revolves around the argument of the companies that the level of wages (in terms of purchasing power) which should be protected, is that of 1926-29, and not that of 1939-40.

Toronto, Ont.

G. M. A. GIBBS.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

dicts are urgently needed for war purposes. This does not of course mean that all or even a majority of the strikers are on the enemy's side; it is notoriously easy for a well-trained agitator to make a group of workers think they have a real and serious grievance when they have actually nothing which would justify the stoppage of a piece of nationally important work.

The Canadian General Electric strike will probably have passed into history before these lines are read; but the United Electric Radio and Machinery Workers Association of America which sponsored it did itself no good in the eyes of Canadians by the ill-timed flippancy with which it described the strike as a "work holiday" and demanded that the government

THUNDERSTORMS IN GREY COUNTY

WHAT I remember of those sudden storms
Was how at first uneasily the grass
Lay silver low before the wind, and forms
Of maddest rolling cloud would bank and pass
Over the sun; how, windows shut, the last
Of bleaching linens gathered off the lawn,
The milk pans in, a dozen doors made fast,
Verandah chairs upturned, the rain came on.
And we, the old, and the exultant young,
Sat in the drawing-room to wait the end,—
A thunderbolt, a vicious lightning sprung
In molten arrows, on our heads descend!

Like creatures in a dim deep sea we glanced
Through the still substance of the sultry air,
And marked the shapes on which our vision
chanced

Yet saw unseeing what we knew was there:
The screen embroidered with a dragon's coils,
Beadwork glinting on the sofa pillows,
The steel engravings and the heavy oils,
Pure, flaxen "Marguerite", and Corot's
"Willows".

We heard the onslaught, and the elm trees
stirred
To whipping arms of fury in the gale;
Things wingless flew, we fancied that we heard
A cry of birds, the lost call out and wail.
Already in the outer world the brook
Was sliding faster in its course, and small
Green apples scattered on the wind that shook
Whole handfuls of wild roses from the wall.
The chestnut blossom strewed the gravelled
walk,

Dripping and broken hung the spider's net,
The sodden poppy clung against its stalk,
"See's wing clung, and wing of bird shone wet.
The strawberry would taste of cloud and rain,
Gold drops would slip along the shaken
bough,

And lakes upon the lawn would leave a stain
Tomorrow, where wide lustrous pools lay
now.

Familiarly a wagon lumbered by,
The wren sang out her bubbling homely
song;
O wondrous, from the lovely new-laved sky
The sunlight swept the summer hills along!

LENORE A. PRATT.

"I tire from the scene" if it was not going to do what the union wanted done. The Canadian people are not disposed to have their government ordered off the scene of a labor trouble that is tying up a large part of Canada's armament process, either by labor or by the employers. They welcomed the action of that government in taking control of an enterprise whose management had failed to comply with a conciliation award, and they are prepared to welcome equally drastic action against workers who go on strike before their grievances have even been put before a board. Nor were they at all pleased at the outburst of abuse of Mr. Justice McTague by various labor politicians which followed his eminently truthful and proper observation that labor in Canada is in need of better leadership.

On the other hand we regret that Mr. McLarty has moved to debar from boards of conciliation any person "who has acted as counsel, solicitor, legal adviser or paid agent for either of the parties in the previous six



SORRY, OLD COCK, THE REPORT IS GREATLY EXAGGERATED

months." This bill, which Mr. J. L. Cohen, K.C., may not unreasonably regard as conferring a rather notable personal distinction on himself, has a specious appearance of fairness as between labor and the employer; but the fact is that it is much easier for employers to secure an unpaid but sympathetic representative on such boards than it is for the employees, who will unquestionably be handicapped by the change, while it will not make the slightest difference to the quality of the employer representation. If the Peck Rolling Mills award was as bad as Mr. Howe claims, the blame must be laid on the third member of the board and not on the nominee of one of the parties; the nominees are expected to stand out for as much as possible of the claims of their own side, and the real decision is invariably made by the third member.

What the conciliation boards really need for their more effective functioning is a greatly increased degree of responsibility on the part of the workers' organizations which appeal to them. Board awards must be just as capable of being enforced against workers as against employers, and the status quo must also be capable of being enforced until a board has investigated and reported. This will continue to be difficult as long as the workers continue to regard themselves as exempt from the ordinary responsibilities of business, and entitled, among other things, to proclaim their own "holidays" from nationally necessary work whenever they feel like it.

Some Notable Books

THE annual review of "Letters in Canada" edited by Prof. A. S. P. Woodhouse is already available in the current number of the *University of Toronto Quarterly* and will no doubt appear shortly in the customary separate brochure. It is the one really complete and authoritative judgment of the contemporary literary output of this Dominion that we possess, and on those rare occasions when it uses superlatives it is pretty safe to conclude that superlatives are called for. It is therefore important to note that Professor Norwood believes the "Christianity and Classical Culture" of Professor C. N. Cochrane (a native Canadian now on the staff of University College, Toronto) to be "the most important work of classical scholarship yet produced on this continent." Incidentally Dr. Niebuhr expressed a very similar opinion at the Convocation dinner of University College last week. This is a

thing in which Canadians who do not happen to be devoted either to the classics or to theology may nevertheless take a very proper pride. Professor Woodhouse himself pays glowing tribute to the excellence of Professor Alexander's scholarly but popular "Story of Our Language." Neither fiction in English nor any type of writing in French seems to have produced a recognizable masterpiece during 1940, but English verse had of course a notable crop in Pratt's "Brebeuf," Abraham Klein's "Hath Not a Jew..." and Watson Kirkconnell's "The Flying Bull." In the drama only one Canadian full-length play attained publication—"Old Master," by Alexander Knox, and Mr. Milne calls this "probably the most professionally finished full-length comedy yet written by a Canadian;" that is a superlative, it is true, but it isn't much of a one.

This Conference Business

Mr. Hepburn does not say in so many words that he regrets having torpedoed the Sirois Conference, but probably his admission that "the convictions that many of us held a scant few months ago will of necessity have to give way to the awful realities of the moment" is as near as he can be expected to come to it. We should have supposed that there were a sufficient number of awful realities even five months ago to have induced Mr. Hepburn to be less flippant on that occasion, but if they have become more perceptible to him in the interval we can only be thankful. We find it difficult to forget, however, that in this matter of conferences Mr. Hepburn, owing to his lightness of heart, enjoys advantages which are not within the reach of any other premier. No other political leader could have gone to Ottawa as he did, after permitting every other government in the Dominion to prepare for that conference in good faith that it was going to be a serious negotiation, and then knocked it on the head in a speech which made it clear that he had never had the slightest intention of participating in it. From Mr. Hepburn that sort of thing is accepted philosophically; in the language of British politics it is "pretty Fanny's way;" it excites no surprise and little indignation. However even Mr. Hepburn, we assume, can scarcely repeat that operation at a conference of which he himself has been the chief instigator; and it is always possible that after so vigorous a denunciation of "recriminations" he will himself begin to do a little less recriminating.

Do Your Part! --- Buy Victory Bonds

"We must be willing to pay a price for freedom, for no price that is ever asked for it is half the cost of doing without it."

—H. L. Mencken.

THE PASSING SHOW

IT IS reported from Athens that Max Schmeling is not dead but is in bed with stomach trouble. No doubt his indisposition prevented him from attending his own funeral.

A writer in a London newspaper believes that Hess is the victim of a split personality. But we have no sympathy with such Herr-splitting arguments.

Mr. Hepburn has come to the conclusion that what the country needs is a Dominion-provincial conference. How about a full-page newspaper advertisement explaining the difference between June and January?

Of course rationing of gasoline is going to be necessary, but it's a little tough on the people who can afford a car now for the first time in ten years.

A Florida baseball player was recently married at home plate. The charming event was followed by a ball.

"I MUST BE GOING . . ."

If you'd be the "dear" departed,
Lady—Go, when once you've started!
Do not stand and merely chatter,
What you're saying does not matter,
Whether wise or foolish things,
Shoes or cabbages or kings—
But to be the "dear" departed,
Lady—GO!—when once you've started!

THEO L. DAUNT

The Japanese report that Molotov will visit Japan some time this summer. We bet they hope he'll bring a few breadbaskets with him.

Parachutists in the American army are to get fifty dollars a month extra pay. On account of the overhead, perhaps.

It was reported last week that Rashid Ali had arrived in Teheran. So it looks as if the Axis has come to the end of a blind Ali.

Prime Minister Smuts has asked the United States to "hustle." But he should know they can't go faster than a Gallup poll.

SANS PEUR ET SANS CHEMISE

The British are rationed
Of worsteds and tweeds;
They do doughty deeds
In garments old-fashioned;
Impassioned they stand
Maid, master and man,
Though shirtless, resolved
To make shift as they can.

Parts of England have gone on double daylight saving. When the cock crows the people in these parts take time out for afternoon tea.

A Chicago man was not accepted by the American army because he is nearly seven feet tall. Perhaps they couldn't find a uniform that was too big for him.

There is a movement in England to shorten golf-courses in order to have more room for planting vegetables. The movement is said to have the support of all golfers who have not yet broken 100.

A Denver man received his high school graduation diploma this spring at the age of seventy. Friends say that he is now busy choosing a career.

Secretary Morgenthau announced last week that it is too late to freeze Nazi funds in the United States. The immediate task now that the horse has been stolen is to nail down the barn.

Three Boston physicians have advanced a proposal that liquor bottles be labelled "Poison." And after that it might be possible to have drunks charged with attempted suicide.

An army private in Texas has been sent to the hospital after being run over by a jack-rabbit. But the report of the Texas Chamber of Commerce that he was covered with hoof marks is probably apocryphal.

RIGHT

Editor
and
Manager

Canada
\$5.00 for 1941
other years
all
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Canada
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other years
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AIRCRAFT CARRIER "ARK ROYAL", "BISMARCK'S" NEMESIS; A "SWORDFISH" CIRCLES



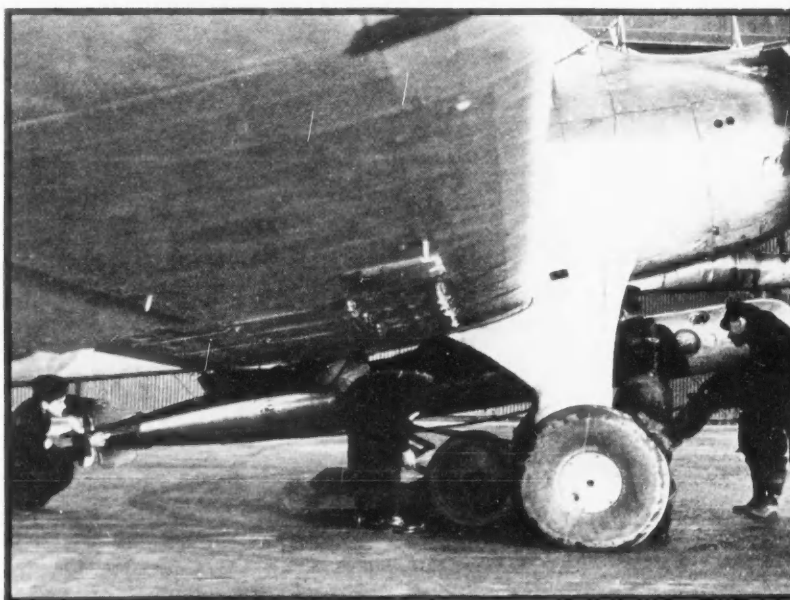
A FAIREY "SWORDFISH" RELEASES ITS TORPEDO

Torpedo Planes: The Punch in the Fleet Air Arm

BY D. R. FIELDING



Above: "Beaufort" bombers ready to take off with the torpedoes plainly visible under the fuselage. More than twice the size of the "Swordfish" and the "Albacore," the "Beaufort" has a span of 58 feet and a length of 44 feet. Planes of this type are attached to the Coastal Command. Below: a torpedo is loaded aboard an "Albacore" torpedo bomber. More modern than the "Swordfish," the "Albacore" is to a large extent replacing the former which has been in use for more than four years. It carries one 18-inch torpedo and can stay in the air from 5-7 hours. The "Albacore" has a 1010 Bristol "Taurus" engine, but its performance is not allowed to be given. "That it is superior to the 'Swordfish' can be taken for granted." Both planes operate from aircraft carriers.



THE torpedo-bomber aeroplane, most spectacular instrument of naval warfare developed in the present great conflict, has already on several occasions proved its worth. Its most striking success was undoubtedly in the attack upon the Italian Navy at Taranto, but it was also used with great effect at the Battle of Matapan. There the torpedo attacks by the British Fleet Air Arm were of the first tactical importance in the action. They were the cause of the check to the Italians' speed of movement. They enforced on the cruisers the necessity of remaining as a screen to the damaged Littorio-class battleship, and while there is no evidence that their attacks caused the actual sinking of any vessels their activity was the prime factor in enabling Admiral Cunningham's heavy units to make contact. The torpedo-bomber aeroplanes operated by the Coastal Command have also done much good work against enemy shipping operating along the coast-lines of France, Belgium, Holland and further east.

The Dive Bomber

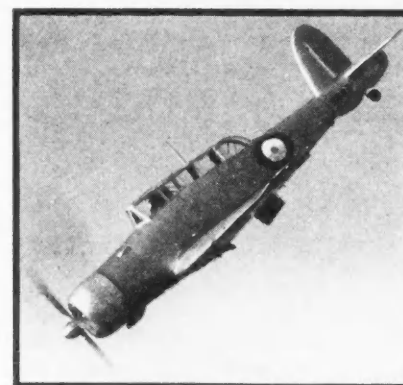
The torpedo-bomber must not be confused with the dive-bomber. The latter is actually a flying gun, a plane which is pointed downwards in action and aims its shell almost directly at a target. It is a swift, deadly weapon when used properly devastating and terrifying in its effect. It is a fairly small, strong and manoeuvrable plane, carrying a large bomb or several smaller ones, which drops like a hawk on its prey. After releasing its load it swings off to climb for another attack, or retreats swiftly before it can be beaten down by its adversary, the fighter.

Dive bombers like to start their dives at 18,000 to 20,000 feet. For the first 10,000 feet of fall these machines travel at an angle of 45 degrees, until at about 10,000 feet they stick their noses straight down for the target, and the objective, which seemed so tiny at the beginning of the dive, grows with startling rapidity in the vision of a pilot dropping at 500 miles an hour.

The Blackburn "Skua," a monoplane with a 750 horse-power Perseus engine is Britain's answer to the Junkers 87 used by the Germans. This type is operated by the

Since the Fleet Air Arm crippled Germany's mighty battleship "Bismarck" with torpedoes, slowed her down until the Navy caught up with her and battered her under, the eyes of the world have been on the Navy's infant service.

Here, briefly stated, is a resume of the Fleet Air Arm's striking power.



A Blackburn "Skua" dive bomber at the beginning of its dive.

British Fleet Air Arm, it has a speed on the level of about 225 miles an hour, and it is also used as a fighter. Actually the German dive bombers do not now have the terrifying effect they once had, for, as events have shown in the Mediterranean, these machines can be destroyed very devastatingly by a calm defence. The Nazi dive-bombers which have been operating from Sicily have not been an unqualified success, and our shipping through the Sicilian Straits is still able to carry on.

Implement of Destruction

In the torpedo-bomber the implement of destruction is similar to the torpedo used by submarines. Each plane carries one torpedo which is slung beneath the machine. When the torpedo-bomber sights its objective it descends, but in a gradual descent, so that it can be at the lowest possible level before releasing its torpedo. It may happen even that

such a machine may get down to within twenty or thirty feet of the water. The moment the torpedo is fired the plane then zooms upwards, so as to escape any retaliation.

When the torpedo is released it has as its momentum the speed of the torpedo-bomber. Once it strikes the water it then operates like any submarine-fired torpedo, travelling under its own self-contained motive power.

In the British Fleet Air Arm two types of torpedo-bomber are used. They are the "Swordfish" and the "Albacore." The "Swordfish" is a 2-3 seater and carries a 700 horse-power Bristol "Pegasus" engine. Its normal flying speed is 154 miles an hour. It carries one 18-inch torpedo and can remain from 5-7 hours in the air.

The "Albacore" is the more modern machine. It is replacing to a certain extent the "Swordfish" which has been in use for over four years. It has a 1010 Bristol "Taurus" engine, but its performance is not allowed to be given. That it is superior to the "Swordfish" may be taken for granted.

The "Beaufort"

Owing to the fact that both these types are operated from aircraft-carriers they cannot have the much higher speed which the land-launched torpedo-bomber is able to have. It would, clearly, be quite impossible to land on a ship at a speed of 300 miles an hour which is the performance of our "Beaufort" torpedo bomber and which is in use by the Coastal Command.

The "Beaufort" is built by the Bristol Company and is more than twice the size of the "Swordfish" and the "Albacore." It has a span of 58 feet and a length of 44 feet. Its engines are two Bristol "Taurus," each giving 1065 horse-power. It is of the monoplane type while the Naval machines are biplanes.

In the "Beaufort" the torpedoes or bombs are stored inside the machine. It also possesses considerable armament—a gun forward and another at the rear. The "Swordfish" and the "Albacore" carry machine-guns.

The Coastal-Command torpedo-bombers carry a crew of four; a pilot, a navigator, an air-gunner and a wireless operator.

The Victory Loan Tightens Canadians' Belts



Victory Loan slogans on Toronto's City Hall



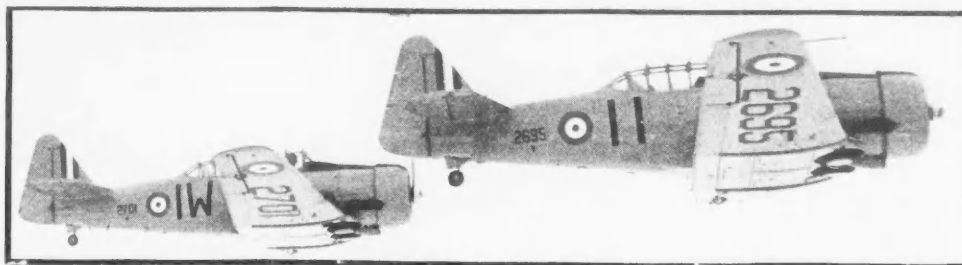
A display booth at Toronto's City Hall where munitions are made



Peel County's youngest buyer, Elizabeth Jean Cook



... and the oldest, Mr. and Mrs. A. Baldock, 80



On the training and maintenance of the R.C.A.F., \$386,000,000 will be spent

TO date, mechanized, streamlined World War II has cost Canada more than the full four years of World War I. For in the years 1915 to 1919, inclusive, this country spent upwards of \$1,500,000,000 to help defeat Germany. To the end of the last fiscal year we had spent over \$1,000,000,000.

This year, the fiscal year 1941-1942, Canada's budget estimates place expenditures at \$1,450,000,000; of this, about \$1,300,000,000 will be for War and \$460,000,000 for the ordinary expenditures of the Dominion.

In order to make ends meet, Canadians are paying the most drastic taxes that have ever been introduced into a Canadian Parliament. To fill the still-remaining gap between income and outgo, the Canadian government will borrow from its citizens.

For the third time since the outbreak of war in September, 1939, Canadians last week were asked to subscribe to a War Loan; a loan this time of \$600,000,000 dollars, to be raised in three weeks.

So enthusiastically did Canadians dig down into their pockets that, by the second day of the drive, many towns and municipalities across Canada had passed their set objectives. Kennedy, Saskatchewan, a community of 251 people in the Qu'Appelle dis-

trict, exceeded its objective by 250 per cent. Each time a town goes 25 per cent over the top, it is entitled to an honor pennant. Kennedy immediately wired for 10 honor pennants.

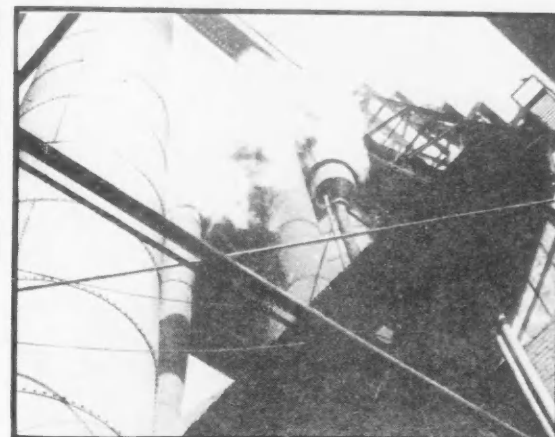
From England came the voice of Canadian-born Lord Beaverbrook, now virtually vice-premier of that country. Said he: "For England there is no retreat. On this island we must fight or fall."

That Canada was an adult nation, capable of giving an adult's help to hard-pressed England, there was no doubt in Beaverbrook's mind. On aid from Canada: "And so we scan the western horizon. We wait for the ships. We watch anxiously and hopefully all that the Dominion is doing, in its factories, with its immense resources, with its great supplies of money, with the generous hearts and strong arms of its people."

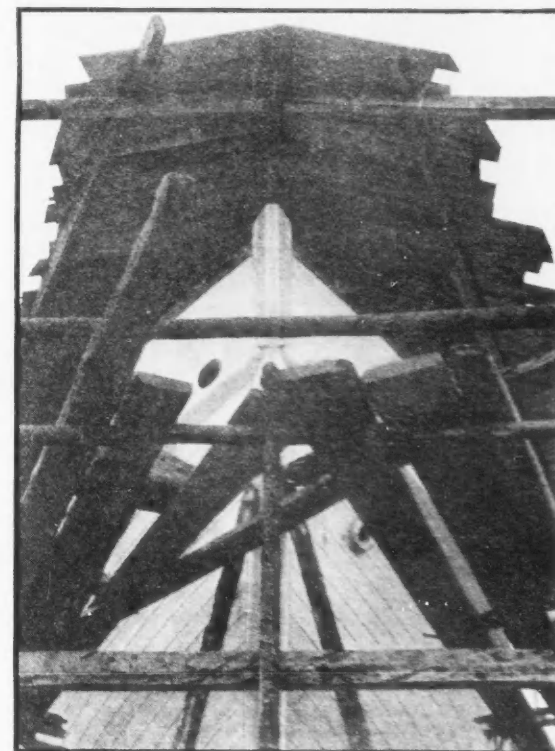
"Your guns will guard the forts; your aircraft will hold the skies; your ships will keep the seas; and you, for your part, have a right to hold on high the banner of pride and the banner of faith in your English brothers."

And so the Canadian home front rallied and as this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT goes to press, on the ninth day of the third Victory Loan, the noon papers are carrying "VICTORY LOAN PASSES THE HALF-WAY MARK" in their flare headlines.

Photographs and Front Cover by "Jay"



Canada will spend \$227,000,000 on new war plants



Building and servicing the Navy, \$170,000,000



This year we will supply Great Britain with upwards of \$1,500,000,000 worth of food, arms, metals, etc.



To training and maintaining the Army will go \$667,000,000

The St. Lawrence Seaway-Power Development

BY GRANDE STIRLING

RIVERS make history. Even such a small river as the Thames has been of tremendous influence in the development of the British Empire. One recalls the classic reply of the Britisher to the visitor who was disappointed in the size of the Thames, "Sir," said he, "the Thames is liquid history." How powerfully a river may affect the economics and culture of a people and vitally influence the development of races and civilizations may be gathered by a study of such rivers as the Nile, Danube, Euphrates and Volga.

Canada is rich indeed in the possession of its St. Lawrence-Great Lakes system. This magnificent

waterway, extending some 2000 miles into the interior, has been of enormous influence in the settlement and growth of this Nation. It has helped to make Canadian history and the destiny of the country is linked with the inexorable passage of its waters.

And now more history is about to be made if the Agreement signed at Ottawa March 19, by representatives of Canada and of United States is validated by Parliament and by Congress. Known as the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes-Basin Agreement, it proposes a navigable channel of 27 foot depth throughout the whole length of the waterway and at the same time the development of some of the

millions horse-power of electrical energy now being wasted. Surely an operation of gigantic proportions!

President Roosevelt last week placed the Agreement before Congress for its approval. While this momentous document is undergoing debate in the legislative halls, let us take a cruise on this waterway and make our own survey of the project. We will board an Upper Lake cargo boat at Fort William. This boat carries grain down the Lakes and holds 250,000 bushels of Canada's wheat crop. She is five hundred and fifty feet in length.

After crossing Lake Superior, navigation passes into Lake Huron through locks around St. Mary's Falls at Sault Ste. Marie and through channels excavated through St. Mary's River. Across Lake Huron we go, passing into Lake Erie through St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair and Detroit River. These channels have been dredged to afford normally a minimum depth of 20 feet. Locks exist on both sides of the International Line at Sault Ste. Marie; and on the United States side the channel affords a draft of 24½ feet. Dredged channels between Lake Superior and Lake Erie aggregate 100 miles, the United States standing the bulk of the expenditure.

78 Miles of Rapids

Crossing Lake Erie we now sail through the Welland Ship Canal. This great Canadian achievement has cost this country some \$125,000,000. The result is that the largest Great Lakes vessels can cross the Niagara Peninsula for 27½ miles down the 300-foot escarpment into Lake Ontario. Its channel depth is never less than 25 feet. The Welland locks are 859 feet long, 80 feet wide and 30 feet above the sills.

We now come into Lake Ontario and our vessel can proceed to Toronto Harbor or to the Ports of Kingston or Prescott. From Port Arthur to Prescott by this route would be over 1,000 miles; but at this point we awaken to the fact that there remains 182 miles before we reach Montreal and altogether about 1,000 miles before our cargo reaches the ocean. And here is the rub! From Prescott to Montreal the St. Lawrence drops 223 feet and there are 78 miles of rapids in this section.

Canada has already done much to make the waterway amenable to navigation. Our expenditures to date for the whole system including improvements, facilities and maintenance amounts to over \$600,000,000. But compare the canals in the Prescott-Montreal section with those we have passed through at Welland and in the Upper Lakes! There are 6 canals between Prescott and Montreal with a total of 47 miles and having altogether 22 locks. These canals are generally 270 feet long, 45 feet wide and 14 feet depth. These dimensions readily disclose how this part of the waterway operates as a serious restriction against traffic which moves or could move throughout the general length of the system. Our grain boat in which we are travelling can go no further. Cargoes coming down the Upper Lakes are transhipped by rail at Georgian Bay or other ports, or if they proceed further than Prescott by water they must be broken up and carried in a smaller canal type of boat holding not over 90,000 bushels. The extra expense which this entails is obvious.

The size of vessels operating between Montreal and Lake Ontario is limited by these canals to boats of 2,500 tons to 2,800 tons capacity. Instead of seagoing cargo boats of substantial size proceeding up the St. Lawrence into the Great Lakes, Canada's inland ports and growing population centres are served only by the smaller ocean craft and small Canadian and United States coastwise vessels.

Suppose we continue our St. Lawrence cruise in one of these smaller craft, from Prescott to Montreal. In that portion known as the International Rapids Section, extending 48 miles from Prescott to Cornwall, we

Last week President Roosevelt placed the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes Basin Agreement before Congress. If legislation to implement it is passed there, Canada's Parliament will debate it.

The big St. Lawrence development would cost Canada \$131,000,000 and the United States \$218,000,000. It would bring over a million horse-power of electrical energy to the use of Canadian industry, and would admit two-thirds of the world's shipping to the Great Lakes.

Grande Stirling, who analyzes this project, appears in Saturday Night for the first time. He is a Canadian writer and student of national and economic affairs.

pass through 5 canals. The river drops 92 feet. From the point where the International Line strikes the river (near Cornwall) to Montreal is known under the Agreement as the Canadian Section; we will first pass through Lake St. Francis. The river now takes another drop—83 feet through the rapids between Lake St. Francis and Lake St. Louis. To get around this we pass through the Soulanges Canal 14½ miles in length with its 5 locks. We go through Lake St. Louis and again the river takes another drop of 48 feet. The first canal construction in Canada was begun here in 1700 by Dollard de Casson, the Superior of the Sulpicians, attempting to overcome the Lachine Rapids. We pass through the present Lachine Canal with its 8 miles and 5 locks and reach Montreal Harbor.

Now let us examine the Agreement, which with its Engineers' Report, is the result of negotiation and investigation spread over 40 years. It calls for a channel depth of 27 feet through the system. The "bottle neck" between Prescott and Montreal will be eliminated. The shallow 14 foot draft in this section is depriving Canada of reaping the fullest benefit from her heavy expenditure on the Welland Canal and from the cost of over \$70,000,000 in excavating the 35 foot ship channel below Montreal. The 27 foot channel would mean that two-thirds of the normal ocean tonnage of the world could enter the Great Lakes.

At Barnhart Island

It is argued by many people however, that when all the economic factors are considered, that even in normal times such a heavy outlay for further transportation development in Canada would not be justified for some time to come and that furthermore the development of the electric power bears the greater economic advantage. Under the Agreement the project is for navigational improvement which is at once a natural adjunct to the power development and vice versa. The two ideas are inevitably interwoven by the sheer physical necessity or convenience of things. The plan is for a dam at Long Sault Rapids at the head of Barnhart Island. This will flood the water back to the lower end of Galop Canal about 5 miles west of Morrisburg, thus overcoming much of the present shallow channels and also the rapids, by the great pool created. A head of some 72 feet will be achieved for power development.

Barnhart Island belongs to the United States. It splits the St. Lawrence, the boundary line passing through the middle of the north channel towards the Canadian side. The south channel belongs wholly to the United States; it is wider and carries down 80% of the water. The bulk of the construction work of the Long Sault-Barnhart dam will be on United States territory. One of the power houses will be on the Canadian side of the north channel; this will have an installed capacity of 1,100,000 horse-power. This will equal the capacity of the United States power house just across the boundary line separating the two power houses.

Other work in and above the International Rapids Section will include considerable channel excavation and also the construction of a canal some 6 miles long and a couple of locks, to get around the main Barnhart dam. This will be built on United States soil near Massena, New York. The engineers are agreed that if this

canal were built on the Canadian side, it would cost \$5,000,000 more. A control dam further up the river near Iroquois Point would be built with a short side canal to carry the traffic around the dam. This canal of about a mile and one lock, will also be on United States soil.

If this Agreement goes through what will it cost Canada? Canada will have to pay flood damages to Canadian interests amounting to over \$22,000,000. Much of the shore line, especially on Canada's side, will be inundated. Highways and railways and the towns of Iroquois and Morrisburg will be flooded. This figure includes the costs for rehabilitation of these two places. Canada will also pay for the power equipment and machinery on the Canadian side—about \$25,000,000. Thus Canada's expense for the development in the International Section will be according to present estimates, \$47,000,000. The whole estimated cost for this Section is some \$266,000,000. The United States will pay the balance of \$218,000,000. We are just giving the round figures. Coming down the river to the purely Canadian Section—in the Soulanges sector the 27 foot Beauharnois Power Canal will be used for navigation. This canal is 15 miles in length and Canada will undertake the expense of excavating at the entrance and in building 3 locks. In the Lachine section, Canada undertakes excavation for a channel 5 miles long from Lake St. Louis to Lachine and a canal 30 miles long with 3 locks, from Lachine to deep water in Montreal Harbor, also a dam at Ile au Diable to hold the water level of Lake St. Louis. All these works in the Canadian Section will cost Canada at least \$83,000,000.

Canalage Reduced

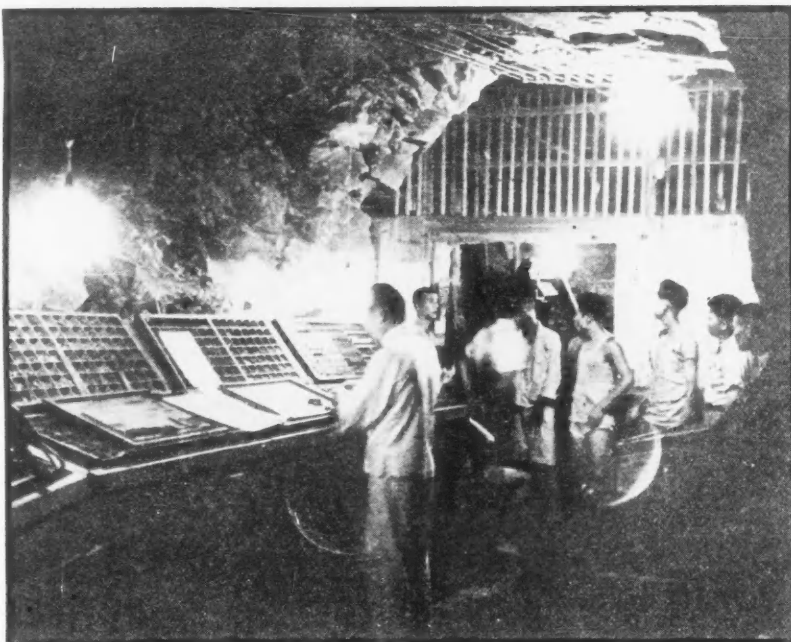
Canada will also spend \$1,100,000 to further deepen certain portions of the Welland Canal. Canada's total cost, as estimated under the present exigencies of the Agreement, amounts to \$131,000,000. The cost to United States of \$218,000,000 does not include the costs of works which that country undertakes to complete with a full 27 foot channel above Lake Ontario. The completion of this project would mean that the canalage between Lake Ontario and Montreal will be reduced to 32 miles with 9 locks.

The recent agreement signed between Ontario and the Dominion would transfer the power works and rights in the International Section (Canadian) to Ontario, aggregating 1,152,000 h.p. Ontario is to pay the Dominion for the electric equipment and power machinery, being the \$25,000,000 item already mentioned and a further sum of \$64,000,000, which totals for Ontario \$89,000,000. Ontario will also receive another 400,000 h.p. through other diversions permitted under the Agreement in the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes Basin. When Quebec takes over Beauharnois, the Dominion has agreed to pay that Province \$8,000,000.

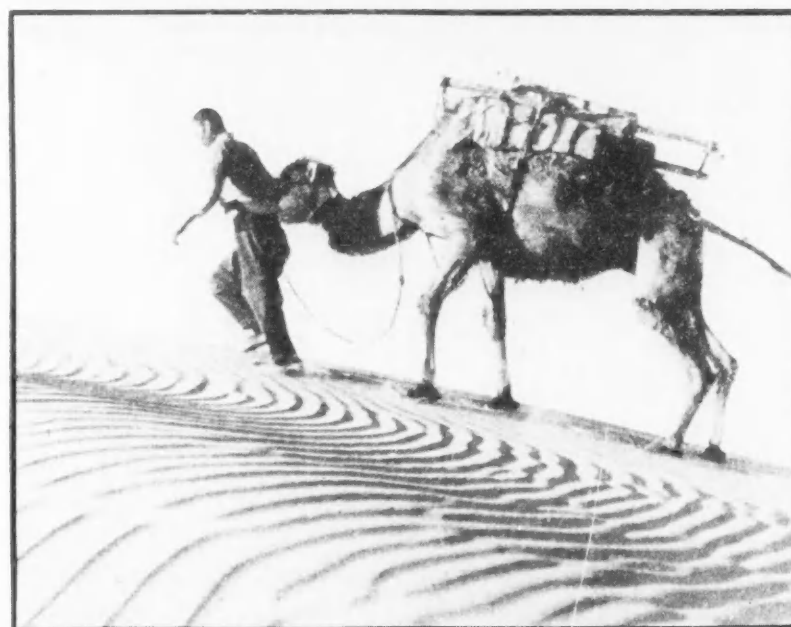
If the Agreement is legislated through Congress, it presumably will be debated in Parliament. The debates will swing upon the relationship of the project to the present war needs and conditions. If the development is ultimately undertaken, it will mean much more than a great engineering feat, for Destiny will decree its successful operation to be a triumph of international cooperation and good will unique in the history of Nations.



China's famous Soong sisters pose with a group of war orphans at Chungking. From left to right: Madame Chiang, Madame Kung, and Madame Sun.



Placed far underground in China's new capital at Chungking, this press turns out the news with never an interruption despite heavy bombing.



One of many camels which carries Chinese raw products across Central Asian deserts to Russia which supplies China with needed war materials.

THE AMERICAN SCENE

Presidential Word and Action

Washington, D.C.

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

BY WAY of proving that he is President of all the people, Franklin D. Roosevelt is pursuing a course apparently calculated to keep both interventionists and isolationists in a state of unhappy flux. His words of the last two months, laid end to end, lead directly to war with Germany—a circumstance which throws interventionists into delirious enthusiasm. His moves toward implementing these words with action (at least those he has made public) have been rapid enough to satisfy the most timorous member of the Mothers' Crusade Against War.

The President's recent Fireside Chat went as far as any individual American could go toward putting this country in a theoretical state of war with Germany. Your correspondent's first reaction to it was, "This is it. The die is cast." The next day, however, the President summoned the press and explained that such action as he might take in a state of "unlimited emergency" would be taken through the medium of executive orders—and he had no executive orders in mind at the moment.

He reminds one of a knight in shining armor galloping up the hill to meet the enemy at the gates beyond. As he disappears over the hill the peasants and townsfolk creep expectantly to the crest to look upon the carnage of battle below. And they discover their knight immediately under their noses. He has dismounted, he is sitting behind a tree and he is stroking his chin as he ponders the next move.

Possibly, quite probably in fact, Mr. Roosevelt has a plan which will burst into effective action at any moment. But as this essay comes off the typewriter, he is still sitting under the tree while interventionists and isolationists look upon him and argue unhappily.

Look at Senator Wheeler

The No. 1 item in the "Look who's talking" department is dedicated to Senator Burton K. Wheeler—for these remarks in his Indianapolis speech. Said he, addressing the President:

"At this minute you are the leader of the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Kuhn-Loeb, and the other statesmen who want war but are too old to fight. Wendell Willkie is your lieutenant. These, your new-found friends, join in praising the war program which you have raised in the ashes of social and economic reform. Aren't you, Mr. President, a little chagrined by your new-found friends?"

Well, let's see what Senator Wheeler has dug up in the way of new-found friends. He has Joe McNazi McWilliams, alias Joe McJerk, who sits in the front row of the Senate's meetings and cheers deliriously. He has Fritz Kuhn, now completing a term at Dannemora for grand larceny. He has Mrs. Lizzie Dilling, the Chicago shouter. He has Father Coughlin, the Bundists, the Fascists, the Yorkville gangsters, the hate artists and the Nazi-lovers. They are all in Wheeler's camp.

And if it weren't for the British blockade, there would be a medal from Hitler on the way over, so that Wheeler wouldn't feel inferior on the same platform as Lindbergh—the patriot who, given a choice between Hitler's grand cross and a U.S. Army commission, gave up the Army honor.

Lindbergh for President

Lindbergh, it is reported, has presidential ambitions in 1944. The flier is eyeing the situation in Minnesota from which State his father once went to the House of Representatives. What chagrins Lindbergh about the representation from his native State is that the Governor replaced the anti-British Senator Lundeen, deceased, by Joseph R.

Ball who has become a leader of the pro-British movement in the Senate. Senator Ball comes up for reelection in 1942 and his opposition may be Herr Lindbergh.

The news that German subs and raiders are operating well within American "patrol" waters has made the newspapermen covering the Navy Department the most alert in town. They expect the biggest American story of the war to break momentarily. No one doubts for a moment that American war vessels will fire to prevent the destruction of a British merchant ship within the range of their guns and depth charges. When this happens the presses will roll with the thunder of history.

No local newspaper or press association is risking being caught short on the story. Preparations are on a 24-hour scale.

The Movies in the War

The visit of Miss Norma Shearer to Canada in behalf of the Victory Loan points up the increasing importance of the movies as a battleground in the war. Only last week the *Voice d'Italia* of Rome addressed an open letter to Deanna Durbin asking her to stop America from interfering in Italy's plans for the advancement of mankind. On Wednesday night Robert Montgomery addressed a mass meeting in Detroit by way of answering a recent speech by Mr. Lindbergh. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is in South America as the President's personal good-will emissary. Basil Rathbone, Jr., has just received his wings at a R.C.A.F. flying school in New Brunswick. And the ex-Montrealer, Miss Veronica Lake, is responsible for a rush of recruits to U.S. Army air corps depots merely on the suspicion by the young men that anyone faintly resembling Miss Lake in "I Wanted Wings" may stow away in their particular bomber.

There are many other indications of the Hollywood influence on the war situation. James Stewart is a buck private in the army, and his studio is so proud of him that it is putting \$1,000 a week in his bank

account, which with his \$21 a month makes up a tidy sum of \$4,021 Mr. Stewart is grossing every four weeks. This gives him a better income than the Chief of Staff, but Mr. Stewart knows better than to throw this in the General's face.

All in all, Hollywood is doing its bit just as it did in the last war when Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin toured the country to raise Victory Loan funds.

Miss Shearer's Job

It was extremely gracious of Miss Shearer to make the trip to Montreal. Not that she is so privileged a character that she should be praised beyond words for fulfilling a simple duty to the country of her birth and also to that of her adoption. But because she has squeezed this trip into a schedule of activity of tremendous importance to our side in the war. Miss Shearer is not only a star but also an important executive of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The studio is engaged in making films of a nature calculated to convince many wavering persons that the British are fighting the good fight.

In Mexico, for instance (certainly a country of wavering people), I found Miss Shearer's film "Escape" the most popular of the season. It was seen by more than 100,000 Mexicans in one month. Those who saw "Escape" cannot easily forget how skillfully made it was, how expertly it damned the Nazi system, how eloquently it pleaded for the smashing of this evil thrust upon the world. It is easy to imagine how deeply this film affected the Mexican who saw it.

Miss Shearer and Miss Shearer's studio are engaged in making and planning many such films. She is doing an important work by remaining at her job. And when, in addition, she makes a 6,000-mile dash to help along the Victory Loan, I think it may be said her gesture was gracious. But then, Miss Shearer's graciousness in every facet of her life is an old story to those who know Hollywood.



Wren's St. Lawrence Jewry which was destroyed by Nazi fire bombs

Old London Dies

BY F. D. L. SMITH

The old London is dying under the rain of Nazi bombs. But a new London will grow in its place. The great tragedy of its death is the destruction of Sir Christopher Wren's churches, over half of which have been destroyed.

WE REGARD England as our spiritual home, the British as over and over again down through the centuries the saviors of Christendom, and London with its Mother of Parliaments as the cradle of democracy. In our frequent pilgrimages to the capital of civilization, we have come under the spell of the delicate Wren church steeples to be viewed from Waterloo Bridge. In the last few months that lovely panorama has been largely destroyed by the barbarous Hun, though the noble dome of St. Pauls still dominates the now marred landscape. In the journal of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, Mr. Anthony Adamson tells us that twenty odd of the Wren and Wren-period churches have survived the bombs and the fires of the past year and a half.

Eleven have been totally destroyed by enemy action and "another fourteen have been damaged with varying degrees of severity." Some of these edifices might have been saved by fire spotters on their roofs for it is by a full complement of these "firemen" that St. Pauls has been protected from the flames, though twice bombed. Of the churches destroyed, he says that three had amongst the most beautiful interiors of the City, all by Wren, St. Bride's, Fleet Street, Christ Church, Newgate, and St. Lawrence, Jewry. All that is left of the first two is the steeples. St. Vedast's with its intimate Renaissance interior is gone too, though its elegant little triangular steeple still stands. So are St. Stephens, Coleman Street and St. Alban, Wood Street. The little hidden church of St. Ann and St. Agnes has lost its beautiful domed ceiling.

Historic St. Giles

According to Mr. Adamson all that is left of the historic old church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where Cromwell and Milton worshipped, is the perpendicular arcade. I well remember visiting St. Giles before the world war No. 1, with Sir James Whitney and Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun. It was on a Sunday morning and our footsteps echoed in the empty streets of "the city" as one mile square in the heart of the vast modern metropolis is called. As the resident population consists chiefly of janitors it amounts to only a few hundred at night and on the Sabbath. At St. Giles we found a plaque with an inscription to one of Sir James' English ancestors and also a record that the great Protector was married there. Just outside the main door stood a statue to John Milton. One's gorge rises as he realizes that that beautiful structure with its sac-

red and historical associations is a thing of the past. All Hallows, Barking, with its mass of Grinting Gibbons carvings, where a United States president was married and the Dutch church have disappeared.

Everybody who has visited London has been intrigued and transfixed by the two beautiful little Wren churches which divide the heavy traffic on the Strand into two currents flowing in opposite directions. The first of these edifices as one travels from West to East is St. Mary le Strand, and behind it looms St. Clement Danes, mentioned above by Mr. Adamson. The great Samuel Johnson, who often dined at the Cheshire Cheese (also demolished) near by, was a pew holder here—one of the old fashioned pews with a door. St. Mary le Bow is of course the famous Bow Bell church in Cheapside, the weather vane of which was watched in 1688 by anxious street crowds for signs of a favorable wind to blow William of Orange and his ships across the channel for the rescue of England from his father-in-law, James the Second.

Not Irreplaceable

The Wren churches of Portland stone, a building material which because of its weathering qualities lends much of their smoky charm to London structures, are not regarded by our author as irreplaceable in the sense that the Henry the Seventh Chapel of the Abbey or other fine Gothic masterpieces would be irreplaceable. The real loss says Mr. Adamson is this:

"The City of London is a small place more vividly born on, worked on, thought on, loved on, written on and died on than any plot of its size in this historic chaos of a world, and this life revolved about these churches. It is for this reason then that these churches have a niche in the cosmic culture of mankind. They were laden with a domestic and spiritual wealth that no group of buildings can approach. Chaucer, Coverdale, Whittington, Gresham, Frobisher, More, Cromwell, Laud, Foxe, Bunyan, Milton, Pepys, Burke, Johnson, Garrick, Newton, Lamb, DeFoe cannot have sought inspiration, been baptised, married and buried in these churches without leaving their mark. No churches have more of a well-worn air, everything that past centuries of worthy Christians could give to them was given. . . . Nearly everything inside these churches is on the domestic scale of quiet nobility that is peculiarly English."



Late in 1940, having failed to destroy London with high explosives, the Germans staged a mass fire raid on the city. Many of London's historic landmarks perished in the blaze and one was Wren's church, St. Anne and St. Agnes in Gresham Street. The church was built after the Great Fire of London. Its Rector is the Bishop of Fulham, Dr. Batty, who is also Bishop of Central Europe. The American flag at the left of the burnt out organ was brought from America by a former rector.

Canada's Faulty Diet Is Adolf Hitler's Ally

BY HIRAM McCANN

A GROUP of quiet and serious people have been meeting this week in Quebec City to discuss a critical problem. The people are Canada's leading nutritionists and public health authorities, their meeting was the 30th annual convention of the Canadian Public Health Association, and their problem was one that'll rock you back on your heels. These people have proof—conclusive proof that extensive malnutrition exists in Canada!

Just in case you're still unimpressed we consider it our duty to advise you further that this malnutrition is sufficiently widespread among the lower-income populace and of sufficient degree to act as a brake on Canada's industrial war effort and to hinder her return to normal conditions in the post-war period! Why? Because faulty nutrition or a dietary lack of "protective" foods encourages disease, and inadequate diets lower human vitality, affecting not only physical efficiency but mental and nervous well-being also.

Take a walk down through your own plant. See the girl on that machine over there? Listless-looking, isn't she? About eighteen years old, I'd guess. Come to think of it, there's quite a few of them that have that lack-lustre look. You can't tell me those girls are as efficient as they should be and God knows we need plant personnel efficiency today as never before. Sure, "if they'd get the odd night's sleep instead of gadding around," but you're wrong there, Mister, or at least not very right. Many of those girls go home from work and literally pass out from fatigue; this in the face of your time-study man's assurances that

there is not an over-loaded employee in the plant.

The fact is that these girls are probably suffering from improper dietary habits. They lack, among other things, a sufficient quantity of the B complex of vitamins, and because they lack these vitamins they don't eat enough, and the cycle goes on to create poor health and inefficiency. These girls are not eating the right food, largely because their mothers don't know how to spend the family food budget and in many cases don't know how to prepare the food properly from a nutrition standpoint. At that, if your plant has a dietician-directed cafeteria, the girls who eat lunch there are almost sure to be more properly fed than those who bring their own lunches.

Here's Joe Doakes, who operates a lathe, Joe is in pretty fair shape year in and year out. Hardly ever misses a day. But how are his wife and kids? Yeh! The wife's "ailin'" as per usual—always a little complaint, that woman has. The youngest gaffer's doin' fine, thank you—six he is—but the girl that's just turned twelve, seems like she takes after her ma. Doesn't seem to throw off colds, somehow, and lacks pep.

The quiet and serious gentlemen who have been meeting at Quebec could have told you what Joe's answer would be. They can show you thousands of families like Joe Doakes' in charts. Joe's wife doesn't know how to feed her family. It isn't entirely a matter of income, although it is quite possible that the proportion of Joe's pay which goes towards food is not large enough. Raise Joe's wages \$2 a week, and what happens? Not more than 20c of it will go to

This week Canada's leading nutritionists and public health authorities met in Quebec to consider a problem. The problem: conclusive proof that extensive malnutrition exists in Canada!

Here is a cross-section survey of Canada's food problem. Its solution, says Hiram McCann, will mean a speeding up of our war effort.

increase the food budget. Keeping up with the Joneses will force Mrs. Joe to spend the money on things that'll show—and we are sorry to say, on some things the production of which doesn't matter in a war economy!

Glamor Isn't Health

Do you know how your stenographers eat? Their lunches would shock you. Poor kids, they climb on to soda-fountain stools, and valiantly under-nourish themselves in the name of glamor. So give them a raise—and the raise will go into more glamor, not food.

Even at that, that nutritionists have evidence that many families in the low and medium income groups could be much better nourished on the amount of money they now spend for food, if the wives and mothers of the families were supplied with proper nutrition information. (See table 1).

Are these isolated cases? No! They are merely samples from surveys just completed by the Canadian Council on Nutrition. This Council was formed in 1938 by Dr. R. E. Wodehouse, Deputy Minister of Pensions and National Health, and it has established a Canadian Dietary Standard giving the minimal amounts of food constituents which are recommended for health and efficiency in persons of both sexes at different ages. The absurdity of the whole situation is evident when we translate the technical terms of this Dietary Standard into terms of milk, bread, cheese, cereal foods, tomatoes, etc., and we find that the people of this country should be able to secure an optimal diet from Canadian food sources. From the standpoint of business recognition of this fact would do much to improve markets for Canadian farm products.

The first survey on Canadian food habits was made in 1937 by Dr. Hopper of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, covering consumption of milk and certain protein foods. In the same year, Professor Andrew Stewart began a survey of food purchases in Alberta, and the Toronto Committee on Dietary Surveys commenced a study of dietary conditions in low-income families in Toronto.

Mothers Are Worst Fed

This Toronto committee, composed of Professor H. Wasteneys (chairman), Miss Marjorie Bell, Dr. Jessie Brodie, Mrs. Caspar Fraser, Miss Margaret Hunter, Dr. F. F. Tisdall and Dr. E. W. McHenry, made its determination on the basis of consumption per individual rather than per family. They found considerable deficiencies, and discovered that there were two chief reasons for these deficiencies: (a) lack of income, and (b) lack of education in the proper purchasing and preparing of foods. Of the two reasons, the second is definitely the more important (remember what we said about Joe Doakes' raise), because the survey experts found a considerable number of cases where families with the same food expenditures differed widely in nutrition levels.

Last month, for the first time, a fairly broad picture of nutrition conditions in Canada was obtained, when the Canadian Council on Nutrition published its preliminary reports of four dietary surveys conducted under its auspices. Three of these deal with

families in Halifax, Quebec and Edmonton, having annual incomes of less than \$1500; the fourth is concerned with Toronto families with yearly incomes ranging between \$1500 and \$2400. The three low-income surveys, and the one previously conducted by the Toronto committee, provide data regarding dietary conditions in low-income urban families; the results of these are compared with those accruing from the higher income group. All surveys have been done on the basis of individual food consumption and they give a clear picture of conditions within the family. Fathers are the best fed, younger children next, then older children and the mothers are the most poorly fed members of the family. Remember Mrs. Joe Doakes? Naturally, mothers, being unselfish, serve themselves last and least. But if these conditions continue they are bound to be reflected in the health of children newly born to them—children on whose shoulders will rest the burden of Canada's future.

Let us look at the summarized results of the individual surveys: In Halifax there was found to be "a deplorable deficiency in the intake of calcium by the children and of the vitamins, especially B1, by the whole group." The average weekly food expenditure in Halifax per individual was \$2.21, and the nutritionist's minimum reasonable average for an adequate weekly ration per person in that city is set at \$3.00.

Calcium and Iron Shortage

In Quebec, the average food expenditure per person per week was \$1.80. The calcium intake in the growing boys and girls was seriously under-standard—reflected by the low milk and cheese consumption figures from that city. The women, teen-age girls and children under eleven years were not receiving sufficient iron. Only the younger children received a satisfactory intake of Vitamin A. The intake of Vitamin B1 was def-

icient, supplies of food, amounts of protein, fats, carbohydrates, calcium, phosphorus, and vitamin A, are fairly satisfactory. But there is a widespread deficiency of vitamin B1 and the quantities of vitamin C available cannot be regarded as adequate. Marked deficiencies of calcium and iron were found in the food consumption of women, and of calcium among teen-age girls. This among people who have supposedly adequate food budgets. One interesting piece of analysis was done in connection with this new Toronto investigation. Families from previous low-income survey and from the recent survey were grouped, not according to family income, but according to income per person. It was found that with the same per person income the families in the higher income group secured in every instance a more nearly adequate food intake. It would appear, then, that these families obtain better food value for their money than the families in the low-income group. (See table 2).

Need for Education

The inevitable conclusion is that there is a great need for educational work giving information about nutritive values in relation to food cost. Canadian women, particularly in the low-income group, must be taught how to buy food and how to prepare it. At present, millions of dollars worth of vitamins and mineral salts are destroyed in the course of cooking and are poured down the sink. Such educational effort could increase the level of dietary adequacy at every income level.

And the corollary is obvious: healthy people, well-fed people, do more work, burn up more food, and eat still more food, increasing the consumption of Canadian farm products. To be done properly, such a program must be a national effort which would tie in every possible agency of education and publicity. The Life Insurance Officers' Association



A study in careers. Above: Kaiser Wilhelm II, with Field Marshal von Hindenburg (left) and German Chief of Staff von Ludendorff at German headquarters in France, February, 1917. Below: Chancellor Adolf Hitler studies a campaign map on the southern front with Field Marshal Walther von Brauchitsch and Colonel General Wilhelm Keitel (left). Last week at the age of 82, Kaiser Wilhelm died at Doorn, the little Dutch village to which he fled after his armies were defeated in 1918 when he abdicated the German throne. Since then he had not returned to Germany. He was buried at Doorn in a full military ceremony as a German Field Marshal.



TABLE 1
Comparison of Two Families

Number in family	Per person weekly income	Per person weekly food cost	Per cent. of standard for			
			Calories	Protein	Calcium	Iron
4	\$1.50	\$1.70	66	67	74	90
4	1.50	1.66	91	82	83	83

Food costs per person were practically the same in both these cases, but the diet of the second family is considerably better than that of the first. The reason is that the second family spent its money wisely and prepared the food properly. The lesson comes out of this that mothers should be given training in the essential principles of nutrition and in economical purchasing.

TABLE 2

Type of Survey	Cal.	Pro.	Ca.	Fe.
Low-income A	72	72	62	56
High "	91	90	100	83
Low-income B	78	78	68	62
High "	91	93	107	94
Low-income C	83	81	77	69
High "	92	92	106	99

initely inadequate. And Dr. J. Ernest Sylvestre, editor of the report from Quebec, pointing out how the high infant mortality rate in Quebec has been lowered through educational efforts, gives it as his opinion that education along nutritional lines would have a similarly beneficial effect.

Next, Edmonton. About 40% of the people studied were adequately fed, another 40% got about three-quarters of what they need, and nearly 20% get little more than half of what they need. Food is not fairly distributed in the family. The worst fed member is the mother; the best fed the father. Of the children, except for vitamin B, the worst fed is the teen-age youngster, who, few people realize, needs more food than the average adult. The most extreme deficiencies found in a large proportion of the people surveyed were in calcium, iron, and vitamin B1 and C. The Edmonton survey indicates that diet tends to improve automatically with increase of income, but it is a slow process. And the Edmonton committee found that the degree of adequacy attained in certain isolated instances in a few of the poorer families was astonishing, leading to the conclusion that mothers of these families should be taught to make the most of their available money.

The new Toronto survey, the report of which is edited by Jean M. Patterson and E. W. McHenry, covers families having yearly incomes between \$1500 and \$2400, and shows that total

Here we have Toronto families in both income groups arranged according to income per person. With the same per person income, the families in the higher income group secured a much better diet. Probably this is because nutrition education is more readily available to people in the higher income group. The "A" class has a per-person-per-week income of \$2 to \$2.99; to be in the high-income (\$1500 up) survey at all a family in this class would have to have at least ten members. The "B" class has \$3 to \$3.99 per-person-per-week. The "C" class \$4 to \$4.99.

tion has already taken the first step by the publication of two nationally distributed booklets in collaboration with the Canadian Medical Association: "What to Eat to be Healthy" and "Food for Health in Peace and War," but little else has been done in a co-ordinated manner. The federal Ministry of Pensions and National Health, and the provincial Departments of Health, in co-operation with both federal and provincial Departments of Agriculture, with Canadian food processors, and with all media for public education, can and should make this important effort.

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Jan Christian Smuts — An Amazing Personality

Greatness in one field of endeavor is supremely satisfying to the one man in many millions who achieves it. But to have won and deserved the designation "Great" in three or four zones of human effort surely is evidence that a man possesses the talisman of accomplishment. By general consent Jan Christian Smuts is a great statesman, a great scientist, a great philosopher and a great soldier.

His Majesty the King has just conferred the rank of Field-Marshal upon his Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief in the Union of South Africa.

THE British Commonwealth of Nations possesses many citizens of British descent—English, Scottish, Irish or Welsh—who have served with distinction in the armed forces of the Empire. It has remained for the Union of South Africa to produce the first Field-Marshal from the ranks of its soldiers born and trained outside the British Isles—Jan Christian Smuts, Prime Minister of South Africa and Commander-in-Chief of its armed forces. By the act of Smuts' elevation to the highest military rank His Majesty has brought afresh into the limelight one of the most dynamic, most profound and most illustrious personalities of this half-century.

The Royal Gallery of the House of Lords is as select a place as any in the world for a banquet. To receive an invitation to one of its functions is accounted an honor. To be present as the guest of honor on such an occasion is sufficient to place a man in the Imperial and international spotlight. In 1917, at a state dinner in this famous Royal Gallery, Lord French presided and the guest of honor was the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, the Right Honorable Jan Christian Smuts.

Away in South Africa the backveldt Boer was mystified when he read the accounts of this dinner in his Capetown and Pretoria newspapers. What was meant by the great War Minister Lloyd George when he affirmed "of his practical contributions to our counsels I cannot speak too highly"? A great English statesman had declared that "He has done more than any man to recall this country to its great tradition". Was Jannie Smuts playing the English game better than the English themselves? Was he outdistancing the British?

The backveldt Boer reasoned further on Sunday around the portals of the Dutch Reformed rural churches after divine service; after all, Jannie Smuts is our cleverest man, out here he is the best of a million white men and the best in a million may well be the best of fifty million! And thus in 1917 a crusty pride in this prodigy of the veldt was formed in the hearts of these hard-bitten South African Dutch.

Ring Around World

Everything Smuts said rang round the world in those days—the magic of Dominion Status and the new name he gave to the mother country and his self-governing dominions, The British Commonwealth of Nations, which he claimed to be more in keeping with its principles of freedom and equity on which the British community was founded. Almost everybody who counted thought so too; hence it is the term used to describe this association of countries by His Majesty the King—another tribute to the dynamic ideas of Smuts. The utterances of Smuts still in this year of grace ring round the world and their spirit is one more contribution to Hitler's ultimate headache.

For Smuts today is the Prime Minister of a country that boasts the world's most rugged individualists. In one of his books Major-General J. E. C. Fuller discusses the problem

of Army discipline in connection with which he refers to the system that prevailed in the Boer commandos during the South African War. The commanding officer of a commando—actually a mounted regiment—never knew from day to day how many men the roll-call would muster because there was literally no formal method of going on leave. When a man wanted leave he mounted his horse and rode off.

Once General Botha sent to an-

BY HERBERT A. MOWAT

other Boer general junior to himself an order to be present on a certain day for an attack on a strongly held British position. The general in question sent back word that, on the day suggested for the attack, he and his men would be attending a cattle sale at Harrisburg and would therefore be unable to assist him! Deney Reitz, in his book "Commando", mentions only one case of a group being discipl-

plined. It was when a group of young Boers went off to attend a Bible class, skipped the Bible class and turned up somewhere else. They were in hot water over this episode, and were almost (but not quite) fired from the commando!

An Army, operating under this type of discipline, needed certain powerful compensating factors to make it effective in the field. That the Boers possessed these factors generously is proven by the fact of the terrific

struggle they sustained with comparatively few men in the teeth of overwhelming odds. The Boer was an individual thinker and fighter; the Briton was trained to believe that the Army's golden rule was obedience and that the cardinal sin was to think. According to Fuller, the Army had removed the pipe-clay from its equipment but not from its brains!

To understand this military individualism is to understand the political

(Continued on Next Page)

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A SIGN OF GOOD TIMES! Through every open window now, Summer crooks a beckoning finger. And wise ladies are closing up their kitchens, and faring forth to freedom. There's worlds of good in a half-day off; you'll find it's so, if you try it. And it's easy—far easier than you may think! Here's the secret: Simple, refreshing meals are the kind that appeal most in hot weather—simple, refreshing meals that can be prepared in the cool of the morning and require but little time to serve. Results: A cool kitchen, a happy family, and carefree hours for you!

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In its invigorating, full-flavored beef stock there are fifteen luscious garden vegetables. Every spoonful you lift is laden with delicious eating. Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so substantial that it's practically a meal in itself. Flanked with a salad and beverage, topped off with dessert, it makes a delightful and satisfying a hot-weather meal as anyone could wish. An especially interesting summer menu is shown here. With your own ingenuity and Campbell's Vegetable Soup, you can create dozens of them!

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP



MENU

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
Chicken Mousse*
Olives Rolls
Strawberries with cream
Iced Coffee

*RECIPE FOR CHICKEN MOUSSE

2 cans Campbell's Chicken Soup 1/2 cup whipping cream
2 eggs, separated 1/2 cup lemon juice
1/2 tsp. salt 1/2 tsp. paprika, optional
1/2 cup chicken

Stir in gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water, let soften. Strain soup and heat to simmer. Pour in egg whites, beat until stiff. Add cream and lemon juice, beat until stiff. Pour over soup, beat until mixture is dissolved. Let stand until it begins to congeal, then fold in heated egg whites, cream, paprika, and parsley. Pour into large, ring mold, or individual molds; let stand in refrigerator until stiff. Turn out on lettuce. Serves 10.

Look for the
Red-and-
White Label

MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN KITCHENS AT NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

(Continued from Page 9)

cal history of South Africa. By election and instinct the Boer is further away from Nazi regimentation than any national group. The turbulence of national life incidental to such a high potential of individualism has required a superman at the helm of the ship of state. The Union of South Africa has been fortunate in having a superman at the helm or close to it for thirty-five years. His name is Jan Christian Smuts.

His earliest knowledge of the British he describes with that whimsical humor that is so characteristic of him. When he was giving his rectorial address in The University of St. Andrews in Scotland he referred to his boyhood days on the veldt, before he had ever been to school, when his information about the world came from tough white men and Hottentots.

"My mind goes back to the first occasion I heard mention of the Scots. My people were farming folk in the old Cape Colony, and when I was a very small boy, I sometimes frequented the company of an old Hottentot shepherd of my father. He used to delight us with stories from his native folklore. He had been to several Kaffir wars and could tell of his own wonderful feats of arms in these border campaigns. I listened enthralled. At the time the first Boer War—the one that ended at Majuba—was going on, and I remember asking him who he thought would win. From his great military knowledge he had no doubt the English would win. I asked him whether he thought the English were the greatest nation in the world and he replied 'No; there was one nation still greater who lived in the farthest land in the world; they were the greatest of all nations and even the English were very much afraid of them. They were called 'the Scots'. That was my first introduction to the Scots and such was my introducer. Now, fifty-four years after these historic conversations I find myself the Rector of a famous University of 'this land of romance' as the Principal calls it, of 'the greatest of peoples' as old Adam the Hottentot called it."

From such meagre beginnings did Smuts' knowledge of Britain grow.

Few men now alive have suffered violence at the hands of the British as he has. At the famous dinner in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords he turned to Lord French and recalled that when the cavalry columns of General French were hunting him in Cape Colony, he, Smuts, made a reconnaissance with a number of his followers in a mountain pass called Murderer's Gap. The scouts of General French ambushed the Boer party and Smuts was the only person to return alive to Headquarters.

Troublesome Boer

No Boer caused the British Army so much trouble. His guerilla tactics in Cape Colony at the head of fifteen hundred men kept fifty thousand British troops employed for fifteen months in an endeavor to run him to earth. So elusive was Smuts that when word reached him to attend the armistice parleys, he was in the act of laying siege to a British coastal town in Cape Colony and was calling on the inhabitants to surrender.

That Smuts and the British should become reconciled and work together for human freedom is enough to make us believe that not only the unexpected but the impossible can happen. How did such a miracle occur? The British soon after the conquest conferred political freedom on South Africa; this act reopened for Smuts a reconsideration of the British which was momentous. The British had a high regard for people who fought intrepidly for freedom. Smuts was irresistibly drawn to a conquering people who could be so generous to a beaten enemy.

One amazing feature of the Smuts personality is the power of his intellect. He seems to be able to classify mentally and retain for instant reference every significant fact that has ever engaged his attention. One or two demonstrations of this power will suffice.

During his first year at the University of Stellenbosch he discovered that Greek was a necessary subject in his course, especially in the light of what he planned to do later at Cambridge. At this time he was

seventeen years of age; it is interesting to recall that at the age of twelve he was unlettered, having never been to school. When the Easter vacation came he bought a Greek grammar and went off to a farm on the veldt for a week's holiday. During six days of furious reading—how else can it be described?—he mastered the whole book, declensions, conjugations, irregular verbs, vocabulary—everything! What he did in six days is conceded to be a more difficult feat than the same performance with a Latin grammar, a gauge with which Canadian students can measure his mental feat. During the final term that followed this holiday he read the Greek authors set for the examination—Xenophon, Herodotus, Homer—a job on which the Greek class had been working throughout the whole academic year. To the astonishment of Professor Murray he presented himself for the final examination in Greek. But the learned Professor had a bigger surprise coming. Smuts' name topped the list when the examination results were published!

Miracles of Mentality

When Smuts took the Law Tripos at the University of Cambridge he achieved an academic distinction that surpassed anything that had been chalked up in the Law Tripos in the long history of this ancient university. Today the degree of Smuts still stands as the finest degree in Law ever granted by the University. It is not in the record that he made any intimate friends at Cambridge. It is probable he did not. He absorbed too much from books to have time for friendships. He read philosophy as a marginal mental activity during the time of his law course, starting with Plato and including everything in the field of philosophy down to what was then being published by the pre-Bergson philosophers of the late nineteenth century. He found none of it satisfying and it is characteristic of his independence of thought that he made notes on a philosophy of his own that he believed to be more satisfying. He named it Holism. Years later he reviewed these notes and wrote a

book on the subject. Every standard encyclopaedia gives a serious digest of Holism and Smuts' text-book on the subject is a work of reference and study in many philosophy departments of the world's great universities.

This prodigious intellectual dynamism in the personality of Smuts is his most startling characteristic. The world possesses many distinguished men of action but none with the superb intellectual drive and capacity of Smuts. To Rosita Forbes he gave a most astounding demonstration of his mental powers which she relates in her book "Men I Have Known". She discovered that his old Cape Colony farmhouse, where he loves best to be, is crammed with books—walls of all the rooms lined with them and passageways likewise—every one of which he has mastered and is familiar with.

At the General's invitation she tested his mastery of his books. His challenge was that she read him a paragraph from any of the thousands of books in the house, picking them out at random, and he would recall from memory the substance of the succeeding paragraph. She read ten paragraphs from ten books, the authors of which included Winston Churchill, Engelman, Ludwig, Dostoevsky. In five instances Smuts was able to repeat word for word the paragraph following the one she read, and in the case of the other five he related with precision the substance of each subsequent paragraph.

Physical Energy Too

It is not surprising that a man of such mental equipment is a past president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. But it is surprising that a man with an erudition and scholarship so characteristic of the lecture hall and the study should be the most celebrated botanist on the continent of Africa. It is nothing less than miraculous that his life should have been of sufficient compass in the wild open spaces of Africa for him to have achieved a world-wide reputation as an authority on its flora and its natural history. This fact is a tribute not only to his colossal mental capacity but to his

boundless physical energy as well. It is one more commentary on the saying in Capetown to the effect that "the General" hardly ever looks at the summit of four-thousand-foot Table Mountain but what he is minded to climb it!

The contribution of the military genius of Smuts to the cause of freedom in this war is an open book today, but a record not read by it should be read by the Canadian public. In his capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the South African forces operating from Kenya northwards through Ethiopia and other recaptured Italian African territory Smuts has been in the field with his men. For this very centre of Africa, in January he broadcast a message which stirred the hearts of freedom-loving people throughout the world, privileged once more to hear the voice of one for whom the risk of everything in the cause of freedom is becoming a habit. From 1914 to 1917, at the head of his own troops, Smuts drove the last Germans from the soil of Africa. That his great moves against their Axis partners in this war have been successful is evidenced by the result of the Ethiopian campaign. This absorbing record of military achievement can be enlarged further by interesting particulars from the Italian Commander-in-Chief, The Duke of Aosta. Our military leadership in Africa cannot lack for genius in the High Command with Smuts and Wavell working shoulder to shoulder.

Ten years ago Jan Christian Smuts was interviewed in Toronto during the sessions at the University of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The newspaperman who obtained the interview stated later that never would he have set the South African down as a soldier as a general. He had the presence and the bearing of a great Church dignitary. Call him an archbishop?—yes, but a general never! Such an opinion is suggestive of the complexity of this most unusual personality. But for today let us forget the rest of Smuts and stick to the soldier—to the Field-Marshal. In him we have one of the sharpest anti-Axis blades in the whole world of freedom-loving men.

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Blueprint For Demobilizing

BY ALBERT SHEA

A POLITICAL truism is any self-evident fact which politicians advocate in their speeches, which editors write columns about, which people agree upon in their street-conversations but which nobody does much about.

Into this category the need for planning and preparing NOW for post-war problems fits neatly. Premier King has insisted upon it in his radio talks. In any average week it will be referred to at least half-a-dozen times by Canadian newspaper editors. The public is very conscious of the fact that the post-war period will present problems, but unhappily most people seem thoroughly convinced that, just as inevitably as night follows day, the termination of the present war must usher in a period of bleak depression and unemployment like nothing this country has ever known.

Canada now has over 225,000 men on active service. When these men return to their jobs—when they have confirmed our faith in the physical as well as the moral strength of the democratic nations of the world what reward awaits them? Our only criterion is the experience of 1918. What an unhappy Armistice Day it will be in 1941? If Canada is no better prepared to assist her fighting men to regain their well-earned place in civilian life than she was in 1918.

My memory does not carry back to that earlier Armistice, but I have heard the story from more than one embittered veteran. "The Boys" were welcomed home with a parade and a fanfare that would have done a circus publicity man's heart good. But scarcely had the confetti been swept from the streets, and the flags furled and stored, than the heroes of the day before, who did not have jobs to go to, were unemployed vagrants, resented and feared by every self-respecting business man. The wheels of industry hummed noisily on with new work, trade went on in the shops in the usual way, and "the boys" were left to readjust themselves to the routine of civilian life as best they could. The return from strict military discipline and a life of trench warfare was not the easiest transition in the world. Turn a man into a fighting animal for four years ration him, inhibit him, bind him with rules and regulations, take away the warm comfort of home and family and normal social contacts with men and women of his own age, then ask him to fit back into the old pattern without disturbance. You are asking more than can be expected from ordinary mortals.

Generous, Not Wise

By comparison, Canada has done more for her veterans of World War I than any other country. Over a billion dollars has been contributed by Canadian taxpayers towards pensions and rehabilitation of men from the last war. Every discharged man was granted a gratuity of from one to six months' pay and allowances, depending on the length of service. These war gratuities alone totaled \$165 million. Returned soldiers were offered the opportunity of industrial training. The government was willing, but inexperienced. When asked what trade they would like to study, many elected to try their hand at shoemaking, principally because it is comparatively easy to learn. No consideration was given to what the opportunities for employment in that field were. The result was that enough shoemakers were turned out "to supply the whole North American continent!" The government's money and the time of the men was wasted. In spite of its eagerness to give the returned men what assistance it could, the government lacked the facilities and trained personnel to handle the task with that combination of efficiency and personal attention which it demanded.

In 1936, when the Canadian Legion began to set up committees to assist veterans in securing jobs and

settling on the land, hundreds of returned men were interviewed who had had no regular employment since their demobilization. This was in 1936, seventeen years after the Armistice. By setting up small subsistence farms, and by their probationary training scheme, the Canadian Legion has restored a number of worthy men and their families to positions of independence and respectability.

Though it may seem strange to discuss demobilization during a Recruiting Drive Mr. Shea makes clear that only by discussing this problem early can we avoid industrial confusion, an army of unemployed, and disgraceful national ingratitude when the war is over.

After the Great War Canada did more for her returned men than any other country, but her action was ill-organized and hastily trumped up after the need had become pressing.

We must avoid a repetition of this mistake by planning now.

If we are to profit at all from the experience of World War I, we must plan and prepare now to deal with the inevitable problems which will arise when we disband our armed forces, and send our defenders back to enjoy the blessings of normal, every-day existence. How?

Occupational Records

The problem is a vast and complicated one, and can be solved by no single, simple suggestion. The best method for handling it would seem to be to draw up blueprints now, so that we will be fully prepared with facts, plans and personnel when we come face to face with the problems of demobilization and rehabilitation.

Early in the war the government established a General Advisory Committee on Demobilization and Rehabilitation. In June, 1940, the Committee approved an Occupational History Form, which is to be filled in by every member of the armed forces. This form asks for full information about the man's education and trade training, details concerning his condition of employment or unemployment at the time of enlisting, and the prospect of re-employment on discharge. If he has no employment opportunity awaiting him on his return, the soldier is asked to indicate what further training or education he would prefer, in order to equip himself for useful employment upon his return to civilian life.

These forms, if filled in by every member of the Canadian active forces, will form an excellent foundation on which to base rehabilitation plans. Of course there are difficulties. Firms will fail. Jobs may disappear as businesses expand or contract, or change their method of operation. The disadjustment of army life may prevent a man from resuming the routine of his former job. Old skills and abilities will grow rusty as the duration of the war extends. Physical impairment will render some ineligible for re-employment in their former occupation.

Must Be Done at Home

From the total percentages gleaned from the Occupational History forms, plans can be made for training schools to which men can go for a period of education and rehabilitation. Where possible the training should be available right in a man's home town, for no soldier wants to continue under army discipline, away from family and friends, when hostilities are at an end. Where possible the training should be right in industry, for the experience of the Canadian Legion

has indicated the superiority of rehabilitation right in industry, over academic training in schools.

Coincident with the "soldier survey," the Committee on Rehabilitation is planning a series of interviews with "industrial leaders and influential persons representative of the general community." Business executives must be made aware of the vital importance of speedy rehabilitation, in order to ensure internal peace and prosperity. Faced with the problem of readjusting his business to post-war conditions, the business man and the industrialist must make room in his plans for the men who protected their industries from seizure by foreign powers, and who now look to them to suggest where Canada's man power can best be applied.

Plan or no plan? Shall we leave the future fate of Canada's fighting men as workers and citizens entirely to chance? No. Let us turn over to our employment experts, our statisticians and our business executives, the task of planning now for the inevitable employment problems that will follow Armistice Day. The job can be carried on hand-in-hand with our war work—it is an integral part of our war work, for without a plan the fruits of victory will wither and rot in the moment of their harvesting.

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THERE could hardly be a more difficult subject about which to write than this one, because it is on the one hand painful, and on the other extremely confused. Some there may be who can remember 'way back before the Entente Cordiale of 1904, when France and Britain were confirmed rivals, with centuries of enmity behind them. But to most of us they have "always" been allies, and the prospect of fighting Frenchmen is a sad and painful one. That must be so in Britain, where leaders like Churchill, Eden and Duff Cooper nurse a strong Francophile tradition. It is so in the United States, where France is a friend of much longer standing than Britain. And it is particularly so in Canada, which was a French dominion longer than it has been a British, where a large part of the population is of French extraction and has in

the past year indulged high hopes of a revival under Vichy of that traditional, clerical France from which they sprang, and which has always remained "their" France. Never, in a century and a half, could French Canada quite learn to love the regicide, atheistic, secular republic.

Those who encouraged these hopes in Quebec may now ask themselves whether they were ever justified in believing that a pagan conqueror, the sworn enemy of Western, Christian

THE HITLER WAR

France as an Enemy; Weygand as What?

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

civilization, would permit the re-establishment of a pious, Catholic France. Indeed, they must have already begun to doubt it months ago when the Nazis vetoed Vichy's proposal to reintroduce religious instruction into the public schools.

Whatever may be their motives, the men who have been leading France towards the camp of the enemy at least do not share our pain

at a ruptured friendship. Clemenceau's diary reveals that Pétain expressed anti-British sentiments back in March, 1918: "Believe me, if we are beaten we will owe it to the English." (He also wanted at that time, six days after the launching of the big German spring offensive, to sue for peace.) Darlan, at the outbreak of the last war only an obscure gunnery training officer, so bitterly resented the secondary role into which the French Navy was relegated by the British that he transferred to the army and served throughout the war in the artillery. Moving back into the Navy several steps higher up after the war, through political pull, he became commander of the Atlantic Fleet in 1934, Chief of Naval Staff in 1936, and in 1939 the first Admiral of the Fleet since Napoleon's day.

All this time resentment of Britain seems to have stayed with him, as he declared in an interview with *Gingoire* a fortnight ago that "from 1919 to 1939 Britain did everything possible to prevent French naval construction. Then in 1939 she begged us to accelerate the construction of our battleships. In 1940, after the armistice, she tried to destroy them." Has the admiral conveniently forgotten that it was the breaking, first of France's word of honor that she wouldn't make a separate peace, and secondly of his own solemn pledge that the French Fleet would not be allowed to pass into German hands, that brought about Oran (and even then a number of alternatives were offered to the British broadsides, including moving the fleet to Martinique or internment in an American port)? Or is a guilty conscience at the bottom of his bitterness?

Not Pro-German

Resentment of Britain seems to be a common denominator among the Men of Vichy. When, last June, they were the Men of Bordeaux, they dismissed Churchill's momentous offer of Franco-British Union with the suspicious comment: "Why, they want to make us an English dominion!" Anti-British they may all be, in varying degrees, if only for the sake of their self-esteem, after having made such a colossal mistake in judgment in predicting Britain's fall a year ago. But few of them hate Britain so much that they have become pro-German.



A poster which was recently displayed throughout Paris. Beneath an octopus with the head of Winston Churchill are the words "His amputations are proceeding methodically." The tentacles reach to strategic parts of Europe and Africa and also out beyond the map to the east and west.

"I PLEDGE MYSELF AND MY ALL"

WITH supreme confidence in the righteousness and justice of our cause, let us be tireless in striving, in lending, in saving, to preserve our great heritage of freedom and to determine our high destiny in the world of tomorrow.

The basic defences of our way of life must be secured.

By our subscriptions to the Victory Loan, by planned saving for essential needs, let us on the home front pledge ourselves anew to hold the torch on high with the United Kingdom and her Allies.

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The majority we must continue to assume to be pro-French. It is not to be thought, therefore, that Darlan found clear sailing in the recent councils trying to push through a program of co-operation with Germany probably more far-reaching than that for which Laval was arrested and expelled only five months

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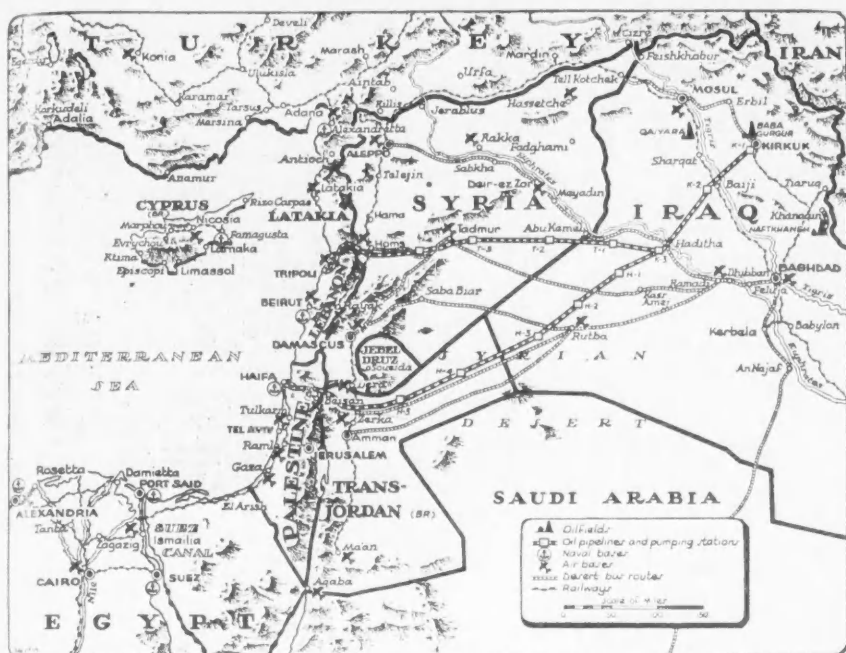
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—Map by "New York Times"

ago. Steadily increasing American strength and intervention are bound to urge them to continue to stall as long as possible.

Weygand, with gateways on the Atlantic at Casablanca and Dakar, must feel this most of all, and Secretary Hull's sharp warning must have strengthened his hand in the council. It is quite credible that he disagreed sharply with Darlan and was sustained by Pétain, to whom he has adequately proved his loyalty. But it is some distance from there to the belief that he is our friend or ready to defy Hitler and cut French Africa loose. His attitude seems to bear a strong resemblance to de Valera's: he wants above all to keep out of the war, and talks of fighting the first comer.

Why should the French question have come to a head just at this time? It is not only because Hitler needed Syria to breach our Middle Eastern Front. Before Hitler delivers frontal attacks he invariably tries to disintegrate the enemy's rear and cut his supply lines. From bases in French Africa, bases which Vichy would guard with her air force and Navy, Hitler could threaten three out of the four supply lines to our Middle Eastern front. With the use of Algiers and Bizerta as well as Sicily he could virtually clamp the Central Mediterranean closed, cutting our short route from Britain, successfully forced recently by an urgent British convoy. From bases at Dakar, in Madagascar and possibly Abuti, Hitler could raid the longer route around Africa. Striking at the Chad region, he could try to cut the ferry route for American planes, which are landed in West Africa and flown by stages to Egypt.

Beguiling the French

But how to force or beguile the French into this desired "collaboration"? From various utterances made in Vichy during the past two months one deduces that Hitler has taken the following line. He has made the most of the Balkan campaign to try to convince the French leaders that Germany is a certain winner. He threatens a terrible fate for France, the annexation of further provinces, maltreatment of the flower of French youth in German prison camps, starvation of the civilian population and seizure of the overseas colonies, should she hinder Germany's victory by refusing to cooperate. But if she does co-operate, he promises to take no more provinces, release some of the war prisoners, leave the overseas empire intact and give France a preferred position in the New Order. (Italy, according to the latest version, would be compensated for giving up her claim to Nice, Corsica and Tunisia, by receiving Egypt and the Sudan.)

Whether taken in by the promises or moved by personal ambition, it appears that Darlan has gone a long way along the road to collaboration further than he has told the old marshal. But far from carrying the nation with him, it doesn't seem as though Darlan had even been able to carry his whole Cabinet and military leadership. As Eden and Hull

and many others have repeated in recent days, it remains simply inconceivable that the French people would line up on the side of the Boche. In trying to force them into such a step Hitler himself would give the greatest impetus to the de Gaulle movement, which would then at the same time find broad support among the French in France and overseas and recognition by Britain and the United States as the Free French Government.

Time for Action

We were unable, however, to go on any longer trusting to the presumably patriotic intentions of some members of the Vichy Government or the restraining effect of French popular feeling or American warnings to keep the Germans from using French bases and territory against us. There they were, infiltrating steadily into Syria. The situation called for immediate action, and for the first time since Oran purely mil-

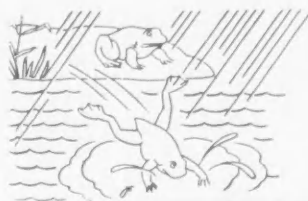
itary considerations prevailed over diplomatic and political.

As I write, the venture seems to be going very well. News has just come in from Ankara that Damascus and Beyrouth have been occupied and that, for a change, a hurried evacuation of Germans is going on. The tourist attractions of Bulgaria seem to have made a sudden appeal to the much-travelled Nazis; or perhaps the heat has become too great for them in Syria. The comments emanating from Berlin reveal an exceeding discomfiture; this is a "private" quarrel between the two former allies, which Germany watches with interest and with "full sympathy" for the Vichy forces! But the Vichy forces need more than sympathy; they need heart in their fighting which they haven't got. Early reports tell of thousands coming over to the Free French, and even marching with them, as Louis XVIII's troops did with Napoleon in 1815. The affair appears to have been well handled. We went with force sufficient to impress, but used it sparingly. We brought along stocks of food in proof of our benevolent intentions towards the population. Our propaganda emphasized to the French that they would be fighting for the Germans, busily installing themselves in their rear, and to the Senegalese and other native levies that the authority of Vichy was crumbling; it promised protection to the Lebanese Christians and independence to the Syrian Arabs.

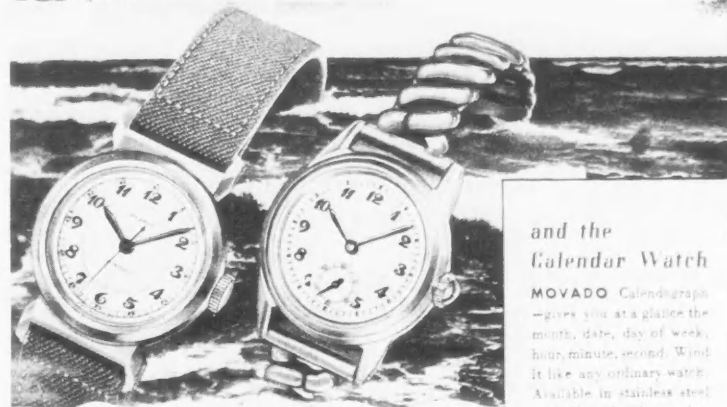
How much one can generalize from the experience in Syria is another question. If Vichy had declared war on Britain, or joined the Axis, London and Washington would have promptly recognized de Gaulle and Free French sentiment would probably have swept through the French empire. But it looks as though the view attributed to General Weygand will prevail in the Vichy councils, that Syria was not a French possession, but only a mandate, from which France had had little but trouble and to which she had technically granted independence five years ago, and that therefore it should not be allowed to decide such a great issue as a resumption of the war by France. That, I believe, is the one thing Weygand

wants to avoid. He has kept the morale of the forces in French North and West Africa considerably higher, it seems, than that of the troops in Syria. If he can keep the Germans out, or little in evidence and avoid any such ventures as reconquest of Free French territories, he may be able to hold Vichy Africa in

line for some time yet. On those terms we should have little to fear from him. But whether the Germans will stay out, or what Weygand will do if they force the issue, is another matter. Meantime we may enjoy the great improvement in our strategic position resulting from our decisive action in Syria.



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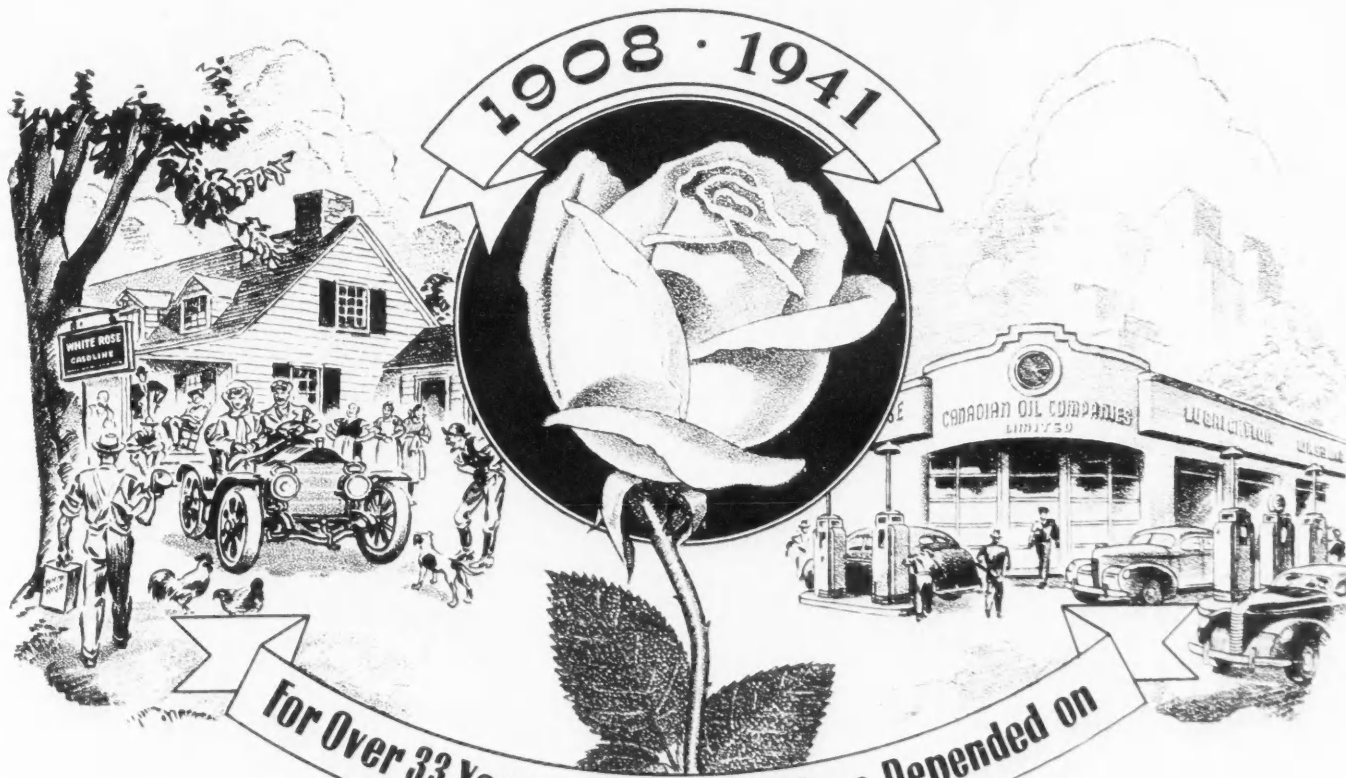
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The World Movement for Family Allowances

Family allowances are payments, other than wages, made to parents to help toward the maintenance of dependent children, for the purpose of bringing income into relation with human needs. They originated with a group of employers in Grenoble, France, during the last war and have since been adopted by the governments of various countries, including Australia and New Zealand. This article tells of the growth of the movement for family allowances and the various methods of financing them.

FAMILY allowances are becoming standard equipment in socially progressive countries.

Great Britain, pioneer in so many social services, has not yet adopted this, owing, curiously enough, to the conservatism of the trade unions. The Trades and Labor Congress of Canada at its last meeting, taking its cue from the majority of the unions in the Old Country, went on record against the system.

It is more than likely that British policy will show a fresh departure in the near future. Two members of the Cabinet, Mr. L. C. M. Amery and Dr. Hugh Dalton, one Conservative and the other Labor, have long been advocates of the system. Opinion about it is not divided on political lines. Mr. J. M. Keynes has come forward with his powerful support as a scientific economist and Mr. Seeborn Rowntree, a big business man and a celebrated investigator of social conditions, is an active campaigner for the movement.

Family Allowances are payments, other than wages, made to parents to help towards the maintenance of dependent children. Apart from the German system, which takes the form of marriage loans and is in a class by itself, family allowances are paid weekly or monthly; they began by being paid only to wage-earners, but they are now being paid to higher salary earners, and in France and Belgium they are universal among the population, being paid to all producers of goods and services whether employees or not.

Maintained in Wartime

Despite the abnormal and difficult conditions in France since the German occupation family allowances have been maintained and even extended. Beginning in January this year a bonus of at least 2,000 francs is paid on the birth of the first child within two years of marriage.

The superficial view of family allowances is that they are designed to encourage population increase. This was certainly not the original aim.

Family allowances were originated as a means of relating wages to the human needs of the workers. The originators were a group of employers in Grenoble, France, during the last war. They saw that increased cost of living was bearing heavily upon workers with families even after several increases of wages. These employers decided to make special allowances to their employees for dependent children, and in order that no employer should have to pay more because of a higher proportion of dependents to his employees, the contributions of the employers, on the basis of their wages bills, were paid to an equalization fund and it was from this fund that the allowances were paid to the workers entitled to them.

For essentially the same reason as in Grenoble, though the details were widely different, family allowances were started in Australia.

The Australian Commonwealth and the several States had long had legislation requiring industry to pay a "living wage" to workers and it had been ruled that a man's living wage meant sufficient for the needs of a "normal" family and it was generally assumed that a normal family meant a man and wife and three children under the age of 14 years.

The normal family was known to be a legal fiction but it seemed to be indispensable to the theory of the living wage. Both employers and trade unions were dissatisfied with wage awards made by arbitration tribunals to meet the increases in the cost of living and in 1919 the Commonwealth Government appointed a Commission under the chairmanship

BY HENRY SOMERVILLE

of an eminent King's Counsel, Mr. A. B. Piddington, to determine the actual cost of living of the "normal" family.

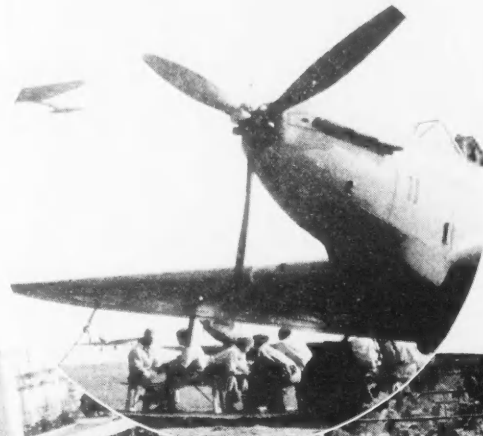
The enquiry was conducted with great thoroughness and its findings on the necessary living costs of a

normal family were indisputable, but another finding, of the Commonwealth statistician, that the wage to meet these costs would require more than the whole produced wealth of the country, was equally indisputable. Mr. Piddington had specialized in wages arbitration throughout his professional career and he must have known from the beginning that the

determinations of the Commission would reduce to absurdity the theory of a living wage based upon an imaginary family.

The theoretical living wage paid to all adult male workers, he pointed out, would provide for 450,000 non-existent wives and 2,100,000 non-existent children, while it failed to provide for families with more than

Some of the things



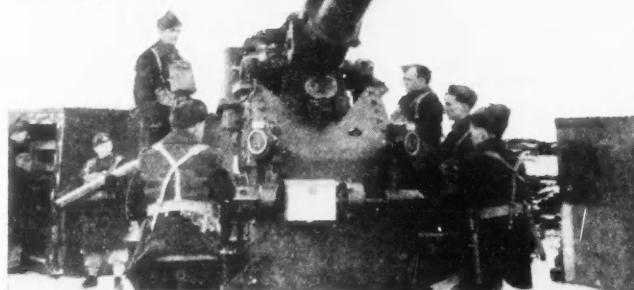
The Canadian airplane industry, unorganized for large production in 1939, is rapidly approaching a steady production basis, turning out planes for Canada and Britain. Rapid expansion and production costs money.



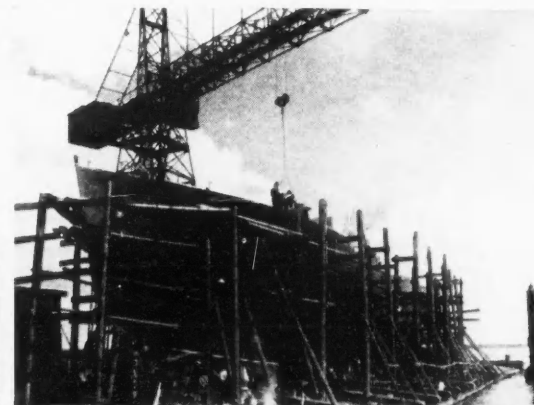
Machine gun production is one of Canada's outstanding achievements. 600 machines are used in the manufacture of these intricate weapons in this Canadian plant. Thousands of Brens are needed by Canada and Britain. The money for this must be provided.



Expert craftsmanship is required in the manufacture of Bofors anti-aircraft guns. Canada is now making them in quantity.



Modern anti-aircraft guns like this are costly, and Canada's long coastline demands a large number for defence against possible attack. Airplane detectors, searchlights, range-finders, are also necessary equipment for which money is needed.



Canada is building 70 of these speedy "corvettes" for escort duty at a cost of \$39,000,000, as well as merchant ships; may build destroyers. Her navy (220 ships, 17,000 personnel), costs \$180,000,000 a year.



Canadian plants are turning out about four hundred mechanical transport units a day for Canada and Great Britain. Canadian motor transport vehicles have already played an important part in the war zones.

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CANADA'S fighting blood is up. We have sworn to throw our utmost effort into this fight for Freedom . . . to make our resources count in ridding the world of Nazi tyranny.

The tide is rising for victory. Steadily mounting streams of munitions, supplies, equipment, trained fighting men, are pouring from Canada's factories and training centres.

Mines, mills, factories are whirring into high gear. Furnaces spew out molten steel, forests yield their lumber. New plants, new machinery, newly trained craftsmen, mark the rising tempo of determined activity that thrills through Canada.



Gun carriers, armored cars, tanks are No. 1 requisites of modern warfare. Universal carriers like this are turned out in quantity in Canadian automotive plants. Tank manufacture has also begun. Some tanks have been bought in U.S.



Millions of shells are pouring from Canadian munitions plants. The need is limitless. This man is testing the fine thread in the nose of shells.

Help finish the job!

three dependent children. Mr. Piddington proposed that the legal living wage be based on the needs of man and wife only and that the Commonwealth pay allowances for all dependent children.

The Commonwealth did nothing about workers in private employment but it began to pay an allowance of 5 shillings a week for each dependent child of employees in the public service. New South Wales went further in 1927 by providing an allowance of 5 shillings a week for every dependent child of workers who were get-

ting less than a certain basic wage. In 1929 the basic wage was raised and the family allowance was not paid for the first child in the family.

On March 27 this year the Commonwealth Government introduced a bill providing for a federal scheme for allowance of 5 shillings weekly for each child after the first under 16 years of age, the cost to be met in part by a tax of 2½ per cent. on payrolls exceeding £20 weekly.

In New Zealand in 1926 a Conservative Government introduced allowances at two shillings a week for

each child after the second in families where the total income did not exceed 80 shillings a week. In 1938 the allowance per child was doubled and the family income limit raised to 100 shillings per week. In New South Wales and New Zealand the allowances are paid out of the proceeds of general taxation. As the income limits are below ordinary wages the allowances go only to the poorest families and they are not a great burden on the public finances.

General wages being much lower in Europe than in Australasia the

need for family allowances is wider in the older countries. From Grenoble the allowances paid out of employers' voluntary equalization funds spread throughout France and Belgium. In France in 1930 the funds covered 1,880,000 workers. In 1932 the system was made legally compulsory upon all employers and in 1937, according to Miss Rathbone's calculation, there were 7 million workers covered.

On July 29, 1939, by presidential decree the allowances were extended to all persons engaged in production, including those who were not wage-

earners but were working in industry, agriculture, commerce and the liberal professions. Of course employers' funds are not required to finance allowances to those who are not employees and for these there is a State insurance scheme on a contributory basis.

What has been said of France applies, broadly speaking, to Belgium also. The system became compulsory for employers in Belgium in 1930 and in 1937 provision was made to pay allowances to workers who were not employees.

From what has been said the reader will see that there are three ways of financing family allowances, by general taxation as in Australia, by employers' equalization funds as in France and Belgium for wage earners, and by insurance contributions as in these two countries for workers who are not employees, such as small storekeepers, farmers, etc. The Government may assist both employers' equalization funds and workers' insurance schemes by means of subsidies. In Italy the wage-earners contribute to the equalization funds so that the Italian system may be considered as representing the principle of insurance in part.

An article in the International Labor Review of April 1940 gives particulars of schemes in Belgium, Chile, France, Hungary, Italy, New South Wales, New Zealand and Spain. A comprehensive law was passed in Holland last year just before the German invasion, which presumably has prevented the law from coming into effect. The "Labor Gazette" of Canada for April, 1941, publishes an article on "Family Allowances in Various Countries", mentioning that the Pan American Conference of 21 Republics at Lima in Dec., 1938, adopted a resolution recommending each country to set up a family allowances scheme.

What About Canada?

It is interesting to speculate on possibilities in Canada, though we are not in the habit of following the leads of any other countries except Britain and the United States. As already indicated, the system may soon become practical politics in Britain. Large industrial groups and organizations in Canada may find that family allowances would solve certain problems of wartime wages.

The first question that will be asked about family allowances is what they would cost. This depends on two factors, the amount of the allowance per child and the number of eligible children. Fortunately the census returns for 1931 (Vol. I, Table 101) not only tells us the number of children under 15 years of age but their distribution among families according to the size of families.

There were 1,493,881 families in Canada with 3,180,239 children under 15. For the sake of simplicity we can assume a family allowance of one dollar a week for each child and we see at a glance the cost if the allowance were paid to every child in the country irrespective of the number of children in a family and irrespective of the family income. But no such universal scheme would be entertained in Canada.

Mr. Seeborn Rowntree says that in England a laborer's wages are usually sufficient to maintain a wife and three children and some advocates in England would pay allowances only for dependent children after the first three. In Canada at the last census there were 496,787 families with more than 3 children. These families had 1,885,559 children in the aggregate. Excluding three children from each family the aggregate of eligible children is 395,198. This is a manageable figure from the point of view of public finance and it must be remembered that it includes children in families of all income levels.

It only the first two children in each family were excluded from allowances the number eligible would be 961,746 and if the allowances were paid from the second child onwards the eligibles if income levels are disregarded would be 1,723,690. Schemes in Canada might be on a provincial basis with federal aid as in the case of old age pensions, but however this may be the figures given suffice to indicate the order of magnitude of any scheme.

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Ships, Food, Steel, Lumber... Equipment, Training Gear... into these things too go your Fighting Dollars

TO keep these wheels in motion, to speed them up, takes money. Money for plant, machinery, raw materials and labor. Money to turn out guns, shells, planes, trucks, tanks, in increasing number.

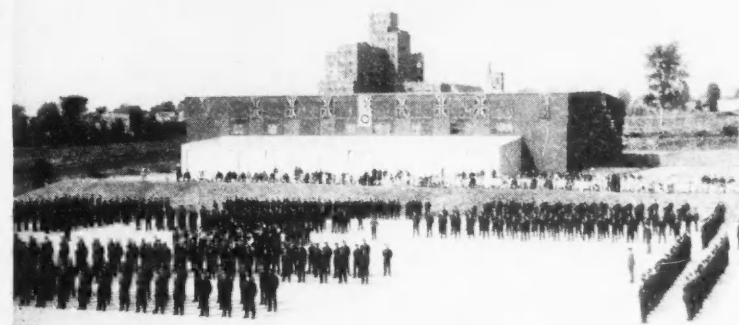
Money to equip, feed and train the fighting forces... to build the ships that carry supplies, the naval vessels that convoy them, the weapons that protect our coasts.

Taxes provide some of it. But more is needed. We must dig down deeply into our savings. We must show Hitler what Democracy can do. We must make every dollar a fighting dollar... to hasten victory, to finish the job.

Thousands of tons of steel are needed for ships, guns, munitions. Canadian mills produce it. Canadian war plants use it unceasingly, day in day out.



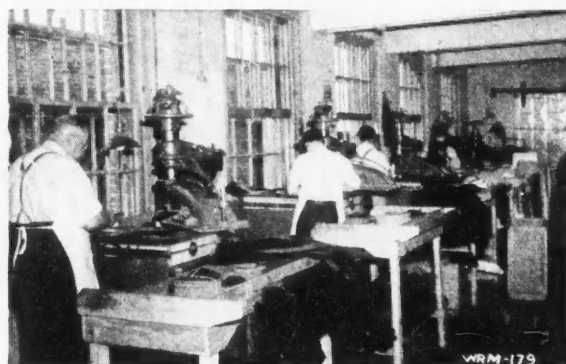
Canadian lumber is an important raw material of war. In 1940, one billion board feet of lumber was shipped to England from British Columbia alone. Here Canadian loggers are using a "boom" to load logs on a flat car for shipment to the saw mills.



Training of Canada's own airmen and operation of the gigantic Commonwealth Air Training Plan require fully equipped training centres throughout Canada. Millions of dollars must be provided for this vitally important contribution Canada is making to Empire war effort.



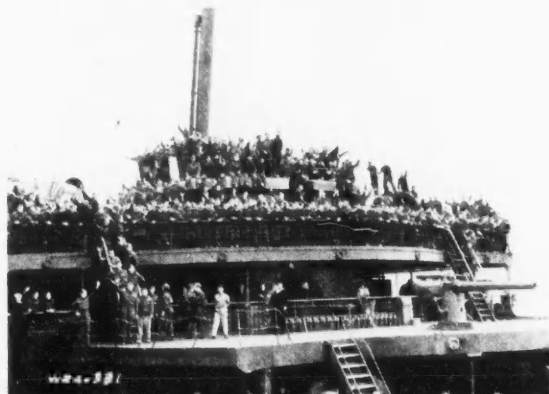
Scientific research plays a big part in Canada's war effort. This scientist is testing steel helmets for bullet resistance. Money is needed for continuance of this necessary work.



Thousands of uniforms and other clothing articles are needed by Canada's fighting men. This Canadian factory is one of the many which together turn out more than 40,000 pairs of shoes a week for the forces.



Training, equipping and sending overseas in increasing numbers trained R.C.A.F. personnel, like these Canadian airmen who have just received their wings, calls for expenditure of many millions of dollars.



Canada's Second Division leaving for England. Canada has trained, equipped and maintains overseas two divisions. Two more, an armored division and a tank brigade, are in training. All this costs money.



All over Canada camps must be built and maintained for troops training for overseas and home service. Tents, buns, beds, water and drainage systems are required on a vast scale. This means careful expenditure of large sums of money.

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THE WEEK IN RADIO

William Strange Talks About the Blitz

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

THE other night when I went up to Hogg's Hollow to see William Strange, the man who writes "Carry On, Canada," he and Lorne Green, CBC's "voice of impending peril," were sitting in the front room playing transcriptions of a London air-raid. You could hear, with shocking reality, the steady firing of the anti-aircraft guns. In the distance you could hear a shell drop, and then the sullen falling of bricks and mortar. Now and then one would drop close and its noise would blast the sound-recording machine. In between the guns and bombs you could sometimes hear the voices of men, but you couldn't make out what they said. Lorne Green, whose firm, strong voice you hear giving the CBC's news, trembled a little. Strange, just home from a month in blitzed Britain, testified that the record was "an actuality." No sound-man made this record.

Bill Strange and I were reporters on The Toronto Star nearly 10 years ago. At least, he was a special writer. I did all sorts of assignments. Now I was interviewing him, a tall, broad-shouldered huge man with a boyish face and a soft English voice. Refused by the Canadian Navy, Strange insisted that he must go to Britain to see for himself what was going on, so that he might translate something of it into "Carry on, Canada," the program that has a smack-

ing big audience, even though we don't think much of it. At least, we didn't three months ago when we listened to it a few times. (Strange says it's much better now).

So the CBC sent Strange to Britain with letters to the BBC, the Canadian High Commissioner, Hon. Vincent Massey, the British Ministry of Information and anyone else who might be useful. On the boat over, German dive-bombers came out to bomb the convoy, and Strange, who has had some experience at sea and even now likes a ship's clock in his house, helped man the ship's guns. He was in London during "that Wednesday," April 16, when 500 German planes came over the city and dropped 100,000 incendiary bombs and many thousands of high explosives. A thousand people were killed that day. Three or four times more were wounded.

"I CAN tell you honestly and frankly, the damage in the worst blitzed areas is very, very bad," Strange said, soberly. "It is a very shocking sight." But he was quick to add this: "While many residential areas of Britain have been completely demolished, there are large industrial areas that haven't seen a single bomb." When he was reminded that some simple souls believe this to be

"an agreement" between high British and high Nazis—this leaving industrial plants alone, Strange boomed "rubbish-poppycock." He said that the answer was very simple. "Residential blocks are bigger than industrial areas. The factories are out of town, most of them. After last September, the Nazis don't come over in the day time; they come at night and drop their bombs on the biggest blackest area they think is a town. It lands on a lot of houses. Some think that this bombing of the civilians is a definite plan of Hitler's, hoping to break down the morale of the men, women and children."

And is it? This is what William Strange said: "I came back with one overwhelming impression, and it is one of wonder and admiration for the extraordinary combination of courage and cleverness of the British people. Their organization to combat raids is remarkable. Their system of fighting fires wins your praise immediately. On the night of the terrible blitz my taxi went through a pool of water caused by a water main breaking. The next morning I went through the same spot, and everything was back to normal. Even the school children are brave. They have been trained by their parents and teachers not only to put out incendiaries, but how not to get hurt during a raid."

"BRITAIN needs right now one hundred destroyers and more planes," Strange said. There was some authority for his words, because he had talked with high government officials in London. He had had a confidential chat with Alfred Duff Cooper and others. "They need them now. This week. Today. While Canada is building some destroyers it is going to take time for their completion. These 100 destroyers have to come from the United States. And I, for one, am going to do everything I can to create a public opinion that will send those destroyers now—to Britain. They could turn the battle of the Atlantic into victory for Britain, immediately. They would swing the tide of battle in a flash."

Planes come second. Yes, some planes arrive in Britain every day of the week. Strange had an idea how many, but he wasn't saying. Britain loses some planes every day of the week, and was exporting others to the east. And she was building more just as fast as she can. "But Canada and the United States must help her, today, without delay. Every plane we can build is badly needed. Just as soon as Britain has a sufficient reserve, the offensive will begin. The bombing of Germany will begin in real earnest. Britain has a superbomb that can knock the spots off anything the Nazis have so far used."

HOW many more months, or weeks, or days can the bombed people of Britain hold out, we asked this one-man crusade. "How long?" he repeated. "That's just the question. There's no question of the morale right now. It's high. No-one I've talked to denies that. But it isn't possible to guess how long it can go on. But they must get help. They can't go on taking it forever. We in Canada don't understand the seriousness of their plight. We just don't understand, or we'd move faster. We'd toil all night. We wouldn't stop on Sundays. There'd be no coaxing people to give money for planes and shells and ships. I tell you, we in Canada have got to learn something. This war is going to cost us blood and money. We're going to have to pay. We're going to have to learn to be poor."

Those people in Britain are bearing an historic burden not only for their own freedom, but for ours as well, Strange said. I asked him how ordinary people could help them. These are his exact words: "We can pay our taxes promptly. We can all subscribe to this Victory Loan, not what we

can afford, but much more than that. Those of us who are young and strong should join the services. The rest should encourage others to join up. We should forget our internal politics and think only of the desperate danger our country and our children for generations are facing. We should stand behind the government in every step it takes toward victory. If Britain goes down there will be no one to send us the tanks. Remember that."

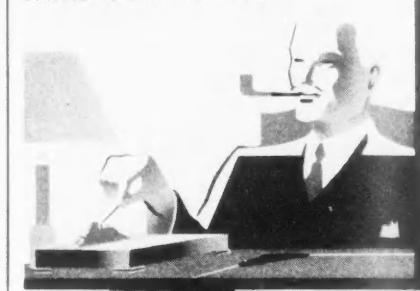
One of the fine things the CBC has done has been to send William Strange to Britain so that he might

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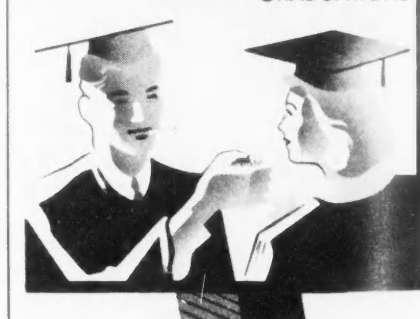
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bring back to the people of this country something of the spirit of the Motherland. Strange's first radio talk in a series "Back from Britain" created a tremendous response. Scores of people asked for copies of the broadcast. Scores of organizations asked him to speak to their members. It is good, at last, to discover that not only in the Wendell Wilkie's, the Dorothy Thompsons, the Ralph Ingersolls and the Wallace Deuels are words and hearts that can stir Canadians to a quicker pace.

"KEEP up the good word for better radio programs," encourages Rev. H. D. Ranns, of Swift Current, Saskatchewan. "If it were not for the news, occasional symphonic music and Charlie McCarthy I would not own a radio. Far too much of the stuff is abominable. You would slander the intelligence of 13 year-olds to say it was for them. 'Carry on, Canada,' is far too noisy. Although I am aggressively for the war, I don't think we shall ever beat Hitler with such stuff as that fool caricature of Hit and Muss."

AN Ottawa reader who has marked his letter "Personal" has written such a well-balanced criticism of radio as it is today, we publish it here, nameless. His remarks are directed at the CBC program department. Our own feeling is that they might be aimed at radio in general. The CBC is no worse offender than anyone else. Here's his criticism:

1. "The practice of using the same soloists again and again and again for weeks at a time, most notably in programs originating in Toronto. It happens that we have no really great vocalists in Canada and artists of lesser rank can be heard too often at too brief intervals—as they are.

2. "The apparent determination to attempt to dramatize everything. I get sick and tired of simple incidents brought into programs wrapped up in dramatized artificialities. Plain narration would be so much more effective in nine cases out of ten. What makes this 'dramatization' policy worse still is that in most instances the tones and enunciation of the people who take part in the programs are such as would never be heard in the normal speech of Canadians of average education and culture.

3. "The studio forums (fora, if you want it that way) or round table discussions. In a program of this type CBC version three or four people

carry on what listeners are apparently supposed to believe to be an extemporaneous discussion, for the enlightenment of the less enlightened, about some subject of more or less importance and timeliness. What the program always turns out to be is the deliverance of a succession of commonplaces which nearly every Canadian of more than High School age—and probably the average High School student has already heard a hundred times before in one form

or another. Occasionally some new ground in thought is broken in a United States forum or something stimulating said, but never anything of the kind in the CBC series; the reason for the difference is not that there are no Canadians fully as capable as Americans of presenting new ideas and stimulating thought; it must be that the CBC is determined to 'play it safe' and permit nothing in its programs which would even approach the controversial. Such an

attitude on the part of the corporation is understandable, and there may even be something to be said for it under all the governing circumstances, but if it is to continue the CBC air should be kept entirely free of so-called discussion programs since they can be nothing more than travesties.

4. "A big jump, from things of the Mind to Sports: The CBC coverage of sports events is away below the efficiency standard of the corporation's

work in general, and when programs of Sports comment, as distinct from reporting, have been essayed they have been terrible. Usually the comment programs have been given by people whose material has obviously been drawn from a very localized knowledge, plus paraphrases of stories from newspapers of the moment. There are Canadians capable of doing a thoroughly workmanlike job in this field but, for some reason or other, the CBC doesn't hire them."



London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
My fair lady,
Be it said to your renown
That you wore your gayest gown
And bravest smile
AND STAYED IN TOWN
While London Bridge
Was falling down, falling down,
My fair lady.

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VICTORY LOAN 1941



John G. Winant, U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain, who was in Washington last week to make a confidential report to President Roosevelt. In the Ambassador's report was information which nipped in the bud a Nazi peace move designed to create uncertainty in the U.S. His report was expected to be of great use to the Americans in an emergency, whether civil or military. Of the British Winant said they were "a united . . . gallant people (of) great morale."

While the younger of Canada's war-guest children from Britain have taken to Canadian schooling very happily, those of high school age have had more trouble in adjusting themselves.

They think that there are far too many students in each school, that students receive too little individual attention, that an excessive amount of homework is set with much of it left unchecked by the teacher, and that the schools are overheated in winter.

ONE of the unforeseen results of the war has been the sudden injection of several thousand English school children into the Canadian educational system. It is impossible to speak too highly of the kindness and consideration that have been shown them, by the staff in fitting the children into a differently timed curriculum, and by the scholars in ready friendliness and willingness to hear a good deal of "what we do differently." The younger children have settled in very happily, the adolescents are not so contented, though this is mostly owing to sudden transplantation from schools in which they were attaining the age of responsibility and honors, to schools where they have to establish their personalities again from the beginning.

As one who has had teaching experience in England and with high school age children, may I add a few comments to Mrs. Stephen's interesting article. This time it is from the point of view of the war-guest high school students, with many of whom I have discussed the matter.

They were at first appalled at the number of students in each school; a school of similar age range in England would have 300, perhaps 400, students at most. They have gradually acquired friends from their neighborhoods and their school classes, but they still feel that the sense of corporate life, which is such a valuable part of English school training, is impossible when numbers are so high.

The girls find it rather comical to be addressed as "Miss So-and-so," even when as young as twelve and thirteen; one wonders if this is a relic of the early days of girls' admittance to high schools, whether it was then considered that the proprieties could only be preserved by turning the girls into young ladies as completely as possible?

The Curriculum

As regards the curriculum, it seems to be generally accepted that the English children are somewhat behind in mathematics, have done more varied and interesting English composition and literature, and are considerably ahead in languages. In a bilingual country like Canada, it is certainly somewhat surprising that in Ontario, for example, French teaching is not given till so late as high school age and then in very large classes. In all the languages taught, there seems to be over-emphasis on grinding in the grammar and very little attempt to make the student pronounce and speak. English schools today, by means of various devices, manage to give their students a more practical knowledge of foreign languages, to the student's great gain.

All the students agree that an excessive amount of homework is set. It is not that the English children are idle, and unaccustomed to work hard; I think their standard of homework done is honorably high. But what greatly irks them is that so much work is set and so little of it is actually inspected and assessed by the teacher. Now none but a teacher knows how many weary hours can be wasted in correcting homework, but the present system, as far as one can judge, gives too much opportunity to the lazy to do no homework at all, with a good chance of the fact escaping discovery, and does not give the keen students the satisfaction of knowing that their teachers have fully appreciated their efforts.

Are High Schools Too Big?

BY KATHLEEN KINGSLEY

Lastly, all the English students find Canadian schools oppressively hot, and complain that they are drowsy in class, that they cannot do good work. Canadians are so accustomed to the things that all English people say about their hot houses that they may laugh at this, but it is possible that not enough attention has been paid to the matter of proper ventilation, even in the newest school buildings, and that Canadian students also are not so alert in class as they might be. Certainly in Scandinavian schools, where the winter cold is just as

severe and the houses as hot, great care is taken to air all classrooms in the break between each lesson and the students are encouraged to put on their wraps and go into the open air several times a day if only for a few minutes.

The keenness and intelligence of most Canadian teachers is admirable and the solid amount of information which Canadian high school students have acquired by the end of their schooling is a tribute to their work. But the teachers know well how much

they are handicapped by the large number of students in each class and how little time is available, because of these large classes, for that general culture which is the chief end of education.

Canadians are rightly proud of their country and desire the best possible education for their children. They are far ahead of England still in having made education compulsory until the age of 16. But some of the advantage of these two extra years schooling is certainly lost by the special problems raised by such large aggregations of students.

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I HAVE been spending the last two weeks visiting friends in the industrial towns of New England and New York State not Boston and New York, but the second-rank towns, the places that literally live on a few mills which probably owed their origin to some little local water-power, and which have remained where they were started because a labor pool once established becomes a dominant factor in the location of industry. As hydro-electric power has succeeded direct water-power, many of their original water-side buildings have been abandoned, and can now be bought or rented for a song; but they have been replaced by larger and better lighted buildings on the next block, with vast parking yards adjacent where the flocks of motors belonging to the workers can be stored during the shift. I was familiar with all of these towns in my boyhood, but some of them I had not seen for twenty years and a few for nearly fifty years.

At the present moment they are hives of the most astounding activity. In the parking yards of one industrial establishment I was assured that three thousand motor-cars were parked at the moment of my visit, representing the means of conveyance of ten thousand workers; and three thousand motor-cars require an amazing amount of parking space. Incidentally this raises the problem of how to handle ingress and egress in the event of the continuous three-shift eight-hour day; it cannot be done without doubling the parking space, for the incoming and outgoing shift cannot both be on the lot at the same time. Most of the cars looked very good; and there is a story current in Torrington, Conn., of a representative of the international union who drove over to discuss a projected strike with the leaders of the strikers at one of the big machine tool works. Three of the factory workers drove up to the meeting in brand-new 1941 cars whose combined cost topped \$4,000; and the union representative, arriving in a slightly battered car of 1937 vintage, took one look at the shiny array parked at the curb and barked: "What are you guys striking for anyhow?"

RETAIL business is also extremely active; but in all these completely industrial towns you are certain to see, even in the highest-grade jewelry and furniture establishments, the price cards of everything in the window marked with both a cash price and also a so-much-per-week rate. The competition for the as yet unearned dollars of the newly prosperous worker is indeed so acute that even the railways and bus lines will sell transportation on credit.

Housing is already an acute problem in nearly all of these towns, and they are not yet at the peak of their activity. The federal government provides funds for large projects of workmen's houses, but apparently the administration of these is left largely to local authorities, and I saw examples of long blocks of incredibly hideous hutments which no self-respecting army would offer to its troops even for temporary barracks, and which yet are apparently intended as durable housing accommodations for families of workers.

A certain measure of hostility towards President Roosevelt and the New Deal is evident among the wealthier classes of all these communities, but the degree and intensity of it depends almost wholly upon the character of the labor supply which the community employs. It is where the labor is pronouncedly "foreign" that the antipathy is greatest, and the term "foreign" includes the descendants of immigrants who arrived in the community fifty years ago, provided that they still live pretty much to themselves and are resistant to New England culture. The explanation is that these people have never been effectively organized into unions by the old A.F. of L. methods, and have for generations been regarded by the employers as cheap, docile and unambitious labor. Under the new and, it must be admitted, rather high-pressure methods of organization which have come into vogue since the last war,

WEEK TO WEEK

In the U.S. Industrial Towns

BY B. K. SANDWELL

these people have been formed into unions of a sort; but the unions are often apt to be as un-American as the people who form them, and they are extremely difficult to deal with on a reasonable basis. I was told, and I see no reason to doubt it, that they are often organized by men who are simply out to make all that they can for themselves out of both the workers and the employers, and who levy toll from each side in turn. I

could not help thinking that a less aloof attitude on the part of the employers a few years ago might have made this class of workers a less fertile field for the agitator type of organizer.

That something in the nature of organization would have developed anyhow among these people sooner or later is almost self-evident, and it happened that it did develop under C.I.O. leadership and concurrently

with a very large contribution by that organization to President Roosevelt's second campaign fund. The result, upon the people who have to deal, as employers and the associates of employers, with this new kind of organized labor, has been most peculiar. They have come to regard the President himself as the prime cause of all their troubles, and Secretary of Labor Perkins as his agent therein. This to an outsider like myself seems an undue simplification of a very complicated problem; but if it had not been for the world war it would unquestionably have been better for the unity of the American people if the Republican party had been restored to power, or at least to the presidency, at the last election in order that they might have realized how much of the present "revolution" was inevitable and is now incapable of being undone.



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JOE LOUIS is a heavyweight champion who labors under the quaint and highly original delusion that a champion's primary occupation should be fighting. None of his immediate predecessors was similarly afflicted. Jack Dempsey defended his title five times in seven years, Gene Tunney his twice before retiring to Shakespeare and the Boy Scouts. Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, Primo Carnera, Max Baer, and Jimmy Braddock didn't defend theirs at all.

Louis has put his crown on display before Mike Jacobs' admiring throngs seventeen times in about three and three-quarters years. In the past four or five months Red Burman, Gus Dorazio, Abe Simon, Tony Musto, and Buddy Baer have had a shot at it, lasting a combined total of thirty-

four rounds—a little over par (six) for the course. Billy Conn is on deck.

Seventeen fights, fifteen knockouts. An impressive record? To the fifteen fighters who helped make it, yes. To the wise guys, no. They like to dismiss it with the airy observation: "Look at the bums he's fought. Now if Dempsey was around..." There is only one flaw in this argument.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

As It Was in the Beginning . . .

BY KIMBALL McILROY

Granted the opponents are bums. Nobody will deny it. But take a good look at the boys set up for Dempsey back in the early 'twenties.

JACK won his title from Jess Willard. If Willard surpassed Tony Galento or Buddy Baer in anything but the inability to avoid a left hand, then the fans who went to Reno to see the fight that hot July afternoon in 1919 should have got themselves divorces instead.

Dempsey next knocked out Billy Miske (not Minsky) in three. Louis needed only the same number for Max Schmeling, John Henry Louis, and Jack Roper combined. He knocked out Nathan Mann, Johnny Paycheck, and Gus Dorazio in three or less. All except Schmeling were the peers of Miske on the greatest day he ever saw. Schmeling was much better.

Bill Brennan went twelve rounds with Dempsey. Tommy Farr went fifteen with Louis. And for the same reason. There is nothing the human fist can do that a sledge-hammer couldn't.

Dempsey's next fight, with Georges Carpentier, the idol of the Fifty Million, makes an interesting study. It had a tremendous buildup and drew a tremendous crowd, fully half of whom expected the Frenchman to win. It lasted just four rounds and the gullible learned something that they should have known already: that no light-heavyweight ought to be allowed in the same ring with the heavyweight champion.

As we have said, John Henry Louis, a light-heavy, lasted one round. Louis' next fight is with Billy Conn, who was the light-heavyweight titleholder up to a few months ago. Joe will be out to better his own records for light-heavys. That will be difficult. There's not very much you can subtract from one. But he ought to beat Dempsey's again.

Dempsey had two more fights before his fateful introduction to Gene Tunney. The first was against Tom Gibbons, an early exponent of the "if-they-can't-catch-you-they-can't-hit-you" school. It went a full fifteen rounds, with Dempsey coming in a very poor second in the racing and miles ahead on points. Joe Louis proved nimbler on his feet. He caught up with Bob Pastor, the modern Mercury, in the eleventh.

ON ONLY one point of comparison does Dempsey appear to be well in front. He knocked out Luis Angel Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, in two rounds, while the contemporary title holder required twenty-three in obtaining a decision and a knockout over Arturo Godoy, the Chilean Cheese. Both South Americans were similarly big and strong and woefully incompetent. But Firpo came within a second or two of taking the championship from a Dempsey whom he had knocked into an aisle seat in the first row ringside, while Godoy never came out of his impenetrable crouch for long enough to have a good look at Louis.

On the broad shoulders of those five or six men rests Dempsey's contention of being a greater fighter than Joe Louis. Louis' counter-claims rest upon fifteen pairs of shoulders equally broad and, unless memory fails, at least equally skilled.

Some benign Providence has apparently decreed that there shall be a maximum of one first-rate heavyweight on the scene at any given time, and that he shall be dethroned only when flabby paunch and springless knee prove unequal to the challenge of Youth.

Just when this final and relentless challenger will catch up with Joe Louis remains to be seen, but it's a pretty good bet that Billy Conn won't be wearing any such disguise.

A lot of experts are of the opinion that the above symptoms are evident in Joe at the moment. Hasn't he re-

quired an average of nine rounds for each of his last three opponents?

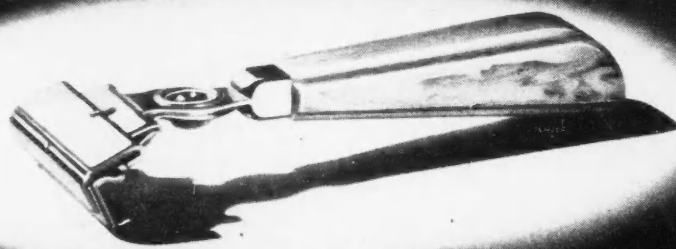
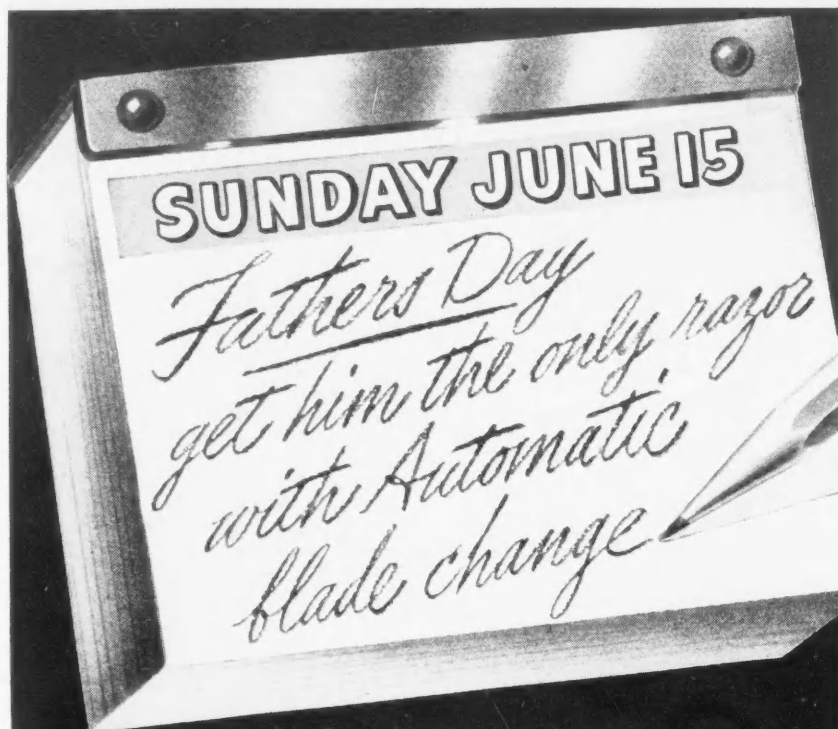
Sure he has, but—leaving entirely aside the obvious fact that Billy Conn couldn't have knocked out any one of the trio with a ringpost—we must remember that Conn wouldn't draw flies against the Louis of three years ago and that boxing is, after all, a profession. Promoter Mike Jacobs knows this.

WIN the heavyweight championship and see the world. Not by traveling. Few champions have taken to travel, mainly because decisions in far places have a way of going to the local boy, if he is as much as on his feet at the finish. But vicariously, in the cosmopolitan world of boxing, Joe Louis has seen a good part of it through the eyes (mostly closed) of his opponents.

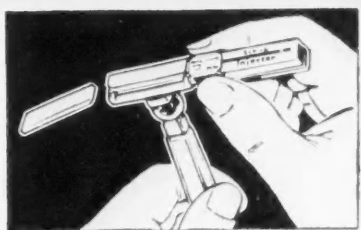
In his seventeen fights since winning the title Joe has fought challengers of eleven races or nationalities, representing three continents and eight nations.

The largest group—Mann, Galento, Dorazio, and Musto—are Italians. This is not surprising, as it has been apparent for some time that the best Italian fighters have not stayed at home. Burman is Irish and Parr Welsh, Schmeling a German, Paycheck a Pole, and Roper English. McCoy, strangely enough, is French. Godoy came from Chile and promptly went back again. Lewis, like Louis, is a Negro. Thomas and Pastor may be called, for want of more definite genealogical information, Americans. Simon and Baer are Jews.

In view of the fight on a broader scale transpiring elsewhere, it may be interesting to see how the various ideologies made out. For the Axis, five men stayed a total of nineteen rounds, or an average of four. For the Allies and late-Allies, four men lasted twenty-five rounds, or an average of six or better. It is perhaps fortunate for Joe that the Greeks run mostly to middleweights. The Neutrals, for some peculiar reason, came out best of all, with seven men averaging nine rounds.



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says Mr. Wilson. "Never before has the security of our homes, our country, our democracy been so seriously threatened. Today our enemies are exerting every inhuman method to crush the ideals and beliefs which we all hold so dear. Canada must strain every sinew to help the Mother country destroy this evil menace. Guns, tanks, ships and armaments of every kind are needed and needed

urgently. Just as urgently does our country need the money to purchase these supplies. The 1941 Victory Loan provides us, individually, with the opportunity of doing our share. As a free people we are not COMPELLED to subscribe—but to maintain our security, we *SHOULD* participate. *The MOST we can lend is the least we can do.*"

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ON MANY a Canadian naval vessel that sails the seas in search of lurking Nazi submarines bronzed men from the prairies of Western Canada are to be found, most of whom never knew the smell of salt water before they went to war. They have made a good record for themselves, proving they are true Canadians by their quick adaptability to new surroundings and duties. Training of naval men on the prairies, however, does present its problems. Take Regina, for instance, where Lieut.-Commander A. C. Ellison, a veteran of Zeebrugge, is in charge of the local division of the R.C.N.V.R. and where the only water is a shallow artificial lake a few hundred yards wide at its broadest spot and, if one follows all the curves, a little better than half a mile long.

During the winter the men train in the armories, where they successfully uphold the traditions of the navy in this otherwise powerful stronghold of the army. But in the spring the call of the sea is something that cannot be denied. Lieu-



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PRAIRIE LETTER

Seamanship on the Prairies

BY GALEN CRAIK

tenant-Commander, petty officer and lowly naval rating watched the ice on Wascana Lake with bated breath this spring, and, as soon as it broke up and melted in the warmth of the advancing sun they launched a 27-foot whaling boat in its placid waters and ever since have been "going to sea" regularly. The men are quite happy about it all. As one of them remarked: "We're like ducks with water now."

Twice a day, morning and night, signallers, stewards, cooks and carpenters, as well as seamen, take their turn at learning the intricacies of rowing and rigging practice. All of them, says Lieut.-Commander Ellison, must know the rudiments of seamanship before they leave his division.

Recently Regina's sailors-in-the-making visited Long Lake, summer resort about 40 miles north of the city, tore down an old boathouse that formerly provided quarters for the division's boat in peacetime, brought it in to Wascana Lake and put it together again for a winter storage place for their modest whaler.

When the Earl of Athlone visited Regina some weeks ago the R.C.N.V.R. unit put on a show that the Governor-General found both interesting and amusing. With wooden standards, rope and benches, the men rigged up a steady-decked "ship" on the floor of the armories, complete with facsimiles of bridge, semi-automatic gun, depth charges, Lewis gun anti-aircraft unit and fire fighting equipment.

The Athlone standard was broken as the Governor-General stepped aboard the vessel and, chuckling, he remarked: "This is the first ship I've sailed in that doesn't rock."

So pleased was the Governor-General with this exhibition of dry land seamanship, it included a realistic and successful "battle" with a German submarine, that he insisted on inspecting the unit, an unscheduled event on the day's program.

At Calgary too, the difficulties of training young sailors hundreds of miles from the open sea has been surmounted. At Chestermere Lake, 15 miles from the Alberta city, more than 100 young Calgary lads, members of the Sea Cadets and many of whom will later join the Canadian navy, will this summer be instructed in the art of navigation.

Four bunk houses, each accommodating 24 boys, were erected this spring, as well as a sizeable dining hall to cater to the equally sizeable appetites of the youngsters.

Border Friendliness

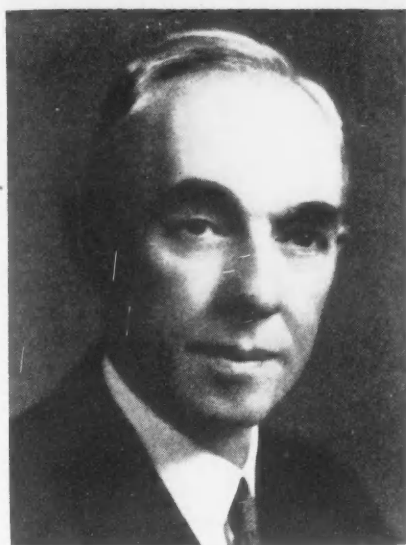
Westerners are a friendly people and friendliness between Western Canadians and Americans across the international border from them is almost traditional. Happily enough, this spirit has become more pronounced than ever since the outbreak of war. School bands from Montana for years have been welcome visitors to Saskatchewan but this spring there has been a veritable influx of them, and they have done their generous share in helping our war cause.

Recently bands of 'teen-aged boys and girls from the Wolf Point and Nashua, Montana, high schools, spent some days in a concert tour of Saskatchewan towns and cities, proceeds of which went to swell the funds of the Queen's Canadian Fund for Air Raid Victims. Members of the bands provided their own expense money, so that all their "takings" could go to help Britons in bombed-out areas. The bands formed an added attraction at Moose Jaw and Regina Victoria Day celebrations. In the Saskatchewan capital three little white-clad Montana girls, holding American and British flags, stood at attention in front of the band as the national anthems of the two countries were played. At the head of

Regina's four-mile long Torch Day parade marched and played the Plentywood, Montana, band, the place of honor being given to them although there were 14 other bands in town that day. Another Montana band, from Medicine Lake, also marched with the Canadians in this moving wartime spectacle.

Highlight in this ever-tightening bond of goodwill between two great peoples, however, came when Saskatchewan and Montana Kiwanians held an "international picnic" at Monchy, on the border south of Swift Current. Here a marquee was erected, with a white strip marking the frontier line and across which it was planned to spread a picnic cloth at which Americans and Canadians could enjoy a truly international lunch. Unfortunately, one of those typically western winds which blows with equal ruthlessness on either side of the border pretty well ruined this phase of the celebration and hardy Montanans and Canadians were forced to retire to their cars at meal-time.

Americans and Canadians lined up



Leroy A. Lincoln, New York, president, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, who announced last week in Montreal that his company is subscribing \$20,000,000 to Canada's Victory Loan through the immediate conversion of maturing securities.

facing each other, and did their desperate best to shout the half-gale in "O Canada" and "God Bless America," but with indifferent results. However, although the unrelenting wind made a fiasco of the singing it could not destroy the good fellowship that existed.

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Sgt. John Hannah, R.A.F., shown above at his gun post, is the youngest V.C. of the war. Sgt. Hannah was wireless operator and air gunner in a plane which was set aflame by incendiary bullets. He fought the fire and brought the plane home.

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The Kaiser's Weakness

BY JACK ANDERS

HE WAS the last absolute monarch in Europe, outlasting the Tsar as a ruler by a year and a half. He did not have a strong will, but, to be sure, he was very self-willed and he centred his energy on preserving his absolutism.

He was highly intelligent, but he wasted his intelligence on a thousand and one things and was too lazy to acquire a thorough grounding in any branch of knowledge—a failing which became more pronounced in his later years.

He was conceited and allowed his arrogance to complement his egotism and to contradict his intelligence in that he did not want to see that the cause of absolutism in Germany was lost.

He was a soldier, but a sabre rattler and a coward. When it was suggested in those grim days of November 1918 that he go to the trenches

Wilhelm II, who died last week, had many contradictory traits in his character. They thwarted the application of his high intelligence. Outstanding among them were his vanity and arrogance.

The writer of this article traces the components of Wilhelm's character and shows that the political structure of the German Empire made them especially dangerous.

and seek a soldier's death (the only alternative being flight), he said, "The days of heroic gestures are gone," and went to neutral Holland.

He was also a moral coward. He favored far-reaching social legislation, however, not for its own sake, but in order to prop up absolutism. In this latter desire he saw eye to eye with Bismarck. But Bismarck wanted to maintain absolutism through the front door, and Wilhelm II wanted to maintain it through deception. Bismarck wanted to shoot upon the workers who demanded some measure of social security, he wanted to show them who was the master. Wilhelm wanted to appease them in order to remain master. He ignominiously dismissed Bismarck over the question, the Bismarck who had made the Reich and had given an imperial crown to the Hohenzollerns. Bismarck was consequential, but Wilhelm was inconsequential although he was undoubtedly more far-seeing in this question than was Bismarck.

Unhappy Childhood

It would be unfair to overlook the reasons which, with psychological inevitability, produced the contradictions in the man's character. He hated his mother, a daughter of Queen Victoria. She hated him. Through neglect after his birth an injury to his left shoulder was not noticed for three days and thus he lost the use of his arm. His mother disliked him for being crippled and as at the time the science of child psychology was completely undeveloped he was told that he must make every effort to hide his disability. Adult psychology was not very good either and it was thought that the people might not like an emperor with a short arm. But for that he might have been told that a boy who was born to one of the mightiest thrones need not pay any attention to a minor disfiguration. And history might have looked different. Which is, of course, an indictment of absolutism in any guise.

His childhood and youth were an endless period of mental and spiritual suffering. The only person who loved him deeply was Queen Victoria, his grandmother. But his mother hated the Prussian autocracy whose staunchest supporters were the old emperor Wilhelm I, her father-in-law, and his chancellor Bismarck. She wanted to make Germany a liberal monarchy after the model of Britain and in order to keep her son away from the autocratic influence of the Hohenzollerns she kept him away from his grandparents. In return her husband kept him away from his grandmother, Queen Victoria, although he was otherwise deeply in love with his wife and she with him.

Leaps a Generation

All these things reveal an unhappy family life. They explain nearly everything, but they do not provide an excuse. For if a German emperor did not like his relations on another throne, this was not a family matter, but it was a matter of concern for the whole world, a matter of peace or war, life or death, for hundreds of millions of people.

In 1887, when Wilhelm's father

was over sixty, the old emperor, Wilhelm I, was over ninety, and still on the throne. Crown Prince Friedrich then developed cancer of the throat and his wife Victoria saw all hope vanish of becoming empress and reforming Germany's constitutional and political life through influencing her husband. Friedrich had, for years past then, left no doubt that he would democratize Germany. But he was not a democrat at heart; on the contrary, he was an absolutist at heart. However, he hated Bismarck and because Bismarck was an absolutist he became a democrat.

When old Wilhelm I died in March 1888, Friedrich could no longer speak. He was emperor only for ninety-one days and died in June. As his end was foreseen, and as, moreover, he was dying all the time he was on the throne, no attempts at any changes were made and Wilhelm II took over absolutism and Bismarck.

Overbearing Nature

We have already seen how he dismissed Bismarck over a question in which old and semi-old views clashed. There is no doubt that to all the inhibitions which had developed in Wilhelm another, most important one, was added now. It was that Wilhelm jumped an entire generation through the short time his father was on the throne. And that misfortune became through the medieval monarchic state of Germany the misfortune of the whole world. To be emperor of such a mighty empire at the age of twenty-nine added to Wilhelm's many faults an incredible overbearing, and the countless mistakes which he made on the throne can almost without exception be traced to his vanity.

Not to lose the grace of the emperor, that was from the moment of his accession the only aim of all his advisors. The interests of Germany, the peace and happiness of the world—what did they matter to them? Manful dignity before the throne—what did it matter to him? The natural consequence was the notorious mediocrity and aggressiveness of German foreign policy. His intelligence told him on many occasions that the course was wrong. For instance, when his chancellor and uncle, Prince Hohenlohe, had talked him into despatching the disastrous Kruger telegram, he said: "My dear uncle, long after you will be dead I shall have to pay for this telegram with a war against England." But he sent it. He was, at that moment, probably preoccupied with the plans for a new cathedral or monument, or with some other of his countless hobbies, or perhaps only with a pleasure cruise. Probably the latter, for he immediately added: "This puts an end to my going to the regatta at Cowes." He loved the regatta, and the English way of life altogether.

Undignified Exile

After 1918 he went into a quiet and undignified exile. When, in 1925, there was a plebiscite in Germany as to whether or not the fortunes of the former German princes should be confiscated by the state, none of those gentlemen assumed a dignified attitude. On the contrary, pleadingly they extolled their virtues and what they had done for Germany. The plebiscite left them their fortunes, for although nobody thought of socialization in Germany then, the plebiscite was taken as a pretext by certain groups to thrash out the dreaded issue of socialization. The princes today, they said, and who tomorrow? And the princes, Wilhelm in front, played with the rickshaws. Later on he went even so far as to send congratulatory telegrams to Hitler, for Hitler had it in his power to cut him off from revealing without a democratic procedure.

Now he is dead. His personality and fate recall a terrible but just word. When Louis XVI died by the guillotine in a more heroic and less democratic way—the fiery Camille Desmoulins said: "Un roi meurt, il n'y a pas un homme de moins."



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MY DEAR BELLA, by Arthur Kober. Macmillan. \$2.50.

A BOOK by Arthur Kober is like a cup of sweet Jewish wine; it should be taken slowly, appreciatively, and infrequently. There is not one of his short sketches of life in the Bronx which is not polished and re-polished until there is not a word too much or too little; they are to be read with lingering pleasure; they are not to be read too often or the flavor may cloy. They are delicious tidbits for the epicure of humor.

Mr. Kober's brilliant vignettes are familiar to readers of the *New Yorker*. In the present volume he has gathered twenty-two of them together to form a stout and pleasant

little book, illustrated by Hoff. Here we are able to follow the interminable disputes of Mr. and Mrs. Gross, and the romance of their daughter Bella with Maxie Fine, the accountant. Here we find ourselves in the inner circle of the Excelsior Social Club, rubbing shoulders with

Jennie Gershkorn, Herman Spink and Francey Frompkin. Here we are witnesses of the lamentable intrusion of monetary considerations into the betrothal of Kitty Shapiro and Doc Rappaport. This is not life in the raw, nor even life *kosher*, but it is life hot and strong, heavily overlaid with Bronx refinement.

So heavy are the miseries of the Jewish people at present that it would seem cruel and unfair if a Gentile writer were to make fun of them. Now, more than ever, it is impossible to behave toward the Jews in a rational way. The spirit of the age allows of only two camps; in the first of these every Jew is a persecuted genius to be shielded from a harsh world; in the second we have the vicious anti-Semitism of Germany. Those of us who regard the Jews merely as another race with unusually strong traditions and

characteristics can find no middle ground between these two views. We are not allowed to pity the Jews while at the same time recognizing their undoubted talent for attracting bad luck and misery. To us of this middle camp Arthur Kober is a delight. He knows his own people, and he knows just how much stupidity, pretentiousness and downright rapacity there is among them, and he says what he knows with rare humor. He is a Fifth Column among the Jews and, though we must disapprove of them in principle, that is one place where a Fifth Column may help to preserve a necessary balance. Do not misunderstand me: Mr. Kober is no renegade Jew who has turned against his own race; but, like many of us who are Gentiles, he recognizes that they are neither devils nor angels, but merely people.

THE BOOKSHELF

Is By You a Leffing-Medder, Nur?

Freeze Your Marrow, Sir?

THE CRIME OF LAURA SARELLE, by Joseph Shearing. Musson. \$3.00.

IT IS rarely that one finds a good new novel of horror. For some reason they have gone out of fashion in the present century. There have been a few, of course; the late Sir Hugh Walpole wrote one horror tale, called variously *The Mask* and *The Kind Lady*, which was a gem of its kind, but few authors care to attempt the genre. Horror novels need only one qualification; they must horrify. Otherwise they may be exquisitely written, like Henry James' *Turn Of The Screw*, or crude and vulgar, like Bram Stoker's *Dracula* or Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*. But if they are sufficiently gruesome they are assured of a large and faithful public.

Of living writers, Joseph Shearing is the most consistently horrifying, and his work is also presented with unusual craftsmanship. He writes

exactly as though he were aiming his work at an audience of Victorians. His style is smooth and flowing, his words are chosen with exquisite care and his plot is revealed without haste or abruptness. But by these harmless means he increases the effect of what he says an hundredfold, and builds up his atmosphere of horror until some sensitive people profess to find it unbearable.

His latest book is not, in my opinion, his best, but it is excellent. I enjoyed the early Victorian atmosphere greatly; life on a great estate, visits to trusted family lawyers, stewards who inherit earldoms in Ireland—these things are victuals and drink to me. Mr. Shearing has built up his atmosphere with his usual skill and care, but his horror did not freeze my marrow quite as hard as I could have wished. Nevertheless, it gave me quite a respectable chill, and I daresay it will do the same for other lovers of horror.

Not Evolved Far Enough

BY R. V. MacCORMACK

QUEST: THE EVOLUTION OF A SCIENTIST, by Leopold Infeld. McClelland and Stewart. \$3.75.

TO THE growing list of books by and about professional men Leopold Infeld's *Quest* should be added with reservations for it is as different from most of them as it is similar to all of them. Professor Infeld is not only a scientist, he is a scientist in the modern world. His life, while it is interesting in itself, also shows the plight of science, necessarily an international profession, in a rabidly nationalistic age.

Here is the story of the poor Jewish boy who became a great physicist, and here is the now familiar tale of the refugee savant. Professor Infeld was born in a Cracow ghetto and neither he nor the world has ever quite gotten over it. His life has been one long fight against the rising tide of racial prejudice that has now swept over Europe. From the comparatively safe position of Professor of Applied Mathematics at the University of Toronto he has looked back on this struggle and objectively recorded it. It makes interesting reading. His comments on intolerance abroad and on the nascent anti-Semitism he perceives in America, although they may be unpalatable to the few who still think that Christ and the Duke of Wellington are the two greatest Englishmen, should prove stimulating to the thoughtful. The author is one of the world's leading physicists but he is a man without a country.

It seems to be a rule that scientists are good writers and apparently physicists are no exception. Professor Infeld writes with great realism

and clarity and his command of English is extraordinary for a man who learned to speak it only a few years ago. The last part of the book is remarkable for a fine portrait of Albert Einstein with whom the author worked at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study, and for a memorable description of Toronto. "I dreaded the Sundays," says the unemotional scientist, "and prayed to God that if He chose for me to die in Toronto he would let it be on a Saturday afternoon to save me from one more Toronto Sunday." Not a great book but an interesting one.

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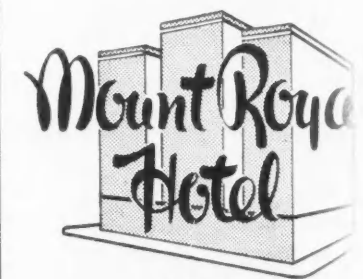
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THE BOOKSHELF

Brief Survey of Current Fiction

BY STEWART C. EASTON

A REVIEWER cannot help wondering if there is any deep significance in the spate of American historical novels now pouring from the presses in these days when new history is being made. As always the most popular periods are those of the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. But the writers today are treating them both as the civil conflicts they undoubtedly were, and, consciously or unconsciously, seem to be reminding us of the ideals that animated the early protagonists in these struggles, and how these with the years degenerated into an insatiable lust for mere murder. Both of the first two books on my list are extremely good, both telling their grim story by showing how the war affected the individual lives of the soldiers.

The Neutral Ground, by Frank A. Hough (Longmans, \$3.00) has for its hero a Lt. Colonel of the "Rebel" army. This is perhaps the better book of the two from the author's perfect command of that elusive thing, atmosphere. One really gets the feel of the neutral ground of Westchester County ravaged repeatedly by both sides, and terrorized at intervals by skimmers and bandits. The historical detail is managed with very great skill, and very few words are spent on the non-essential love story which can never be completely avoided in a book of this kind. For once this might be thought to be a pity, since what there

is of it is moving and alive though perhaps it is its very brevity that gives it its distinction.

Tory Oath, by Tim Pridgen (McClelland & Stewart, \$3.00) is not quite so good, but the locale is rather less familiar to the ordinary reader, the North Carolina of the Highland settlements. And Duncan Stuart, who, for reasons that only the Scottish could understand, is a staunch loyalist, and whose dour determination and complete lack of imagination almost lose him the very patient girl who loves him, is also a living character. These two books are a very distinguished addition to the formidable literature of the period, and from their comparative conciseness may well please those who find Kenneth Roberts too heavy on the stomach and hard on the eyes.

Hang My Wreath, by Ward Weaver (Longmans, \$3.00) is more of a romantic adventure story than an historical novel proper. It is an exciting tale of the Civil War, full of hairbreadth escapes, battles, murders, bushwhacking and common mayhem, interwoven with a love story where the incredibly brave blonde heroine, in the best manner longs to be "mastered" by the forceful and daring hero. If it were not for a few scenes of brutality, in the current vogue, this book could be heartily recommended for "boys of all ages."

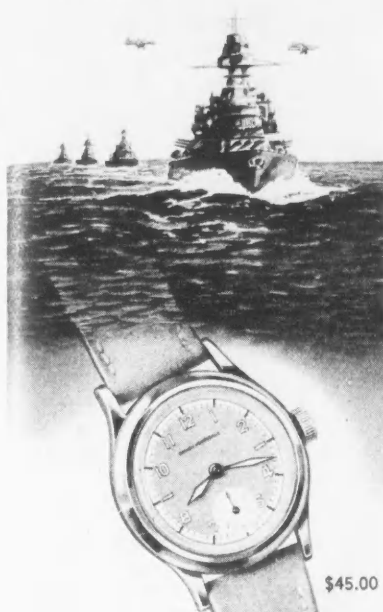
ANOTHER historical novel is Miss Hortense Lion's *Mill Stream*, (Allen \$3.00). There is no indication whether the characters are real or imaginary. With this book it is an interesting question. The story is of the great days at the turn of the 19th century when New England began to manufacture cotton goods against the competition of Great Britain. Fiction has taught us that "there were giants in those days," but Miss Lion's people who started the first mill, are almost dull, worlds removed from the Crowthers of Bankdam. The story meanders slowly along, never really gripping the imagination. You always know the millowners will be successful in the end, since history was with them. Suspense therefore is lacking, and the characters are not interesting enough to bear the burden of the story. The great historical novel of the period, I fear, has still to be written.

The publishers have said something when they compare Allen Updegraff with W. J. Locke. The Beloved Vagabond and his other heroes liked to talk to themselves and romanticize over their lost youth. They too, as often as not, were artists, searching for the true and the beautiful. But whimsy was the fashion in those days. If the author were individual enough to make his ideas interesting, his long discourses were palatable. Mr. Updegraff in *The Hills Look Down* (Longmans, Green, \$3.00) brings it off too, by just avoiding whimsy and sticking more closely to the reality of the 1940's. Too closely perhaps, for his conversations amongst the desperate searchers after youth at times become almost incredibly banal. Yet one does believe in his Michael Goddard as an artist, and the story of his struggle to overcome his past and face the future is unusual and convincing.

The Trunk, by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Macmillan \$2.75) is also about an artist, Richard Hancock, and his wife Una. The conflict between commercial and "pure" art has no meaning for him. He is rich, and his pictures always "sell easily" just like that. But his imagination is captured by a small Central American town and he begins to paint quite differently, and take on more of the aspects of a fictional genius. This his wife, who is a conventional soul with a predilection for the pretty, cannot bear, and the divi-

tempted to go out and find some good honest sin. If only some 200 pound lump of over-sexed masculinity had set upon Mrs. Hill's sickly and unctuous heroine, ah, there my friends, would have been a plot. Heigho, that a reviewer should wax sadistic.

It seems that the writers of many novels must reflect the prevalent mood of the time if they are to retain their popularity. So Miss Emilie Loring in her latest work *Where Beauty Dwells* (McClelland & Stewart, \$2.35) gives us a number of emotional thoughts about war, and introduces a Fifth Columnist and an English butler, who inherits an English title and immediately dashes home to save his country. There is a mild mystery, and a standard romance replete with misunderstandings, based on the usual fictional sense of unrealities. As a crowning "bonne bouche" every time the heroine appears, even in the most harrowing scenes, her clothes are carefully described. This psychological compensation for the underprivileged reader (or possibly writer) is new to me, but doubtless to many it may seem some 5000 words well spent.



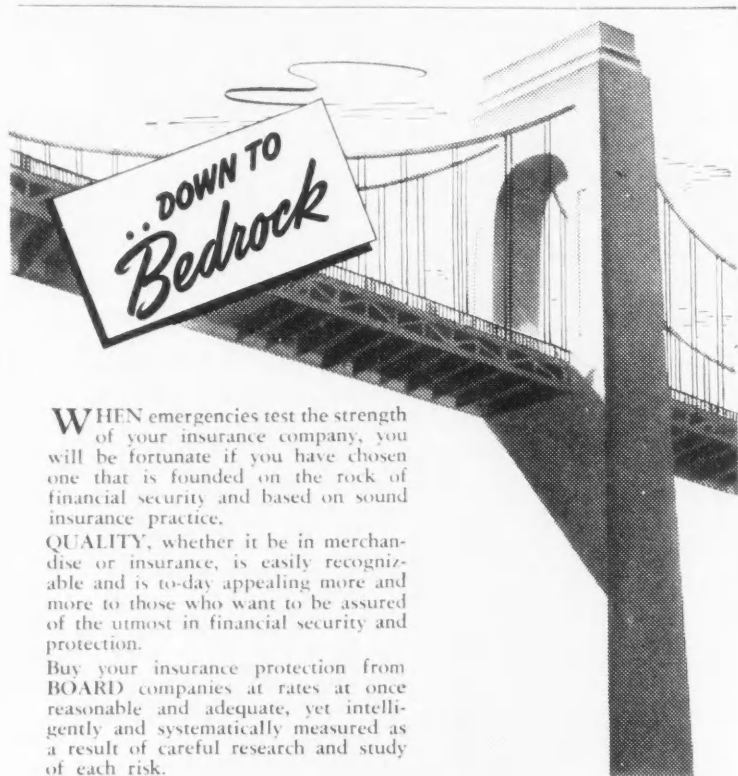
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And Yet More Fiction

BY STEWART C. EASTON

THE Caterpillar Tractor is the finest symbol of man's conquest of the material world, while the Tank is the symbol of his spiritual bankruptcy. This, to me, fascinating story, *Another Morning* (Mussion \$3.00) by Wessell Smither, tells of his attack on one of the last frontiers of the world in the Matanuska Valley of Alaska. The "cat" made it possible, and the farmers who followed in its wake had the climate and themselves to conquer. I don't know how far this is true history, but the story of Clem and his family reads like the real thing. Clem is a hard worker who glories in the life, but has no ability to deal with his womenfolk nor consider how their problems differ from his. Angie, his daughter, is a fine study of adolescence, notable for its restraint and extreme understatement which catches at the imagination. This is one of the few really worth while novels I have read this year

and one that I shall not easily forget.

Two more pioneer stories, one set in pre-revolutionary New England, and the other in Washington State at the beginning of this century: *Not Without Peril* by Marguerite Allis (Allen \$3.00) is a straightforward historical novel built around Jemima Sartwell who lived through almost the whole 18th century. The author has stuck very closely to fact, too closely perhaps for excitement, though this may be due to the pedestrian pace of the narrative. But for those who enjoy the study of the period and have the initial interest to find their way amongst the welter of to me, unfamiliar, names and places, the book will probably be rewarding. It is a painless enough way of absorbing authentic history.

They Came To The River by Allis McKay (Macmillans \$3.00) is a very

different pigeon. This story of Christine Barnes and the settling of the apple country has a life and vitality and a feeling for the country that could only spring from the author's passionate love for it. But this is not all. Every character lives, and their struggles are described with insight and a profound sympathy. At times the book is extraordinarily moving, most perhaps in the episode of Luke Walters who murdered his brother rather than lose his land after his endless years of effort. And I cannot recall anywhere in fiction a better portrayal of the absolutely perfect heart-breaking first love of two very young people than in the story of Nate and Chris. Yet there is humor too, as in the way the Widow Barnes settles a fruit strike. This is emotional writing at its very best, always conscious and fully controlled, and for once there is not a page too much.

TWO books about the current war:

Francis Beeding is a writer of thrillers and he was himself behind the scenes at the Battle of France. *So Eleven Were Brave* (Mussion \$2.00) is a thriller, frank and unashamed. It is a grand yarn, moving at a tremendous pace which yet serves to give a comprehensive and without doubt largely accurate picture of those disastrous few weeks last spring.

Sylvia Thompson's *The Gulls Fly Inland* (McClelland & Stewart \$3.00) is a curiously unsatisfactory piece of work, proving once again that only a writer of genius can handle the diary form with success. It purports to be the reminiscences of a French woman who looks back upon her own life and the temporary eclipse of her country from the comparative security of an English villa. In a novel with an intellectual approach to the emotions the writing must be extraordinarily apt and felicitous or it will miss fire. Miss Thompson too rarely hits her particular nails on the head, and the book gives the impression of having been written by a disembodied spirit.

The Gods and One, by Alberta Pearson Hannum (Collins \$3.00) is an unusual and attractive story of the hill people in North Carolina, a world so cut off from the rest of America that it might be almost on another continent. The people create their own laws and their own sense of values. One feels that Miss Hannum really understands them, and her picture holds the enchantment of all strange things.

IT HAS always been one of the most difficult of feats to marry a social document to a fully human story. The human interest in *Bright Eyes* (Longmans \$3.00) is perhaps predominant, but the social implications are clear and distinct also, and few writers have yet dared to face this peculiar problem of our time. In spite of that, throughout this story of the well-made brother and sister and the brother and sister of an old New England family, is the certainty that the manufacturing prosperity of this war is no solution to deep-seated ills; but only the last gasp of an old order destined to pass away with it. Mr. de Meyer has no solution and does not attempt to point to one, but his book is the work of a thinking man and entitled to respect.

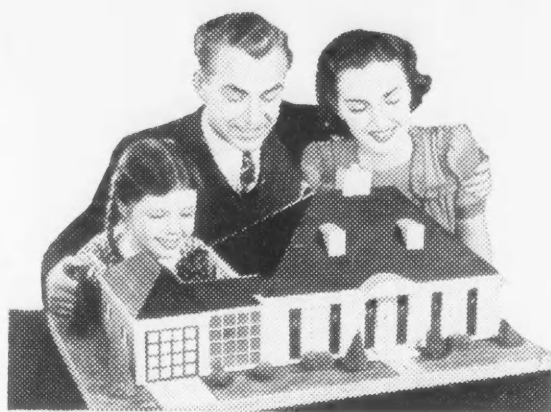
Another social novel is *Out of This Furnace* by Thomas Bell (McClelland & Stewart \$2.50). This again is an interesting book, differing from the usual sagas of industry in that it is written entirely from the point of view of the immigrant worker who is the background of steel. The book ends with the victory of the C.I.O. which is seen as the landmark it certainly was. For the rest Mr. Bell only hints at the problems of the future, and thus his book is not perhaps quite so stimulating as Mr. de Meyer's, though authentic and convincing within its own limits.

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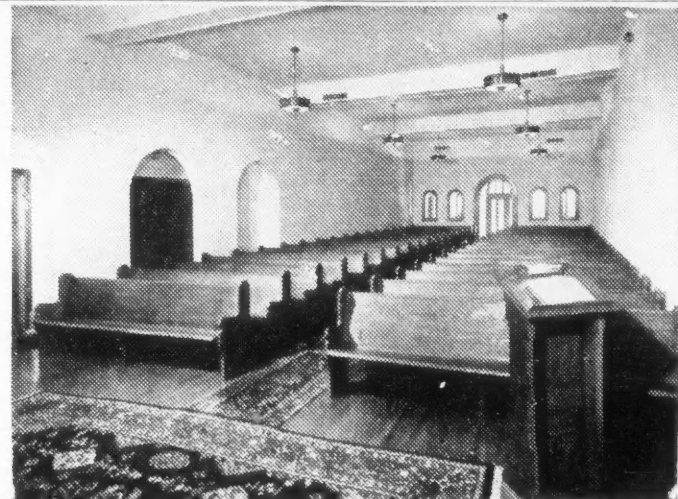
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Pieces of Mosaic

BY JACK ANDERS

MEN AND POLITICS, by Louis Fischer. Collins, \$1.50.

LOUIS FISCHER is essentially an artist though he does not write fiction (or does he, sometimes?). He is brilliant when he writes on Rakovsky, Chicherin, Negrin, Lloyd George; on early bolshevism, the Spanish war, China. He largely misses Germany.

One thing is particularly deplorable: Fischer, probably the only man living who could try to give an intelligent explanation of the Russian enigma, does not attempt it, although Russian affairs naturally take up a great part of the book. Two weeks after Churchill had said "Russia is a riddle wrapped in mystery inside an enigma. But there is a key," he gave Fischer an interview. Fischer "discussed the key with him." But he does not discuss it with the reader. Of course, the interview was off the record, but that refers only to what Churchill said of the key. I do not mean to intimate that Fischer does not want to give his version of it; on the contrary, the more I re-read the relevant passages of his book (they are legion, all over the place), the more I become convinced that Fischer, in spinning his exciting yarn, simply forgot about it.

Some of the statements are even slightly contradictory. Altogether they are pieces of a mosaic. How does Fischer, who lived in Russia for fourteen years, expect the reader to put them together?

Let us look at a few. "Stalin's tendency to expand Soviet power manifested itself in 1921. Then it was ignored as a momentary aberration. But it evidently ran deep." Mark the words "Soviet power": not Russia's power, nor Stalin's power, for Stalin was nothing at that time. Expansion of Soviet power can then mean one thing only: the carrying of revolution and communism to territory outside Russia. But later on Stalin turned a narrow nationalist and wanted "to regain the territory of Czarist Russia." Whichever was foremost in his mind did Stalin think he could do either without war? He never tried anything of the kind between 1924 and 1939. Did he hope for war? According to Fischer he "frowned on the thesis" that a second world war might revive the prospect of world revolution. But he still may have wanted war for nationalistic reasons? Although Fischer believes that the Russo-German non-aggression pact provoked this war, he says Stalin "may have had similar expectations" as Hitler, and "Hitler probably hoped that a pact with Stalin would frighten the Western Powers out of going to war when he invaded Poland." And there the matter rests.

Anyone can make these observations, and most people have made them, without having lived in Russia for fourteen years, and without having the inside knowledge of Fischer. You should not have done this to us, Fischer.

In some places of the book one feels a jolt as though to remain within our racing metaphor from a blow-out. It usually happens when Fischer says something about economy.

For instance, in his last chapter, "To Be . . .", Fischer sets out a plan for "correcting political and economic disequilibrium." (Armies of orthodox economists would give their university chairs, I hope, if the concept of disequilibrium could be usefully defined.) Point 4 ends thus: "The government would take the enterprises growing out of natural resources which are inherently the property of the entire nation . . . while private business would handle the rest under the vigilant eyes of a regulating state . . ." The political feasibility of this solution is highly debatable; of course, we cannot enter into the debate here. From the viewpoint of theoretical Economics it is sound reasoning, on one condition; and no debate is possible on that

score. The condition is: strict state control of investment via the state management of credit. But Fischer's next point is: "Free competition between government banks and private banks." What is the matter, Fischer?



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THE BOOKSHELF

Both Sides of a Genius

THE STORY OF J. M. B., by Denis Mackail. Reginald Saunders, \$3.75.

ALTHOUGH entirely different from it in viewpoint and style this life of Sir James Barrie, Bart., O.M. is as good a piece of work as Virginia Woolf's life of Roger Fry which I reviewed in this column some time ago and held up as a model for biographers. It is complete, it shows Barrie in a favorable but not dishonest light, and it is easy to read. Denis Mackail was a friend of Barrie's and he sensibly refuses to make any judgment upon him, fearing that his partiality might lead him into extravagance; but he provides his readers with ample material for judgments of their own. In most cases the judgments will be the same: Barrie was a genius, and one of the most charming and irritating men of the last century in the world of letters.

Many readers will remain impervious to the charm as they read this book, for charm is something which must be experienced, and is but coldly communicable on the printed page. The irritating quality is easier to grasp, for unamiable characteristics have a way of sticking in the mind. Barrie's self-absorption, his intolerance of brilliance in others, his moods of silence and depression, all sound disagreeable enough described in cold blood, but they are common attributes of genius, and we have to make great allowances for unusually gifted men. Barrie was a man of exceptional sensitivity and imagination, and these endowments do not make life easy for their possessor or his friends.

Mr. Mackail has told the whole story with great frankness; he passes over certain incidents, such as Barrie's marriage, rather hurriedly,

but it is doubtful whether the public would be any better off for knowing more than he tells them. If Barrie's friends found him intolerable at times it is easy to guess at the plight of a wife. Barrie's attachment for his mother is also reduced to a proper proportion; in some accounts of the playwright's life it has been exaggerated to pathological significance. Of Barrie's kindly generosity, and of his faith in his friends Mr. Mackail writes with deep tenderness.

Regarding Barrie's work the book is objective. Nowadays the fashion for whimsy has almost died out and we do not thrill to *The Little Minister* and *Peter Pan* as we once did. Indeed, as regards the latter work we are more apt to echo Anthony Hope at the first performance: "Oh, for an hour of Herod!" said he. But it is undeniable that his works were popular in their day and will be popular again, when the current fad for starkness has passed away. At present the little man whose shyness was so highly publicized is in eclipse, as are so many authors when they have been dead for a few years, but those who know his quality best have no fear for his eventual minor but secure place among British dramatists.

The excellence of Denis Mackail's book should bring it a large sale. It is the authorized biography, published with the blessing of Barrie's literary executors, and no future writer on his art or upon letters in his time can afford to neglect it.

Beach Reveals Himself

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

PERSONAL EXPOSURES, by Rex Beach. Mussion Book Co. \$3.50.

THERE have been all sorts and conditions of novelists. Most of them, past and present have been routine workmen who turned out romances in their own workshops, and occasionally wove into them a personal experience or two. But in the United States quite a long time ago the writer with the wanderlust became a potent factor, typified by Mark Twain. The latter wrote few novels in the formal sense of the word, but a great deal of fiction in various guises; fiction the more pungent because it was factual; based on experiences as a wanderer. Rex Beach on the other hand has written a great many novels; and now for the first time in *Personal Exposures* a candidly autobiographical volume.

The chapters dealing with his childhood, first on a stony farm on the Eastern shores of Lake Michigan, and later on a sandy, mosquito-infested waste in Florida, tell of poverty and hardship in a cheerful and jocular vein. Though always "broke" his father must have been resourceful, for he managed to make lawyers of all his three sons. The youngest, Rex, was not the material of which attorneys are made; nor, when he set out for the Yukon, had he any thought of becoming a writer. He went like most of the others to make a fortune. After years of futile effort but picturesque adventures he discovered that he had the ability to spin yarns and a large bank account in the way of experience to draw upon.

Thus he became a novelist, wanderings begun in the Yukon took him to the Panama Canal zone during the construction period and other odd and interesting places. Robust in physique he was game for anything. Beach was one of the pioneers in the motion picture field, and the tales he has to tell of Hollywood, which are he assures us veracious, are as fantastic as anything he could have invented. Altogether *Personal Exposures* is a very human and entertaining volume.



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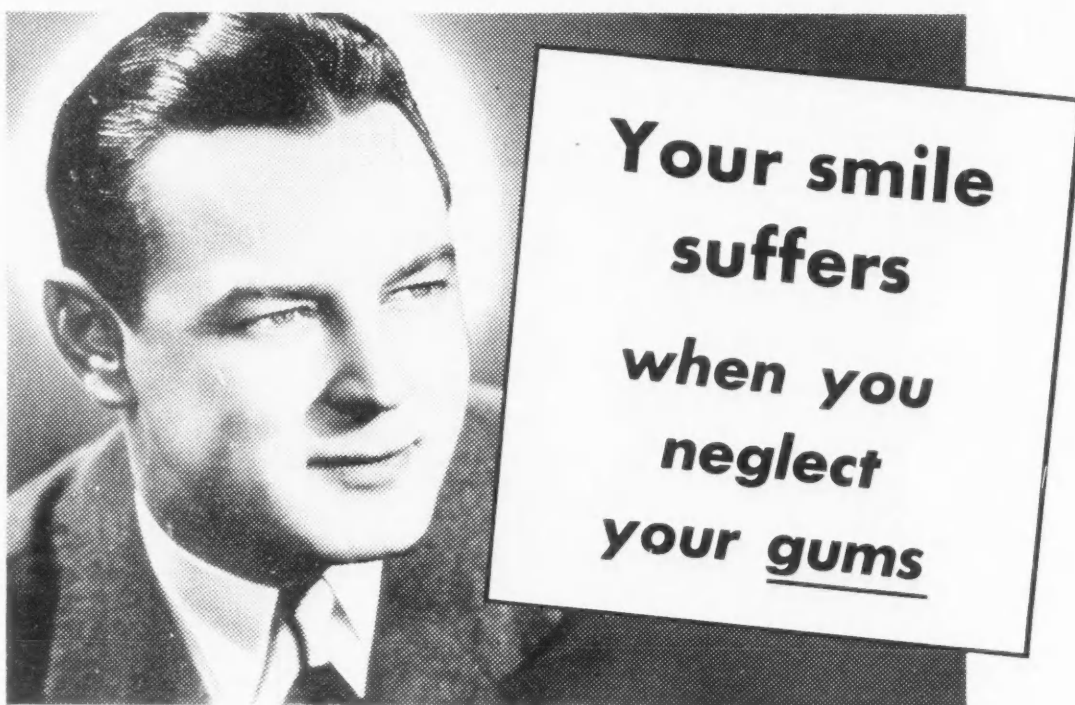
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Montmorency Falls, near Quebec City, are over 100 feet higher than Niagara. Quebec offers scenery ranging "from pastoral peace to grandeur".

PORTS OF CALL

Quebec, the "European" Province

BY LEO COX

OLD World Quebec Province is ready to welcome unprecedented numbers of visitors from her sister provinces in Canada this summer, especially from Ontario, and has launched a strong publicity campaign to attract them. For with the United States and Europe still closed to Canadian tourists, Canadians will naturally turn their thoughts toward vacationing in their own country.

Ontario folk are beginning to realize that, in their neighbor Province of Quebec, they have within easy overnight reach one of the most beautiful, varied, and romantic holiday regions in North America. Much of what they have hitherto sought in France, Belgium, or Switzerland, and even in the United States, may be found almost at home here, in its old cities and villages and its historic shores and islands of the St. Lawrence. Quebec's countless fishing hamlets and ports are as picturesque and quaint as any in Cape Cod or in Martha's Vineyard. And for the metropolitan-minded, there is Montreal the second largest French-speaking city in the world and old Quebec, this continent's only fortified city. As for history, there is more of it a day's sail or car run from Montreal than in any other part of Canada.

Quebec is rich in all those elements which contribute to attract the Ontario or Western tourist. Through the centuries since Jacques Cartier, her cities and towns have retained their picturesque aspect, her people have held true to the traditions of old-time France, loyal to their inherited exquisite courtesy,

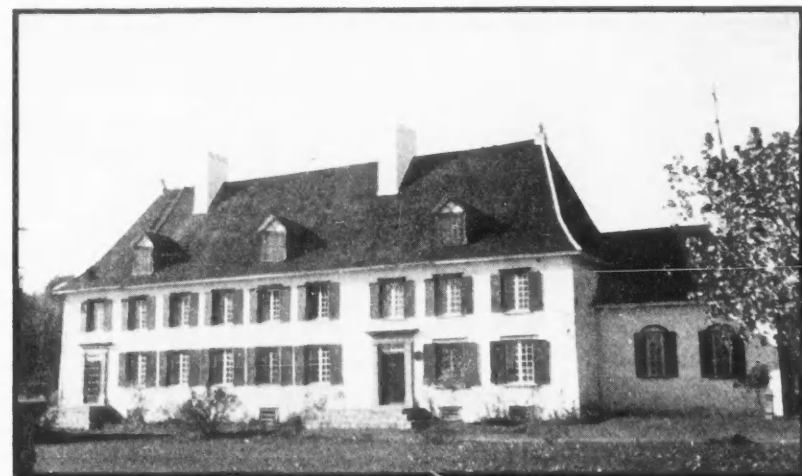
manners and quaint customs which have long since vanished from all other countries. In a sense, Quebec is the free citadel of the true French culture.

Good highways give easy access to most parts of the Province, even to remote districts, winding through quaint villages, by wayside shrines and monuments, old houses, manoirs and churches which never fail to excite the delight and wonder of the tourist.

QUEBEC'S tonic summer climate is another reason for its holiday popularity; the summer season is temperate, with plenty of long, sunny days and cool, refreshing nights. Hotels, inns, road-cabins and camps are excellent everywhere; French-Canadian cuisine is justly celebrated.

A large percentage of French-Canadians speak English, either fluently or adequately, yet respond warmly to every attempt of the visitor to speak French.

Quebec offers every type of scenery, from pastoral peace to awe-inspiring grandeur. Nowhere in Canada is there greater variety of landscape than in the Laurentian Mountains, the majestic St. Lawrence, the Appalachian Hills (like a little England), the celebrated Gaspé coast, the magnificence of the Saguenay regions, the lovely Gatineau, Lièvre and St. Maurice Valleys, the new Eldorado of Abitibi and Temiscamingue, recently opened up by highway from Montreal to the Abitibi and Temiscamingue, the North Shore, and the remote islands of the Gulf and Canadian Labrador.



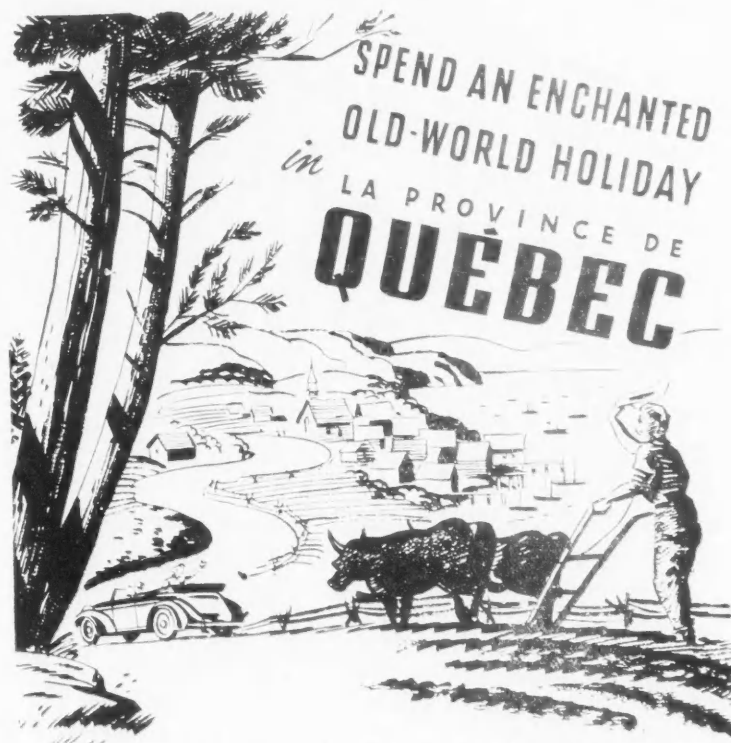
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Good highways, rail, bus and steamer services; excellent hotels, inns, pensions, everywhere — among Canada's best.

Ask today for literature and map at travel agencies, bus or bus offices, or La Province de Quebec Tourist Bureau in Montreal or Quebec, or 159 Bay Street, Toronto.



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CANADA'S OLD-WORLD VACATIONLAND

WORLD OF WOMEN

The White Rose And The Red

BY BERNICE COFFEY

*"We will unite the white rose and the red,
Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their enmity."*

—Richmond (Richard III)

IN HIS descriptive scenes of the events leading up to The Wars of the Roses Shakespeare has immortalized, not only the principals involved in the dispute, but also three historic roses: the White Rose, now generally conceded amongst both rosarians and botanists to be Rosa Alba, the Red Rose, which probably is Rose Gallica Officinalis but may possibly be Rosa Damascena, and the Versicolour Rose, which authorities agree is the Hybrid Damask, York and Lancaster, so named because it symbolized the union of the two warring factions through the marriage of Richmond and Elizabeth. It is of interest to note that the appearance of R. Damascena Versicolour (York and Lancaster) in English gardens is recorded as having been co-incident with the termination of The Wars of the Roses in 1485. All the above-mentioned roses are still available although there appears to be confusion in the minds of many amateurs and some nurserymen between R. Damascena Versicolour and the Hybrid Gallica, Rosa Mundi, and others for the former are frequently filled with stock of the latter.

Notwithstanding its prominent connection with the strife of 1455-1485 the rose is generally regarded and quite properly so as a symbol of

peace, and in the present struggle for peace and freedom the rose will make its contribution on 23rd June next. On that day the Annual Rose Show of The Rose Society of Ontario will be held in Eaton's Auditorium, College Street, Toronto, in aid of the British War Victims' Fund sponsored by The Toronto Evening Telegram. Roses, ancient and modern, romantic and utilitarian, the cream of Ontario gardens, with representatives from the Province of Quebec and the State of New York, will engage in friendly warfare in sixty competitive classes.

This is acknowledged to be the largest annual show of out-door grown roses on the American Continent, a fact which appears to have been overlooked by many in the past. Music throughout the afternoon and evening, provided by Mr. Otto James who will preside at the organ, will serve to enhance the pleasure afforded by the colorful spectacle, and the event will be brought to a conclusion at 9.30 P.M. by an auction sale of the thousands of blooms, Mr. Henry Button having kindly consented to act in the capacity of auctioneer.

Canadian Club in London

In spite of the war the Canadian Women's Club in London managed to hold their usual Empire Day party—a tea dance. The attendance was one of the "biggest ever."

Apart from such distinguished people as Major-General McNaughton, Major-General Odum, Brig.-General MacQueen, Colonel the Hon. R. J. Manion and others from Canadian Military Headquarters, many of the ladies of the Canadian colony were present. Mrs. McNaughton, in black, with a silver identity disc on her wrist and a military brooch as her chief adornment, sat next to Mr. R. B. Bennett.

Lady Bessborough, president of the club, was hostess at the top tea table and received the guests with Mr. Bennett. Although she had been up most of the night fire-watching she looked charming in a simple navy blue suit with white trimming at the neck.

In her short speech, Lady Bessborough said that she had never really understood the meaning of this great Empire she had married into (she is of French birth) until she went to Ottawa. There the full realization of its greatness came to her. "Now," she continued, "my small son is being sheltered in Canada, and my not so small son is serving with the Canadian Forces under this great master," (indicating Major-General McNaughton.)

War-Time Fashions

Lady Donegal, who is vice-president of the club and spends a great deal of her time at its offices in Berkeley Square organizing its various war-time activities, presided at another table, and Lady Dashwood was hostess at a third. Lady Donegal had supervised the arrangement of the party, and professed to be very pleased with its success, as well she might be, more than 500 tickets having been sold.

Her son, Lord Donegal, fixed up a loud-speaker from a radiogram in the ballroom, and everybody danced to music from the latest dance band records.

Mrs. Charles Cambie, Mrs. John Murray, Mrs. Davidson, Miss Anne Mackenzie and Mrs. Nation were among other Canadian women at the tea party.

It was noticeable that there were few "grand ensembles" such as one would expect to see at a tea dance in peace-time. All the women wore suits in either black or navy, or simple dresses, which blended well with the khaki battledress of many of the dancers.

There was, naturally, a great deal of talk of "home" over the tea-cups,

and everybody agreed that the party had brought about a grand reunion.

And as the party broke up one heard the sort of remark that is so familiar in Britain these days, "Do call on me if you are stranded, dear, I can easily put up somebody on the dining room floor!"



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WORLD OF WOMEN

Something Lacking in the British

BY ANTHONY WEYMOUTH

SOMETHING has been left out of the ordinary Briton. It is the orthodox reaction to danger. Instead of 100% fear, which seems to be the normal with many other races, the British reaction seems to add up to something like this:

25% initial fear (when startled)
25% indignation
50% surprised amusement

That is why the men and women and the children of London, Coven-

try, Plymouth, Bristol, Liverpool and other British towns have "stood up" to the very worst aerial attacks yet delivered by the Luftwaffe.

I recall vividly a night when the blitz on London first began. I was lying on the floor of my flat. My own family—two grown-up daughters and a son of fifteen—as well as two guests, children who had been bombed out of their house the previous night, were trying to sleep. The noise was terrific, a constant drone of Nazi planes and every few minutes the loathsome swish of a falling bomb, followed by a shattering explosion.

We'd already seen the sort of thing that happens when an H.E. bomb explodes, so our behavior wasn't due to ignorance. Yet, as none of us could sleep, we amused ourselves by commenting on each explosion. For instance, my elder daughter, who has the typical irrepressible Briton's instinct for nonsense, said "Duck!" every time the swish of a bomb was heard. Another remark, which sounded funny at the time, was the innocent query, "What was that?" each time the building shook.

When we'd exhausted our repertoire of nonsense-remarks and, incidentally, heard our newly fitted "safety" shutters blown in by a particularly violent explosion, one of my daughters said she thought a cup of tea would do all of us a lot of good. Everyone agreed, and we trooped into the kitchen and got busy with the tea things. Never before had I found a cup of tea more exquisite or bracing.

A cup of tea. How vital those words can be in an emergency! Over and over again one hears of bombed people whose first request on being rescued is for a cup of tea—a cup that not only "cheers" but also helps to revive the victim and give him back his self-confidence.

To illustrate the importance attached to tea by so many people, let me describe one incident. The other day a rescue party forced its way up the wrecked stairs of a small house and found an old lady lying in bed with most of the ceiling on her chest. After some time they succeeded in releasing her, carried her downstairs to an ambulance, and took her to hospital. As she was lying on the stretcher in the casualty department she was given a cup of tea. She sipped it, and then, for the first time, spoke.

"I don't take sugar in my tea," she said.

That old lady had undergone physical and mental torture, had taken the unexpected and the terrifying in her stride—but to put sugar in her tea well that was something she couldn't suffer in silence!

Love From Mr. Churchill

Another old lady who had been blitzed several times was asked how she was getting on.

"I allus goes to bed 'opeful, and I gets up thankful," was her answer.

Mr. Winston Churchill, when told this story, remarked, "Give the old lady my love, and tell her that's the spirit!"

There's another reaction to danger commonly left out of the Briton, and that's self-pity. He doesn't like being pitied by others and won't waste time pitying himself. He likes his comfort of course, and is annoyed when Goering robs him of it. But his reaction to bombing, and the consequent loss of "comfort" is, first of all, indignation, and then a vivid mental picture of the ridiculous position in which he finds himself. Fear comes a bad third.

Talk to the people who have been blitzed. You'll hear many a funny story, but no appeal for sympathy.

The fireman, for instance, splashing through a foot of water, stands still and surveys the coils of hose-pipe. Although the bombs are falling round him he is heard to remark in thoughtful tones:

"That reminds me—I meant to buy some spaghetti today."

Or the other fireman, playing his

Lady with a hoe takes time out for a spot of refreshment while the gallery observes her tailored Kerry Cricket slack suit. Of stripe spun rayon approved for Courtauld's "Quality Control".

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hose on a brewery, pretending to wipe the tears from his eyes and saying:

"To see this building burning fair breaks my heart!"

The other day I was talking to an air raid warden who has been working in London since the blitz began. I asked him if he felt the strain very

much and how he kept going night after night.

"What do you do with yourself when you're not out on an 'incident'?" I said. "Drink tea," he replied.

On second thoughts, perhaps I should have written that the average Briton's reaction to danger is—100% courage.



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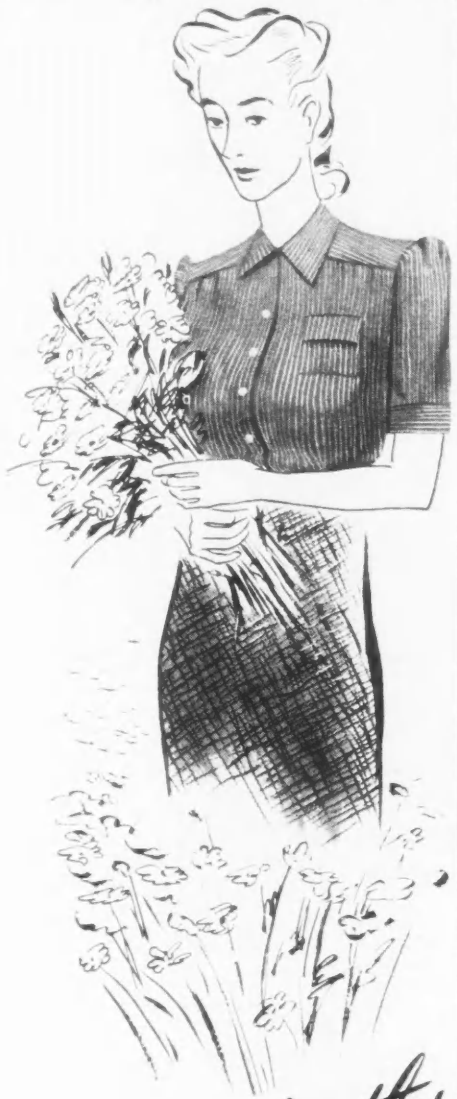
of free book
G-TODAY!"

WORLD OF WOMEN

Beyond They See the Stars

BY RUTH HOBBERLIN

LAST night I was a child for an hour. Something the radio news-announcer said made me search out a dog-eared history book. Turning the pages, I read again of the Tud-



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ors, the Stuarts, Cromwell and Napoleon. Then I found a story of London and an Englishman.

A man walked up Ludgate Hill and when he reached the top he stopped to look at the ruin which had been St. Paul's Cathedral. About to retrace his steps, he noticed a curious stone lying at his feet; bending to examine it, he saw a Latin inscription. . . I SHALL RISE AGAIN. Sir Christopher Wren made a vow that the words should become a reality.

In the reign of Charles II. London was a popular city and a dirty one. The Strand was the main thoroughfare and the most fashionable road in all England; nine Bishops had their palaces there. In spite of this, the street was narrow and full of mudholes, with all manner of refuse collecting in the gutter. Milord and Milady proceeded with caution; it was not unusual to receive an impromptu shower-bath, in a day when people emptied their slop buckets from their windows.

In 1665 disaster came upon London. Because of an impure water supply and the lack of a proper drainage system, epidemics were frequent and deadly; that year 100,000 persons were victims of the plague. Scarcely a home but was in mourning.

The following year tragedy struck again; fire broke out in Pudding Lane, near London Bridge. The wooden houses blazed like match-boxes and the flames swept from street to street until at one time the fire raged over an area of two square miles. Before it could be brought under control 13,000 houses, 89 churches, the City Gates and numerous public buildings had been destroyed.

At last, when the blood-red glow had faded from the sky and the smell of burning had drifted away, the people set about rebuilding their homes. Christopher Wren visualized a city of splendid new buildings and broad airy streets, where sunlight would offset disease. But Londoners were anxious to restore their city as quickly as possible. They would not wait for the completion of plans, instead, they followed the same narrow street-lines.

Wren's Dream

However, Sir Christopher's dream of a more beautiful London was not entirely lost. Although still a young man, he was well established in his profession and he was given the task of rebuilding the new St. Paul's. Eight years after the Great Fire the first stone was laid—the stone which read: "I SHALL RISE AGAIN."

The King financed the work by levying a tax on every piece of coal passing up the Thames. From this fund he paid Christopher Wren a salary of twenty dollars a week.

Sir Christopher Wren designed more than fifty Churches; he also



From the deep south, Truman Bailey, explorer and artist, drew inspiration for the design of this picture frock. Of bayou blue dimity powdered with plantation daisies, and fluted ruffles of organdy threaded with velvet ribbon. "Louisiana Fashion", Henry Morgan Co., Montreal.

designed the Royal Exchange, Temple Bar, the Royal College of Physicians, Greenwich Observatory, Hampton Court, Marlborough House, and an addition to Westminster Abbey. But the Cathedral was his most famous work and there he is buried. Over the entrance to the choir are these words: "If you would behold his monument—look around you."

Thus St. Paul's has stood for two hundred and fifty years. To-morrow it may lie in ruins. In his book, "I Saw England," Ben Robertson tells of watching the Britishers, on the day the Cathedral was first hit, stand at the iron railing and look silently at the hole in the roof. As in the time of the Stuarts, disaster has come upon London. Death swoops from the sky and the roar of flames is heard in the streets; people are homeless and in mourning. Only this time there is a fine distinction: a beloved Monarch is on the throne surrounded by millions of his subjects who look beyond the blackout and see the stars.

I thrill to think of the stone nestled in the foundation of the Cathedral; I thrill to think of the great man buried there. Should another Nazi flier touch a button and thereby completely demolish "Eng-

land's Noblest Dome," I find comfort in the thought that another Christopher Wren will one day walk up Ludgate Hill and when he reaches the top bend down to examine a Latin inscription. . . I SHALL RISE AGAIN.

THE BACK PAGE

Suitable contributions to "The Back Page" will be paid for at regular rates. Short articles, verse, epigrams or cartoons of a humorous or ironical or indignant nature are what the editors are seeking. Preference is for topical comment. Address all contributions to "The Back Page", Saturday Night, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

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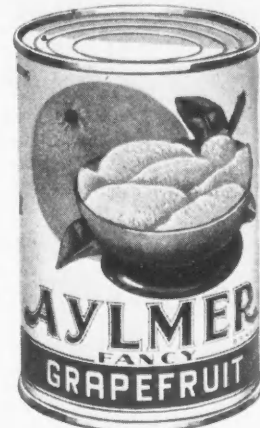
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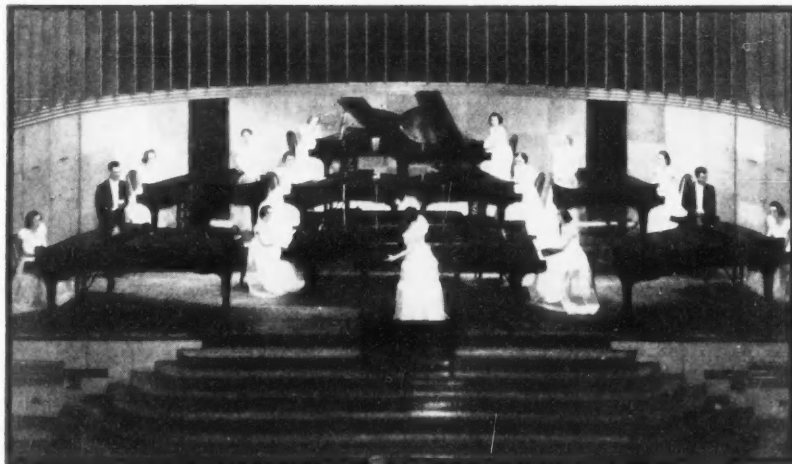
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This ten piano ensemble, conducted by Mona Bates, will be heard at the Arena, Owen Sound, June 17. These are fourteen of the artists who, under the name Musical Manifesto, have raised \$9,000 this season for the war.

THE DRESSING TABLE

Some Charms from New York

BY ISABEL MORGAN

NOW that a trip to New York involves not only a passport but also being able to convince the gentlemen of the Foreign Exchange Board that the journey is not being

Hat drama — in a wide brimmed felt faced in shades of pink to purple grosgrain stitched in triangular lines to focus all eyes on the face.

undertaken lightly in the pursuit of pleasure, a visitor to Canada from that city has the special charm of one who comes from closed territory.

Such a visitor was Miss Clara Ogilvie—one of the seven sisters of Scotch descent who made a career for themselves by originating a new theory on the care of the hair. Any one who pays serious attention to

Lily Dache designs a wrapped turban of silk and upholstery crepe. Knotted in front, it loops at back into a snood that divides to reveal hair.

the welfare of her hair doesn't need to be told about the Ogilvie preparations, for they have one of those solid reputations that rest on excellent results.

Miss Clara is her own best testimonial to the house of Ogilvie's methods. Her hair is an unequivocal red burnished and shining as a newly minted coin. And with her every movement there came to the

A draped bright red silk crepe turban is anchored by a white jersey stocking cap concealing the hair, and ending in a red grosgrain bow.

ears a small musical tinkle from a charm bracelet clasped about her wrist.

The feminine half of the population seems to be divided into two groups: those who are ardent collectors of charms and those who maintain a stony indifference to the miniature gadgets. For the benefit of the former, Miss Ogilvie's collection on a small chain is composed of small enamelled flags of all the al-

lied nations—the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, the blue and white flag of Greece, the Netherlands flag, that of Free France, and many others which are being sold in the United States to raise funds. And she has added to all these a beautiful little engraved bell from Lourdes. And as a gift for a friend who also possesses a charm bracelet, Miss Ogilvie is taking back to New York from Canada an exquisite little maple leaf made of no less than eight colors of gold blended to imitate the many colors of the leaf in autumn.

Another prized possession of Miss Ogilvie's is a chain bracelet given her by a photography-minded friend who made miniature head-and-shoulder photographs of each of the Ogilvie sisters and then inserted each of the pictures between the halves of crystal balls which hang from the chain. An ingenious way of taking your family with you wherever you go.

Southern Accent

Whether or not you number a beguiling Southern accent among your lesser accomplishments, honey chile, we believe you should know something about the Louisiana fashions you will be seeing if you get around much this summer. They have been created by Truman Bailey, "explorer, designer, and artist," from source material gathered in Evangeline's land, where the influence of the old French and Creole aristocracy and plantation traditions have left their indelible imprint.

The names given the various fashions as they were presented by Henry Morgan & Company at a luncheon held at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, are highly descriptive and atmospheric. "Bouillabaisse" is the title of a bathing suit of waffle pique printed with lobsters reminiscent of New Orleans sea food. "Teche Flower" is a bathing suit of pique with a design of the teche flowers that line the highways of Louisiana. All the flowers of that semi-tropical,

leisurely region have been borrowed for the prints—the bayou lily, plantation daisy, marsh daisy, the Acadian lily. "Watermelon" buttons decorate a dress of marsh green pique, while fans and pistols mingle in the design of a cafe-au-lait florosa sports frock. "Miss Sue" is a full-skirted pique frock printed with rose stripes and green marsh daisies. "Cotton Blossom" is a perky junior dress of creole red print trimmed with rows of white soutache. "Show Boat" is a dinner suit of white, yellow and grey. "New Orleans" is an evening dress of pique printed in a Jackson Square design of red and green and, of course, there's a "Mammy" dress—of rayon spun with inset apron of white waffle pique and a creole red bandanna.

And, so that accessories harmonize with the mood of the dresses, mammy turbans, sun hats, costume jewellery and handbags, have been created to harmonize with them.

Topps

The "topper," of which a photograph appears on this page, is well on its way to becoming one of those all-round favorites of the younger set for wear over daytime shirtwaist frocks, summer "date" dresses and cotton evening gowns. Attracted first by the clear youthful pastel shade (or sometimes the snowy white or rich ruby red tone), their owners fast become inseparable from these useful little coats. The "topper" is made from real Kenwood blankets that possess the magic combination of warmth with lightness so comforting in the changeable Canadian summer climate.

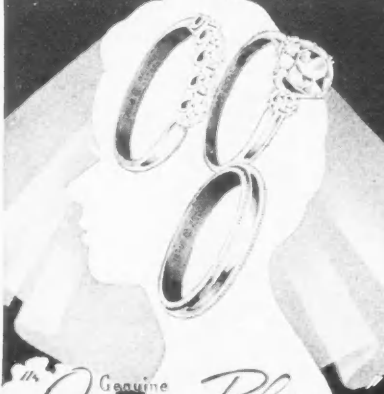
The coat photographed is the delectable pink of spun sugar candy.

the kind you get on the Midway, come Exhibition time, and the snug-fitting matching hat (designed with wily wisdom for bangs and pompadours) is trimmed with grosgrain ribbons of exactly the same shade. The Koda crepe dress worn under the coat is a soft faded blue with a pig-skin belt, the favorite shirtwaist style for golfers—and the shoes are the immensely popular natural linen side ties with British tan heels, laces and piping.

DIRGE FOR A DEAD EMPEROR

Wilhelm's dead,
Ferocious Kaiser Bill,
When his blood was up
He showed an Iron Will.
(But iron will rust,
Now Wilhelm's dust.)
When at last he fell
The Dutch were all who still
Gave a Doorn for Will,
(Toll the cracked bell.)
Laugh if you must,
All-Highest is dust.

O. TEMPORA.



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SEASICK REMEDY



When the curtain parts the show is on in the airmen's hall.



Plain and striped slip covers, red maple furniture, in the sergeants' mess.



Wheat maple furniture joins issue chairs in officers' lounge.

At Home With the R.C.A.F. At Jarvis

IT WOULD be difficult to find a more challenging problem of interior decoration than the quarters of the R.C.A.F. Bombing and Gunnery School at Jarvis, Ontario. Here the buildings are standardized barnlike structures devoid of architectural flourishes, with the usual strictly utilitarian government issue furniture. Adequate, but not an atmosphere in which to relax at the end of the day.

Mrs. Helen Gundy of the home furnishing service of a large store was given the task of making the quarters more liveable. Money was provided by mess and canteen funds voted by officers and men for the purpose, and the success of the undertaking depended largely on effective use of color and thrifty but effective tricks—such as slip covers and inexpensive accessories.

The R.C.A.F. colors were chosen for the recreation hall—walls light blue with dark blue trim. Stage curtains are dark blue velour.

Plain sailcloth in a rosewood tone and striped sailcloth in rosewood, beige and green is used for slipcovers in the sergeants' mess. All the furniture is to be in red maple—with pin-up lamps, open arm chairs with green or bone-white leatherette covering as shown.

The idea back of the decorative scheme of the officers' lounge was to give the room as much of a country club atmosphere as possible one

which would present the greatest change from the working day's surroundings. Here brown leather issue chairs have been joined by wheat maple tables and open arm chairs covered in bone-white leatherette. Striped drapes in brown, beige and yellow contrast with apple-green walls and a dark green broadloom rug. Pottery lamps and shades pick up the warm beige tones in the drapes.

Dining mess in the officers' quarters has walls in apple green, like the other rooms, with rust homespun drapes, natural color pin-up lamps and shades. Pictures in green and copper tones are hung at each end of the long room and simple drum shades hang from the ceiling to cast light over the tables. Candles are rust to go with the drapes and all the crystal is of plain matching design.

Squadron-Leader Grouse is justly proud of his hospital, and the glimpse of the ward shown on this page gives some idea why. The drapes at the windows are of cretonne in shades of soft beige, green and rose which tie in with the apple green walls and woodwork. In addition to this ward there are private rooms, offices, a waiting room, a dining mess and the nursing sisters' quarters, where the same color scheme prevails.

—Photographs courtesy Robert Simpson Co.



White napery contrasts with green and rust shades of officers' dining mess.



The color scheme of this sunny ward is carried throughout the entire hospital.

THE LONDON LETTER

In the Blitz, the Royal Academy's Summer Show

BY P. O'D.

BATTERED but smiling the Royal Academy comes forward with its 17th Summer Show. Four galleries have been "blitzed," but there still are twelve left. From the point of view of painters who hoped to exhibit there and have been squeezed out, this restriction of space may seem a great disadvantage. But the casual lover of pictures who drops in to see the Show is not likely to mind very much. A thousand pictures are still more than enough.

Naturally the war figures very conspicuously in the display, but it cannot be said that it has so far resulted in any very notable artistic achievement. Perhaps that would be too much to expect. The subject is too vast, and we are in the midst of it. It may be that another Goya could deal with it adequately, but so far he hasn't appeared.

The best of the war-pictures are impressive rather as records than as works of art. Of these one of the most successful and striking is Richard Eurich's "Dunkirk Beach, May, 1940," showing the stretch of sunlit sand, the long, twisted lines of soldiers, and the clouds of black smoke from the burning town. It gives a panoramic view of that heroic event, well-painted, well-designed, and full of vivid incident, but suffering from the diffusion of interest inseparable from that sort of picture.

Many of the war-pictures are of the kind satirized not long ago by Punch. About all the artist does is to paint his usual stuff, and stick in a tank or a big gun or a periscope

or a few aircraft to turn it into a war-picture. The recipe is much too simple, though some of the artists try hard to make the result dramatic.

There is for instance Julius Olsson, the seascapist, who has always specialized in the effect of moonlight on waves and very charmingly he does it. This time Mr. Olsson has put his ships in convoy and shown them shooting down eight Hun dive-bombers in one lethal salvo. Eight! One gathers that Mr. Olsson is no defeatist certainly not in oil.

There are always a few good portraits at the Academy Show. This year they include a charming and sympathetic picture of the Queen by Gerald Kelly, and a fine, swaggering one of the Earl of Athlone by Augustus John. Not that the Earl of Athlone swaggers—in fact, there is a twinkle in his eye to suggest that he is rather amused by it all—but John has splashed on the paint in his best flamboyant manner, with a good striking design, and plenty of purple and gold.

An interesting innovation about this year's Show is that it is open to the public on Sunday afternoons at the very democratic admission fee of one shilling! Thus are even the rather pompous traditions of Burlington House affected by the spirit of the times.

Honorable Pensioners

Among the various items that appear on the Civil List the money voted by Parliament for the household and personal expenses of the King—there is always a list of pensions to artists and writers, or their dependents, who are in need of assistance. It is sad and surprising to see the names that sometimes appear there, familiar and honored names, the names of people that surely deserved more generous material reward for their lifelong devotion. Art and literature can be stern and niggardly mistresses to their servants.

When W. H. Davies died a few

months ago, distinguished critics everywhere hastened to pay their tribute to the "Tramp Poet." Some of his lovely lyrics seem likely to last as long as almost anything written in our time, and to be sure of a permanent place in the anthologies of the future. His wife's name appears on the new Civil List "services of late husband to literature." She gets £120 a year.

About the same time died Eric Gill, A.R.A., sculptor, engraver, draughtsman, designer of beautiful type. His wife also appears on the list "services of late husband to art." She gets £120 a year.

Another and more surprising name to see among those recipients of the royal bounty is that of Frederick Britten Austin surprising because he was a popular writer, the author of a long list of volumes of fiction, and for many years a regular contributor to *The Saturday Evening Post*. Contributors to *The Saturday Evening Post* are popularly supposed to spend their lives in affluence, the envy of less fortunate authors.

Only the other day, in some lectures on the art of war by General Wavell, Austin's "The Road to Glory" was praised as one of the finest books of the kind that the General had ever read—a story of war in the days of Napoleon. But Britten Austin's name is on the list "services to literature." He got £130 a year. As he died a month or so ago, that pension will now, I suppose, be continued to his widow, or most of it.

It is well that there should be some such fund as this for needy writers and artists, but sad indeed that they should need it. Art is not a very good business, and artists not very good business-men or, if they are, they are probably not very good artists. Budding genius would do well to read the Pensions section of the Civil List. It serves a grim but salutary warning.

Famed Library's Centenary

Last year, at the time of the death of Sir Charles Hagberg Wright, I wrote something about the great library of which he had been the head for nearly fifty years. Last week this famous resort of scholars and writers—yes, and statesmen and soldiers and eminent men of all sorts—the London Library, celebrated its centenary. Not very old as libraries go in this country, but one that has come to occupy an almost unique position as a library for the more serious reader, and especially for the literary worker. Its centenary is an important literary event.

It was Thomas Carlyle who was chiefly responsible for its foundation. His idea was that there should be a library where a scholar or writer could go for such literary material as he needed, without any of the troublesome formalities and restrictions of ordinary libraries, where he could consult the books at his leisure, and take them home by the armful if he wanted to do so. Carlyle aimed, in fact, at a public library, large and well-organized, that would give its members all the freedom of a private one.

It was a grand idea, and it has been carried out on a grander scale than perhaps even he can have hoped. The London Library contains over 500,000 volumes, mostly of the more serious and valuable sort. And all its 4,000 members for you must be properly introduced and elected have the complete run of the place. It is there to help them, and so are the librarians, who are themselves scholars and experts. If the members want to borrow the books, they can take a dozen at a time.

For nearly the whole of its hundred years of existence the London Library has occupied its present quarters in St. James's Square, taking in more and more property on either side as it grew and flourished. And it is pleasant to be able to rec-

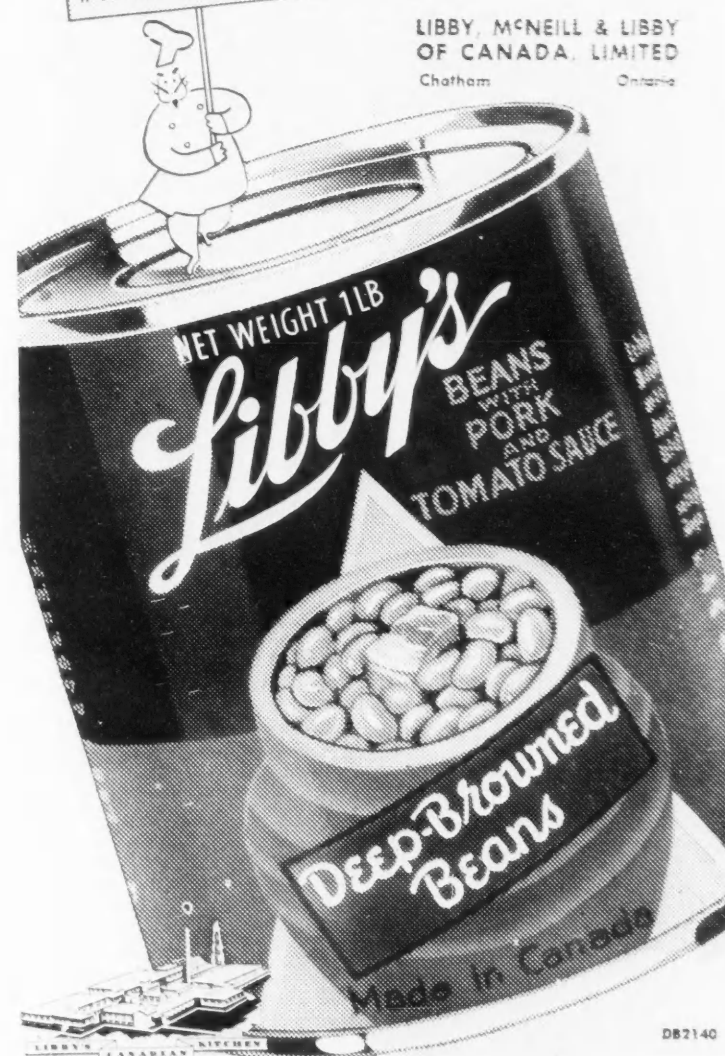
ord that, except for a certain number of broken windows, it has so far passed unscathed through the "blitz". May its luck hold!



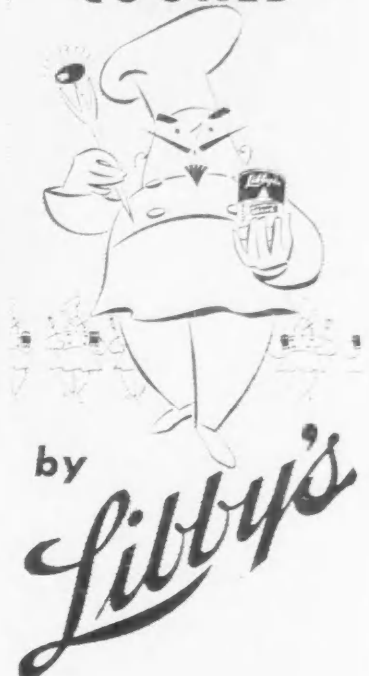
The British, often regarded as standoffish, know how to help one another when war comes. The sign says: "Shelter, if you are caught out in a raid, welcome to two persons."

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Chavchavadze's Canadian Tour

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

ONE of the most distinguished of the younger generation of pianists, George Chavchavadze, is now on a trans-Canadian tour, the net proceeds of which go to the Queen's Canadian Fund for air raid victims. His recitals so far have been enthusiastically received, not merely because of the cause he serves, but because he is an artist of rare quality and distinction. He was born in St. Petersburg in 1904 and was 13 when his family became exiles in London. At 22 he made a tour of a number of Canadian cities with the noted New Brunswick baritone, Earl Spicer, but his first hearing of him was at Eaton Auditorium last week.

After his arrival in London Chavchavadze was trained in the methods of the Leschetizky School in London, established prior to the death of the great instructor in 1915. That fact means a good deal, because in his day Leschetizky, who in youth had been associated with Anton Rub-

instein was regarded as the greatest piano teacher in the world, with a coterie of pupils that included Paderewski, Mark Hambourg, Gabrilowitsch, Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Ethel Leginska, Katherine Goodson, Arthur Schnabel and many others. He aimed to inculcate dignity of style combined with poetry and intensity; and the supreme exemplification of these qualities in his pupil, Paderewski, helped to make him famous.

While Chavchavadze is not a Pad-

erewski, he has the same aristocratic style and the same intense analytic absorption in the music he interprets. Some listeners thought him a shade too austere, but I found him extremely satisfying. His singing tone gives a subtle glow to his playing; he has large reserves of power; his execution is crystal clear, and his intuitions in phrase and rhythm are intensely poetic.

All phases of Chavchavadze's art were revealed in a work of undying appeal, Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata. It was flawlessly rendered in a technical sense, and also marked by an introspective beauty which lifted it far above sentimentalism and mercenary display (for which the last movement gives opportunity). The same pensive characteristics gave unique beauty to three Schumann episodes, "Soaring," "Why?" and "Night," and he played Bach choral preludes with profound sincerity.

In modern music Chavchavadze is superb. In Debussy's "Suite pour le Piano" he showed that he could be subtly idiomatic and at the same time broadly expressive in the rendering of two descriptive pieces by Isaac Albeniz, once known as "the Spanish Liszt," intense fervor and rhythmical genius were apparent.

He plays Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance" with less physical demonstration than some pianists, but wonderful effectiveness. Altogether it is gratifying to know that so many Canadian centres are hearing an artist of his distinction.

Diaz Aria at "Prom"

Most picture lovers have heard of the Spanish-French landscape painter Diaz de la Pena, one of the chief associates of Millet in the Barbizon school, but few are aware that he had a son, Eugene Emile Diaz de la Pena (1837-1901), a composer of some distinction, who composed three operas which won critical esteem in Paris. His memory was revived at the Prom in Varsity Arena last week, when the young American baritone, Wilbur Evans, sang an aria from his forgotten opera "De Benvenuto," the hero of which was the immortal Cellini. It is an apostrophe to art which the sculptor sings in the course of the action, entitled "De l'Art Splendeur Immortelle." It is so noble and impassioned, that it is strange that it is so little known, and one owes gratitude to Mr. Evans for reviving it.

The splendid advance which the Orchestra under Reginald Stewart has shown this season was again re-

vealed in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. It was played with lyrical fervor, tonal beauty, and clean detail. It is a work in which any slip would be immediately noticed, and none was forthcoming. Mr. Stewart usually distinguishes himself in Mozart, and "A Little Night-Music," one of his favorites, was beautifully rendered. Distinction also marked the "Hansel and Gretel" Overture, and in Dvorak's "Slavonic Dance, No. 7" and "Carnival Overture" the color, fire and vigor characteristic of the composer were at all times present.

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AT THE THEATRE

Do You Want to Kill Her?

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

NO OCCUPATION is more thoroughly enjoyable than that of passing judgment upon our fellow-beings, but unless we happen to be jurists or critics by profession we seldom get a chance to do it. The play which is now running at the Royal Alexandra, *The Night of January 16*, is particularly clever because it allows us all to be judges for a couple of hours. True, there are only twelve on the jury, but they are chosen from among the audience and those of us who are left on the dark side of the footlights feel that we too might have been chosen, and this gives us a sense of power. We realize the sadist's most cherished dream, for we hold the power of life and death over a beautiful woman; and which of us, in his heart, does not toy pleasurably with the idea of sending her to the hot squat? On Monday night a jury of Toronto celebrities restrained their desire to fry Miss Fay Wray but I am sure that it must have been a close thing.

A courtroom too, is an admirable setting for drama, and is one of the few places where we can go to see full-blooded acting nowadays. There are few successful lawyers who could not, if they cared to acquire a stage technique, act most of our matinee idols right off the boards and out into the alley. True, they are a trifle undisciplined in the courtroom; they shout and stamp too much and many of their gestures are ugly, but they have the root of the matter in them and they have a stronger incentive to please their clients than most actors have to please their audiences. More than ever, the young man of today who wants to pursue a histrionic career inclines toward the Bar rather than toward the stage.

The actor who has to play the part of a lawyer in the courtroom is forced to compromise with his art. He shrinks from roaring and flailing the air like a real lawyer, and he shrinks from the expense of spirit which is involved in giving sincerity to such a part. If the actor succeeds

in behaving like a lawyer he has done a remarkable job. Honors in the current production, therefore, must go to Messrs. McClelland and Gardner, who play the bullying, toad-like District Attorney and the spell-binding, cringing and pouncing Defense Attorney; both of them were admirably convincing. Miss Fay Wray, as the lady who was on trial for murder, had little to do except sit about and look noble, which she did with the greatest possible success; she had the beauty to make her fate a matter of concern to us also, for nobody really cares what happens to an ugly murderess. Miss Helen Gardner, as the wronged wife of the murdered man, was no match for Miss Wray; I should think that light comedy was more in her line. Mr. Peter Boyne, on the contrary, who is so often cast for light comedy parts and who never quite succeeds in them, showed a strong aptitude for drama, and gave us a first-rate portrait as Jungquist, the Swedish accountant. The other Swedish character in the piece, a housekeeper, was played with gusto by Miss Madeline Grey; it was apparent also that her moralistic view of the case was shared by many members of the audience. Miss Grey, obviously, is better at broad comedy than she is at the sort of part she was given last week in *Pygmalion*. Several excellent character 'bits' crop up in this play, and they were all well done, but I must make particular mention of Mark Inglis, who was very funny as a private detective. Robert Wilcox, who supplied masculine glamor to the piece, was also most amusing as a large-souled gangster.

This is the sort of play which is admirable for a summer season. It can be rehearsed and put on the stage in a short time with a very good chance of success. *The Night of January 16* is first-rate entertainment, and if you have not seen it already I am sure that you would enjoy it greatly. You might get on the jury, too. So if you have any hankering to kill a beautiful woman, this is your chance.

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THE FILM PARADE

Drowse in the Afternoon

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

first. "For one thing I'm tired of man-and-boy epics. It wasn't enough to have Tyrone Power Jr., we had to have Tyrone Power Jun. Jr., as well. And secondly Tyrone Power is getting over-weight I don't mean Tyrone Power Jun. Jr., I mean the senior Tyrone Power Jr. And another thing, I didn't think so much of the way Nazimova washed floors. No zip. She just sloshed round and didn't even wring out the mop-cloth. I

wouldn't pay anyone car-tickets to come and wash floors like that."

Miss A. smiled a Rita Hayworth smile, which is a sort of beautiful snarl. "Tyrone Power was right," she said, "Don't argue with critics. Just hit them over the head."

I got up quickly and picked up my check.

"And finally, it's no use hitting the critics over the heads with bottles," I said, "not as long as they go on hitting the public over the heads with epics."

I IMAGINE that "Laburnum Grove" was made with less outlay than Director Mamoulian threw away on cuttings; and goodness knows he didn't do much cutting. Modest as it is however "Laburnum Grove"

manages to pack twice the charm, interest and shrewdness into little more than half the running time of "Blood and Sand." The charm lies chiefly in watching Sir Cedric Hardwicke, heretofore a man of ice, clowning happily through the role of Uncle Bert though it's hard to choose between Sir Cedric and Edmund Gwenn. Mr. Gwenn, looking more than ever like Stanley Baldwin, supplies a wonderful bland portrait of a respectable British business man doing a job of counterfeiting on the side. Nobody seems to have taken much trouble with "Laburnum Grove" apparently they didn't even bother to break down the stage play into cinematic form. They just left the tricks to the actors, and both the actors and the tricks are as good as they can possibly be.

"May Stalwart Sons and Gentle Maidens Rise..."

WARNING

EARTH.
The merest mote,
In the eye of an awful Universe.
Beware
You do not irritate!
Or He will pluck it out!
Toronto, Ont. DOROTHY SIGMUND.

horses. Howling fickle mobs, applauding their heroes one day, spitting on them the next.

I agreed it was pretty terrible. "One day a matador, next day a cuspidor. That's a bull-fighter's life for you."

"Disgusting," Miss A. said with emphasis.

I TOOK a long draw on my Giant Malted. "Just the same they could have done with a little more action," I said. "After all it *was* called 'Blood and Sand.' It wasn't called 'The Retail Manufacturers' Fabrics and Textiles Display'."

"But there *was* action," Miss A. cried. "You saw Tyrone Power in the ring didn't you? You saw him advance right up to the camera."

"Sure," I said, "I saw him."

"Well what did you think of that?" Miss A. asked triumphantly.

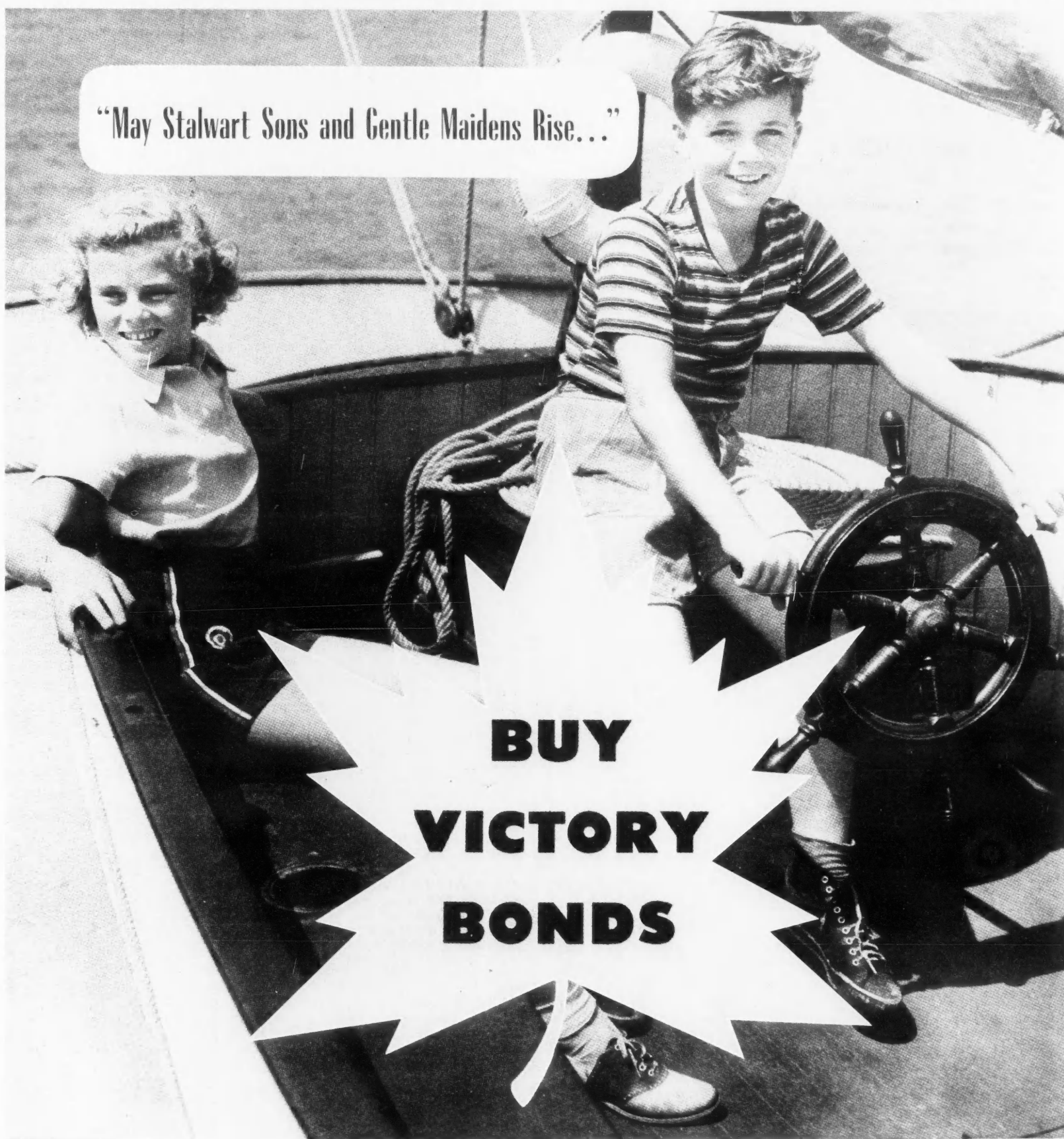
I moved the catsup bottle out of reach. "I thought it was a heroic display of sequins," I said.

Miss A. flushed with annoyance and her hand moved towards the sugar container. "Any other criticisms?" she asked icily.

"I've got plenty of other criticisms," I said, getting the sugar container



Lovely Anna Sten, stage and screen star, heads the cast of Myron C. Fagan's "Nancy's Private Affair" which comes to Royal Alexandra, Toronto, for the week of June 16, third production in the current summer season.



IF ever they changed the name of Canada to Fuehrerland, what would be the future of Canada's sunny children, then?

In this now-quiet land, far from the war's civilian and military fronts, thousands of children will soon be let loose from school, full of happy Summer plans.

Canadian parents, stop and think. This might be their last care-free Summer, if the job isn't finished!

So, with all your resources, help finish the job. BUY VICTORY BONDS! Buy all the Victory Bonds you can. Surely those children of yours are worth it!

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE VICTORY LOAN by

Simpson's

Canadians and Others at a Scottish Canteen

MY SPELL of duty at the canteen is on the 6.00-10.30 p.m. shift on Saturdays. When I first undertook the work, almost nine months ago now, I wondered if I would miss my one free evening of the week; but it hasn't turned out that way at all. On the contrary, Saturday night has become one of the week's highspots—something to look forward to.

Over the entrance to the canteen and hostel (there is sleeping accommodation for sixty, too) is a huge

notice: "The King George and Queen Elizabeth Club for Overseas Forces," and through the door beneath that sign men from the Empire pass to and fro all day, finding inside a welcome, a fire and a meal that are all equally warm. Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, French and Poles are visitors to this hostel "somewhere in Scotland," but on the whole the Canadian men are in the majority.

For the first two hours of our shift,

BY ALISON DOWNIE

having donned the green Women's Voluntary Services overalls, we are busy in pantry and dining-room. "Sausage and chips for one" "Coffee for two" "Bread and butter for four" the orders are given to the pantry helpers, who shriek them down the lift-shaft to the kitchen below (and shriek is the word, too; one must have powerful lungs to convey messages to the cook, surrounded as she is by the noise of sizzling fat in her outsize frying pan!)

But in spite of the rush, there's always time to exchange a word or two with the men as they pitch into their heaped platefuls of hot food.

"Where do you come from?" we ask them, and the answers bring to life places which we've only known as names in geography books. "Montreal—Saskatchewan—Ontario—Alberta." They've come from all over Canada to help us in Britain, and in between mouthfuls they are more than willing to tell us about life at home, and about their reactions to army life over here. We hear about skiing, ice hockey, ball-games; about Canadian newspapers, the Canadian and American radio systems, Canadian girls (lots about them!) And we hear home-truths about our climate.

"Say, it rains an awful lot over here, doesn't it?" a young airman said to me the other night. "At home, if we get one wet day in a fortnight, that's all. And we see the sun pretty often there. Since I came to England, I don't believe I've seen it for more than a few hours."

THEN there's the food question. The boys are complimentary about the canteen menu, always. "Best coffee I've tasted since I left home." "This stuff tastes grand. What d'you call it?—Savoury mince?" But they like to instruct us in Canadian cooking, too, and now we know all about the proper serving of corn in the cob, and the sort of mixtures Canadians like in salads. They sound good, too; if only we had the fruit and vegetables and nuts we'd like to try them, but that pleasure must wait till after the war.

Round about 8 p.m., there's a lull, and the helpers gather in the pantry for a snack and a hot drink. Most of the boys have gone out in search of entertainment, but there are always one or two left in the hostel, and every so often a head peeps round the pantry door, and a voice queries "May I come in?"

He does come in, of course, and swinging himself on to the table, prepares for a cosy chat, with cigarette and cup of coffee at hand.

One evening lately our pantry visitor was a young sergeant, who had arrived in Britain just a few weeks before. He was much distressed because we refused to let him help with the washing-up. "But everyone's been so nice to me since I came up here on leave, I'd like to do something in return" he argued. And could we make him understand that just by coming to Britain, leaving his home and family thousands of miles away to fight for us, he was doing something that put us deeply in his debt? No! That was just part of the day's work, and after all, lots of other fellows were doing it, too.

THEN there was another Canadian, a corporal this time, who was having a week's leave in Scotland on his own—none of his particular friends having got leave at the same time. So that he wouldn't feel lonely, various expeditions and hospitality were arranged for him, and one of the canteen helpers (a mother of sons in the Services herself) took him off for a whole day's sight-seeing in the neighborhood.

She asked him for his home address, and in the evening, when he had returned to the hostel after expressing his thanks for a grand day, she sat down and wrote to his mother. Saying that she had met and entertained Bill on his leave, she told the mother how well her son appeared to be, of his good spirits, and of the way in which his pleas-

ant and appreciative manner had charmed those with whom he came in contact in Scotland. We hope very much that the letter evaded mines or torpedoes and arrived safely on the other side.

The other night, a very young Canadian dashed into the dining-room, and announced, with a face of tragedy, that he had lost his gloves.

"My wife knitted them for me, and I left them in the hall this afternoon with my coat, and now they're GONE!" he wailed. We sympathized, and organized a search party to comb the ground floor of the hostel—hall, lounge, smoke-room, dining-room, even the helpers' pantry and the commandant's office. But no gloves came to light. Finally he was persuaded to go upstairs and search his room, though he insisted that the gloves had been left downstairs. A few minutes passed, and down he came—very sheepish, and gloves in hand! They had been buried under his towel, on his bed. With threats that we would write to his wife to report his careless ways, we pushed him out for the evening, and returned to work.

WE HAVE, as I said, 60 beds; but many a night sees nearly 70 men tucked away somehow into the hostel. Mattresses are spread on the floor, the smoke-room couch is transformed into a bed, and somehow everyone is fitted in. The hostel commandant prides herself on providing accommodation for all who seek it, and if every inch of the hostel is occupied, she phones round to the people on her "Hospitality List" till beds are found for everyone.

Sometimes, I think it must seem to those mothers, wives and sweethearts in Canada that the women of this island don't realize how great is their sacrifice in letting their men go to Europe to fight in the Battle of Britain. Our own men may be in the Services—but at least, the women of Canada reflect, those in Britain are near their menfolk, can see them when they come on leave. But those who come from Canada, come for the duration, with no hope of seeing home or loved ones till the war is over.

Believe me, we do realize how deeply you must feel that parting,

how long and anxious the days must seem when your men are gone, and letters are laggard. And since we have met many of those men, and learned for ourselves what splendid fellows they are, we feel for you all the more. So—here's a salute from the women of Britain to the women of Canada, and a heartfelt wish that your men and our men will return to their homes and families in the not too distant future, with victory behind them.

SOMETHING NEW IN THE WAY OF STEW

Just a dash of rich, zesty Heinz Tomato Ketchup adds extra luxurious flavours to scores of dishes—gravies, casseroles, hash, sauces. It's so full-bodied that only a little adds the needful zip. Try these two unusual recipes. They point a moral—a bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup is just as right in the kitchen as it is on the table.



Heinz Tomato Ketchup

makes these fine Stews Taste even Better!

THIS tempting world-famous sauce is being used more and more to glorify simple everyday cooking with the rich zest, appetizing ruddy colour of Heinz pedigreed tomatoes, rare imported spices.

H. J. Heinz Company of Canada, Ltd.

A QUICK SKILLET STEW

Made with round steak or leftover beef or lamb.

Brown in 4 lbs. fat, 2 lbs. round steak cut into inch cubes, or use 2 cups cubed leftover meat. Stir in 2 tbs. flour. Add 2 cups hot water, 5 cut-up carrots, 1 onion, sliced, 1 tbs. salt, 2 tbs. Heinz Pure-Cider Vinegar and ¼ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Simmer until carrots are half done. Add 4 quartered potatoes. Cook till tender. Serves 4 people.

ALL-VEGETABLE STEW

Served with smoking-hot corn bread—a perfect lunch.

Cook 2 cut-up carrots, 12 tiny onions in 2 cups boiling water 30 min. Add 1½ tbs. salt, 3 potatoes, sliced. Cook just till tender. Add ½ cup each peas, corn. Continue cooking till tender. Drain. Reserve liquid. Brown vegetables in ½ cup butter. Stir in 2 tbs. flour, ¼ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup and 2 tbs. chopped parsley. Then add vegetable liquid and cook till thickened.



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100 delicious SANDWICHES can be made from a 4 oz. bottle of BOVRIL

Spread it very thinly because BOVRIL is highly concentrated.

Smiling Summer Mornings start with this treat!



No wonder Mary's smile matches the summer morning—she is eating a luscious breakfast of two Nabisco Shredded Wheat and milk, topped with fresh strawberries! And she is getting 100% whole wheat, with its valuable wheat germ, in a form that is easily digested and quickly convertible into energy for work or play.

Serve this tasty whole wheat breakfast regularly. At your food store, say "Nabisco Shredded Wheat".

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Ltd., Niagara Falls

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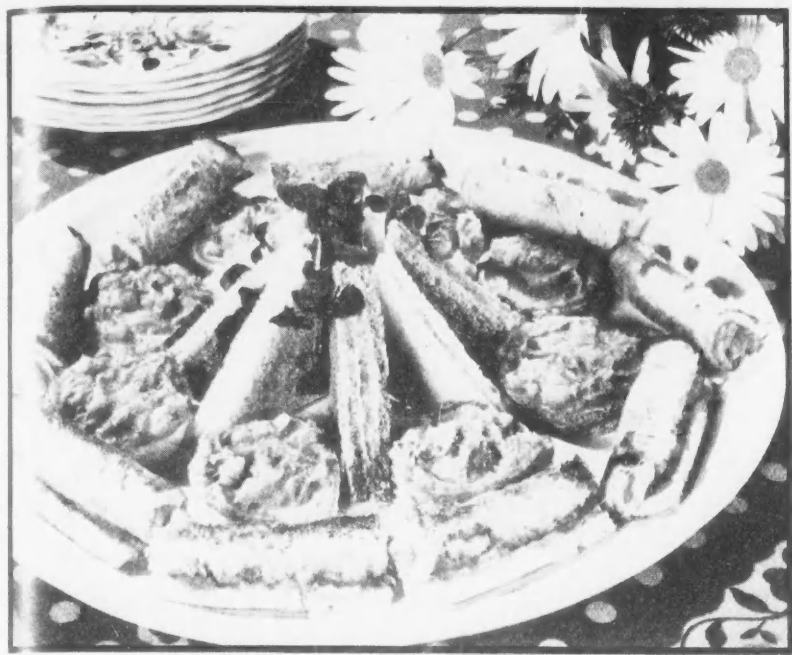
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Shredded Wheat
Niagara Falls

WHEAT



Party fare—when bread and sandwich filling assumes a new interest because it's shaped in tiny rounds, long fingers, rolls and triangles.

CONCERNING FOOD

The Vegetable Kingdom

BY JANET MARCH

THE vegetables are up. Each week-
end sees the rows a little taller,
and a little greener, and no longer
do you have to go up and down the
strings in a crouching attitude hold-
ing the strongest magnifying glass
you can buy at Woolworth's between
you and the barren brown ground,
searching vainly for life. Against
tremendous odds of wind, rain and
frost the seeds have done it again.
The mint is rollicking all over the
place waiting impatiently for the peas
to pod. The neighbors' sheep, which

get in by ducking under the barbed
wire stretched across the creek,
gnawed the very young tomato
plants down, but had too much deli-
cacy to touch the mint. Maybe they
knew about one of its main uses.

The five hundred charming yellow
balls of fluff on the farm next door
have turned into unattractive long
legged brown chickens. The white
turkey from the farm on the other
side who decided our iris bed, with
peace from Monday to Friday, was a
far nicer place in which to sit on her
eggs than the nest provided by the
management, has hatched her brood
and gone no one knows where, but
we hope not into the jaws of a hand-
some red fox.

Spring, so short and enchanting,
is gone. The wood which just a couple
of weeks ago was purple and yellow
with violets, with here and there a
few of those queer secretive Jack-in-
the-pulpits, is dusty now from the
cars of the munitions workers mak-
ing for the pool in the amusement
park down the road. All too soon
July will be here and the beauties
of June will be gone.

Still there are compensations.
Think of the peas, the beans, the
little yellow carrots, and tiny beets,
the strawberries, cherries, and rasp-
berries. Artists mayn't find the
height of summer so satisfactory,
but the gourmet just puts on his rose
colored spectacles to view the land-
scape, he doesn't need to romance
about what's on his plate. First of
all come the peas. When they first
appear you never think of doing any-
thing with them except eating them
plain with butter and a little mint,
but as time passes the housekeeper's
ingenuity will have to return.

The Chinese recommend adding
peas to scrambled eggs, which is a
good idea. If you really want to do
the right thing you must go to a
Chinese shop and buy some *mei jing*
which is used in a great many Chi-
nese recipes; it is commonly called
gourmet powder in English.

Scrambled Eggs With Peas

- 5 eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of green peas
- Salt
- Pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of mei jing

Boil the peas, which should be
freshly shelled, for about ten minutes,
then chill them under the cold water
tap by holding them there in a
strainer. Put the peas in a hot light-
ly greased frying pan and cook for
about two minutes, then add the
seasonings and the eggs well beaten
and stir till cooked.

Apparently when Grannie looked
down the table and said firmly,
"Don't eat any more of those vege-
tables, they aren't cooked," she didn't
know what she was talking about.
Her theory was that vegetables
which were hard in the middle were
practically poisonous, and as for
potato skins off baked potatoes, well
everyone knew they weren't good for
you. If Grannie could see small chil-
dren sitting up and eating slivers of
raw carrot and beans she would cer-
tainly think we had all gone crazy.
The truth of the matter is that slices
of raw fresh vegetables are so much
crisper than a salad made with bits of
soft slippery cooked ones, that they
are far nicer to eat.

Raw Pea Salad

Pick out the smallest peas, and
take young carrots and either grate
them, or cut them in very fine slices.
Shred some green cabbage, and mix
these three vegetables together and
then add French dressing, not much,
but just enough to give flavor. Heap
the vegetables up in the middle of a
lettuce leaf, and you have a salad
which is extra full of vitamins.

If you have some cooked peas left
over, mix them with some chopped
pickled English walnuts, and a little
diced celery, and serve with a not too
tart French dressing, for there is a
good deal of vinegar in the walnuts.

If you have been slightly deceived
as to the age of a basket of peas, or
if you were carried away by the price
and then went out to dinner two
nights running so that the peas were
left aging on your own doorstep, do
this with them. It's a French recipe.

To Cook Older Peas

Put the peas to boil and put in with
them a couple of small spring onions,

a lump of sugar and the centre part
of a lettuce, and a tablespoonful of
butter. Use as little water as pos-
sible and give the pan a shake every
now and then. When the peas are
soft strain them, reduce the liquid
they have been cooking in by boiling
it fast, then add some cream and
seasoning and pour over the peas
which have been keeping warm.

If you are having a Sunday supper
party with all cold food, pea mousse
is a very fine addition to the menu.

Pea Mousse

Cook the peas in salted water with
a tablespoonful of chopped onion.
There should be about two and a half

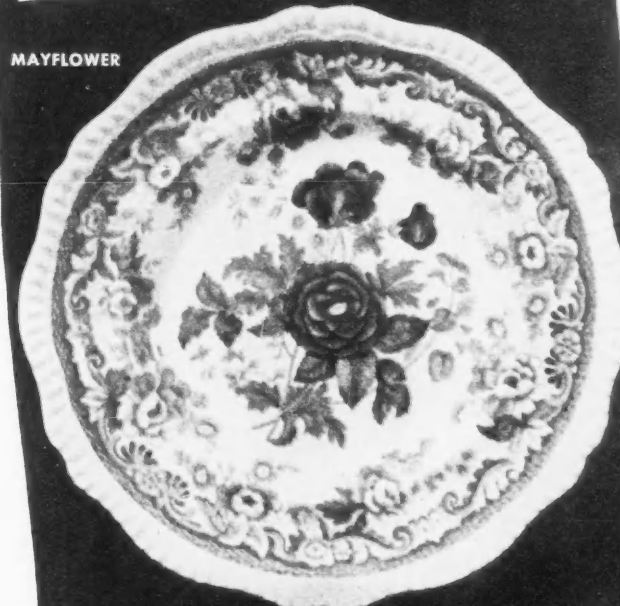
cupfuls of peas. When they are ten-
der strain them and sieve the peas.
Add to this purée salt, pepper, a little
sugar and two-thirds of a cup of
Bechamel Sauce. In case you have
forgotten, this is a sauce made in
exactly the same way as the classic
white sauce, only chicken stock is
used in it instead of milk. Dissolve
one tablespoon of gelatin in cold
water and then add half a cup of hot
water. Strain into the pea purée,
and beat in a bowl until it begins to
cool. Then cut in a cup of whipped
cream, season to taste, pour into a
mould and chill. This is extra good
served with cold salmon mayonnaise
on a hot night.

SPODE

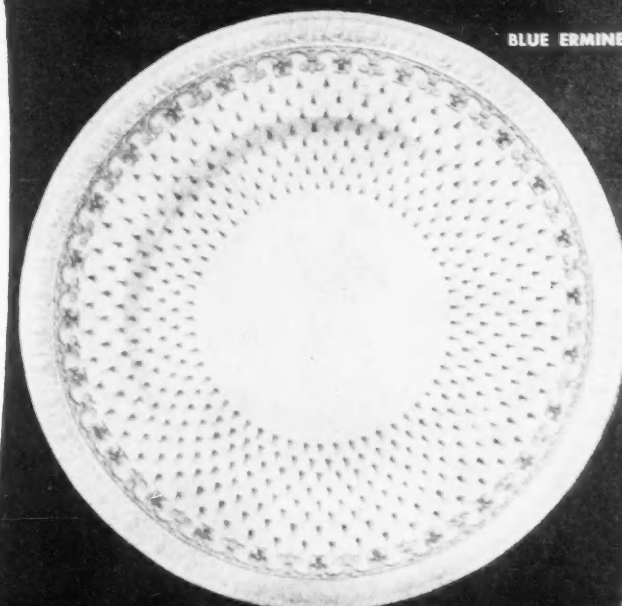
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The purchase of fine quality is always true economy.
Your Spode dealer can show you many Spode dinner-
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Morning Noon or Night

Delicious with
desserts or
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So tasty with
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Serve

Christie's
Graham
Wafers

RECIPE
FOR
GRAHAM WATER-CRUMPE
1/2 Cup Graham Wafers
1 Egg
1/2 Cup Sugar
1/2 Cup Milk
1/2 Cup Butter
1/2 Cup Vanilla
1/2 Cup Baking Powder
1/2 Cup Salt
1/2 Cup Cocoa
1/2 Cup Chocolate
1/2 Cup Nuts
1/2 Cup Raisins
1/2 Cup Apples
1/2 Cup Oranges
1/2 Cup Lemons
1/2 Cup Limes
1/2 Cup Pineapples
1/2 Cup Mangoes
1/2 Cup Papayas
1/2 Cup Guavas
1/2 Cup Passion Fruits
1/2 Cup Starfruits
1/2 Cup Dragonfruits
1/2 Cup Jackfruits
1/2 Cup Breadfruits
1/2 Cup Taro
1/2 Cup Cassava
1/2 Cup Yams
1/2 Cup Sweet Potatoes
1/2 Cup Pumpkin
1/2 Cup Squash
1/2 Cup Zucchini
1/2 Cup Eggplant
1/2 Cup Cucumber
1/2 Cup Tomato
1/2 Cup Onion
1/2 Cup Garlic
1/2 Cup Shallots
1/2 Cup Leeks
1/2 Cup Asparagus
1/2 Cup Broccoli
1/2 Cup Cauliflower
1/2 Cup Brussels Sprouts
1/2 Cup Spinach
1/2 Cup Kale
1/2 Cup Swiss Chard
1/2 Cup Collard Greens
1/2 Cup Turnips
1/2 Cup Rutabaga
1/2 Cup Parsnips
1/2 Cup Carrots
1/2 Cup Beets
1/2 Cup Potatoes
1/2 Cup Sweet Corn
1/2 Cup Lima Beans
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BICYCLES are causing the authorities a great deal of worry in Vancouver. The increasing price of gasoline and the higher cost of operating automobiles has made the plebian wheel a popular form of transportation in recent years, and prospects are that this will continue until after the war.

In an attempt to exercise some sort of control over bicycling, the city council adopted a regulation in 1938 that all cycles should be registered, at a charge of fifty cents for the life of the wheel, plus twenty-five cents for transfers of ownership.

It is estimated that there are about 50,000 cycles in use in the city, of which only 24,870 carry registration tags. Probably 6,000 of the riders are girls and women, as against 2,500 in 1933.

Traffic officers are of the opinion that girls are no worse and no better than boys when it comes to breaking rules and taking chances, but perhaps a little more prone to ride on the sidewalks in defiance of civic regulations which, if strictly enforced, would reduce half the juvenile population to beggary in a few weeks. Thousands have been admonished, but none has ever been punished.

The police also view with alarm the practice of carrying a passenger on the frame, but what's a high school boy to do when the girl friend wants to go out for a ride and father won't let him have the car?

Chances are that registration may soon be scrapped in favor of licenses good for one year only, but unless there is a much stricter follow-up and a more extensive check of evaders, it is hardly likely that the change will make much difference.

When registration was introduced, it was expected that it would act as a curb on bicycle thefts, but it has not worked out that way. The police report for 1940 shows an all-time high of 891 cycles stolen during the twelve months, of which 600 were not recovered. Most of those that were restored to their rightful owners were found abandoned on streets and lanes, and not a single conviction was registered. Many suspects were

BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Cycling Craze Causes Concern

BY P. W. LUCE

sternly admonished, but not one was actually arrested.

The authorities believe that a large number of these stolen bicycles pass through the hands of mechanic "fences" who strip them of parts which are disposed of to repair shops. The frames, which alone could be identified by a factory number, are dumped in the sea.

So serious is the situation that no insurance company will issue a policy against theft. Up to fairly recently there was one concern that would take a \$6 premium on a \$35 risk, but even that had to be dropped.

Boys who use their wheels to earn money by making deliveries are particularly hard hit by these thefts, and padlocks are now standard equipment on many models. Some of the schools lock up the pupils' bicycles and release these only on presentation of an identification tag, but this is at the discretion of the school principal and not a policy of the board of trustees. Unregistered cycles are not given this protection, but the owners are not reported to the authorities as delinquents, as scholastic authorities decline to act as law enforcement officers.

Publicity Whiskers

An epidemic of sprouting whiskers which disfigured masculine countenances in Smithers for several weeks has now run its course, and the barbering business in this northern British Columbia town is back to normal. The whiskers were advance publicity for a great "Klondyke Night" celebration, held under the joint sponsorship of the Bulkeley Valley Red Cross Society and the Smithers War Savings Committee.

and the wearers were drawn from all ranks of society. Styles most in favor were goatees and Van Dykes and, to be quite candid, none of the beards were particularly impressive.

Attractions at "Klondyke Night" included a hectic dramatization of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," placer mining for War Savings Stamps in miniature mining claims, and an old-time bar-room in which root beer is alleged to have been served to customers who did not have the honor of the bartender's acquaintance.

A good time was had by all.

Living Art

Living Art Week proved to be a distinct success at the Vancouver Art Gallery. For two hours each evening a number of artists gave a public demonstration of their methods of working, revealed the secrets of their technique, and answered such questions as were directed at them by the curious onlookers when they were not too absorbed in what they were doing.

It was the first time a Living Art demonstration was held in Canada. Jack L. Shadbolt, of the Vancouver School of Art, was the moving spirit behind the experiment, and acted as stage manager. The attendance varied from fifty to a hundred each evening.

The model, a dark-eyed young woman, was garbed in a brilliant Russian peasant costume featuring reds and greens, and each artist reproduced her likeness according to his individual fancy. Some favored the impressionistic school, but most inclined to realistic painting. One or two hesitated between the two schools and fell to the ground.

Easels were so grouped that visitors could move freely from one painter to the other, noting the rapid progress of one as against the slower method of another, watching the figure on the canvas take strikingly different shape according to the fancy of the artist, and comparing the relative merits of varying brushwork.

Noisy Celebrators

It has been said that Vancouver stages the world's worst wedding processions, and though this is probably an exaggeration, they are certainly noisy enough to warrant the sending of frequent complaints to the Police Commission. A line of hooting automobiles trailing discarded dishpans may be tolerated once in a while in a neighborhood where the bride is a popular figure, but there is no toleration in the downtown districts where half a dozen such parades are staged every evening.

This blaring speeding of the wedding guests will have to stop, even if the police find themselves driven to the drastic step of giving the bride and groom and all their noisy charivariers a ticket.

"It's been done before and it can be done again," declares Chief of Police Donald MacKay, very firmly indeed.

We'll wait and see.

Don't Drink and Drive

The B.C. Liquor Control Board probably approves of traffic safety campaigns, but it is not exactly co-operative in the matter. Vancouver has been making one of its sporadic efforts to reduce the number of accidents on the streets, in which the slogan "If You Drive, Don't Drink; If You Drink, Don't Drive" has been widely used on signs displayed in stores, oil service stations, club rooms, and other places where they would catch the eye. In one quarter only have they been conspicuously absent. The government liquor stores positively refused to call at-

tention to the folly of mixing drink with driving.

It wasn't because it was feared this might result in a decrease in business, Chairman of the Liquor Control Board W. F. Kennedy explained when his attention was drawn to absence of the good advice, but because it is against the standing policy of barring all signs from government stores.

Attorney-General Wismer has been approached with a view to having the ban lifted in this case. Certainly there is no medium where this particular message could be more surely directed at a "selected and preferred class" as the advertising jargon has it. The San Francisco Traffic Safety Campaign Committee reports that "Don't Drink and Drive" signs did more good in liquor stores than anywhere else, and didn't hurt sales to any appreciable extent.

Gypsies and Gyps

British Columbia's population has decreased by about one hundred with the seasonal departure of its gypsy tourists. These gentry, reversing usual procedure, reach the Pacific Coast in late fall and move back to the east in early summer. They alone know why they come and why they go, for they are curiously reticent about their own affairs, though garrulous enough about other people's business. So much so, indeed, that a good few of their adult women eventually gravitate to the police court to answer charges of fortune-telling, card reading, and other hocus-pocus.

Fortune-telling, of itself, is generally winked at in this province, but the gyps go a bit too far in rooking their dupes. They talk them into having their money "blessed," and they do this so efficiently that when the owner counts his roll some time later he usually finds it five or ten dollars short, though he is certain the fortune-teller never handled it.

The gypsies always stoutly deny

stealing the money, but invariably make a refund when a policeman calls and broadly hints that he can tell their fortune for the next three months unless the missing roll is found right away.

Contrary to popular belief, these gypsies are not poor. They have property on the prairies and in Ontario, and they own automobiles and trailers in which they travel in style from town to town where they have reason to believe pickings will be worth while. They are seldom mistaken, human nature being what it is.

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Imported biscuits . . . in wartime! Peek Frean's famous English biscuits . . . with all their daintiness and flavour . . . with all that crisp texture for which they are famous . . . they're here at your grocer's. Order some today and tell your friends.

Try P.F. "Best Family Assorted"

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Extra rich-ROASTER-FRESH
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SPRING is, of course, the time for poets to be heard and seen. And nowhere in Canada is spring more opulently flower-laden than in the garden-slopes about Victoria. So I was a very happy man when, in response to my note from "The Empress," Marjorie Pickthall asked me to visit her at that new suburban home of hers known as "The Shack." To her letter she appended a roughly-drawn road-map, showing me how to get there, just as in an earlier letter—for we had talked together via the postman without ever meeting in person—she had illustrated the roughness of a certain voyage from England by drawing a very sea-sick lad leaning over the rail of a very wobbly steamer.

I didn't know at the time that Miss Pickthall was quite an accomplished pen-and-ink artist and an assiduous painter of small water-colors. Nor did I know, before my arrival at "The Shack," that I was practically a blockade-runner. For Marjorie, at the moment, was "in retreat." She was seeing no one, those shadowed spring days, because a dentist had taken out two of her front teeth and the necessary replacements had not yet been perfected. But the intruder, apparently, rose to the occasion. For only the other day I stumbled across Lorne Pierce's memorial volume to Marjorie Pickthall, a volume in which he repeatedly quotes from Miss Pickthall's Diary, and a quotation under the date of May 11, 1921, says: "I have had to part with some of my teeth. . . so I have been living the life of a hermit and haven't seen anyone for weeks but Arthur Stringer, who came to tea at the Shack. He said: 'What is a tooth or two between artists?'"

TWENTY years is, of course, a long time to go back, and my memory of the route to the shrine of the muse is hazy. But my memory of our meeting remains clear. For, appropriately enough, it was in a garden, one of those exuberant gardens you find only on the West Coast where the Japanese Current softens the air and the rainfall is ample and roses can bloom even in Christmas-week. It was a bright and sunny afternoon, and we sat in an arbor draped with vines and surrounded by flowers. In that arbor the author of "A Drift Of Fancies" seemed in exactly the right place.

For, teeth or no teeth, Marjorie was much more appealing to the



WE LICKED THE "PARACHUTE TROOPS"! They were landing everywhere and digging in—the fleas, I mean. The pups and I were scratching our hides off till the Boss caught on.



"LET'S GET THOSE FLEAS!" he says. "They carry worms, you know. We'll liquidate them with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA POWDER." So we did! That SKIP-FLEA really kills them dead.



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"THE BACK PAGE"

Wild Poets I've Known: Marjorie Pickthall

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

eye than that unflattering John Garvin picture in "Canadian Poets" might lead one to believe. She was more blonde and English-looking, more slender and girlish, than I had expected. Yet there was a certain primness there, a guarded restraint that may have been reducible to a missing bicuspid or perhaps an after-glow of propriety from her librarian days at Victoria College. I had been told she had a sense of humor and I remembered her Carroll parody anent Professor Lang's dust-laden book-stacks:

"If two strong men with horny thumbs
Sorted half a year,
Do you suppose," the maiden said,
"That they would then come clear?"
"I doubt it," said Professor Lang,
And shed a bitter tear.

BUT I caught no glimpse of frivolity from Marjorie that day. She impressed me, in fact, as possessing an almost bird-like fastidiousness of manner. The last poetess I had talked to was addicted to Greek sandals and Kentucky bourbon and in a voice husky with too much cigarette smoking interlarded her defence of free verse with even more revolutionary arguments about free love. But Marjorie wasn't like that. She was as spirituelle as her poetry. Spirituelle, at least, to the eye. For as she sat in the slanting sunlight she impressed me as quite as beautiful as anything she had ever written. There are plenty of women who can write poems. It's only once in a blue moon you bump into a woman who is a poem.

I don't like to say the poem, in this case, was blank verse. But it wasn't raptly lyrical. For that sedate tea-table with its toasted crumpets and sandwiches, presided over by the blonde lady with restrained hazel eyes and an unmistakably Anglican intonation, kept teasing me with the impression I was once more in England.

The lack of lyricism, I learned later, was momentarily due to the fact that Marjorie's unfinished novel, "The Beaten Man," just wouldn't come out right. It was, she confessed, almost driving her mad. Writing, for all her productiveness, never came easy with her.

BUT did the two poets discuss those nobler and higher things? They did not.

They talked prices and editors and agents and possible markets and how poetry was so abominably underpaid considering the time it took to produce. They swapped experiences as to certain venal and parasitic magazines and agreed that a nameless eastern editor was a Nero and a pirate in store-clothes. They wailed in unison that Canadian copyright should be amended so as to give a little decent protection to the Canadian author. They compared notes as to the smallness of English pay-checks beside those that came for the same thing from the States. And Marjorie wanted information as to how and when book royalties should be paid, and how you were to know if a publisher were holding out on you, and if he had any right to base those royalties on the wholesale and not the retail list-price of a given book. She agreed there was no joy like the joy of one's first sale, and explained her own first check had been from the Toronto *Globe*, three dollars for a poem she had written at fifteen. My own, I confessed, had come from SATURDAY NIGHT, and was for seven dollars. "Oh, the feeling of handling money," observed the hungry-eyed poetess, "one has earned oneself!"

Those people who have tried to pin wings on Marjorie Pickthall because she wrote winged words won't, I know, altogether like this lifting of the veil. But even Emerson had to pay for his stove-wood. And artists must eat. The two artists involved in this chronicle, at any rate, sat there talking shop, sordid shop, until the

shadows grew long. It was about as spiritual, on the whole, as the smoking-room conflag of two old market-worn commercial travellers. We might have been a couple of penurious old street-peddlers exchanging tips on trade-routes and watch-dogs and the universal unfairness of the town police.

FOR Marjorie accepted me, I'm afraid, not only as an expatriate who had sold his pot of message for an American mess of pottage but also as a war-scarred and mercenary-minded penny-a-liner fresh from the purlieus of the literary middlemen. She had, she acknowledged, seen a novel of mine in the best-seller list. But I know by the condoning look in her eye she didn't think much of it. For authors, between you and me and the ink-pot, develop an instinct about such things. You don't need to tell them in plain words. They just know.

And that condoning look deepened when I confessed that I too had attempted to do a bit of verse now and then. She suspected, I'm afraid, that her guest from the East was about to exhume a wad of poesy from his pocket and read it aloud to her while the arbor roses trembled. And Marjorie didn't want poetry. (And speaking of aversions, *en passant*, I discovered that she didn't like

petunias and didn't care much for Ibsen and considered Yeats's dramas limp and thin.) What Marjorie wanted was more information about prices and markets. She had just sold a short story to *Collier's*—"The Basswood Bough," which the editor kept in pickle for two long years and she had a feeling she should have got more for it. She asked if I'd found it hard to get into the *Saturday Evening Post* and if their prices were as good as *Collier's*. Her face saddened when I told her the *Post* was then paying from one thousand to two thousand dollars apiece for short stories. Her poet's eye became abstracted and she was figuring out, I suspected, just how long she could live amid her Coast roses on two thousand sordid American smackers. "I'm so far away from everything out here," she complained.

It wasn't according to Hoyle. It shouldn't have worked out that way. But Mariana in the Moated Grange, I take it, still had to give a passing thought to her three meals a day. And this exile in the rose-garden had a dusty pilgrim from the counting-houses on her doorstep and she was determined to make hay while the sun shone. She once more interrogated me about publishers and rates, and how long a short story should be, and why people always wanted happy endings, and if editors weren't sheep, and what length of time one

of them should be allowed to hold a manuscript before making up his muttony mind about it. She had sold her serial, "The Bridge," both in England and to *Everybody's Magazine* in New York (during the writing of which, by the way, big-hearted Isabel Ecclestone Mackay had mothered her very much as Lady Gregory once mothered Yeats in his earlier years) and if she could keep on placing three or four stories a year it would keep the wolf from the door and give her peace of mind to write the sort of poetry she wanted to write.

But that peace of mind never came to Marjorie Pickthall. It was the Grim Reaper himself who came to her door, a few months later, and silenced a voice not often matched in this world for its sweetness.



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Canada's Place in New America-World Economy



Bomb-shocked babies are being brought back to health by Estrid Dane at the Lewisham Clinic, London. Here she interviews children at the Clinic.



Two-year-old Muriel Collier is guided down a ladder designed to cure bow legs. Miss Dane is sponsored by British War Relief Society of America.



Ronald Darkens, 3, hangs from a rubber-padded trapeze. At one time he was nervous, shuddered at sound of sirens. Now he's regaining health.

FOR one hundred and fifty years Canada has struggled against what appears to be her inevitable destiny—an integral place in, and an absolute dependence on, the American economy. At long last she is in a fair way to fulfill that destiny, and without any of the unpleasant reactions which, in other times and in other circumstances, might have occurred.

The grounds for our resistance to the magnetism of America were, for one thing, a patriotic impulse to keep Britain and the Empire first, and for another, a desire to attain some measure of national self-sufficiency. These two objectives were just as much at odds with one another, as they were with our American relations. Prior to Confederation we were mainly British in our external dealings. The advent of the Dominion was followed by industrial aspirations. The Boer war and world war No. 1 revived our patriotism on an Empire scale. But all the time that the weft of Empire was taking form, the warp of Americanism was being even more firmly established. Canada became an important industrial and trading nation, with strong lines running north and south, and others reaching across the Atlantic and even around the globe. But while at the

BY W. A. McKAGUE

The American tendency so long resisted in Canada now receives an impetus by reason of the war role assumed by the United States, and the recognition that we in the last resort depend upon the security and the economy of the American zone.

While the future construction of the British Empire is in doubt, there is no question regarding the close link between Canada and the United States in all our affairs.

time of Confederation we did about 47 per cent of our trade with Britain and 42 per cent with the United States, we were, just prior to this war, doing less than 30 per cent with Britain, and over 50 per cent with the United States. The Americas as a whole were providing 77 per cent of our imports; and absorbing 57 per cent of our exports.

The present war exigency is an opportune occasion for the banish-

ment of such political shibboleths as "no truck or trade with the Yankees." Britain is pleading for all possible aid from this side of the Atlantic. The United States and Canada are united in their will to provide it. And the new world which is unfolding before our eyes is one which will be unhealthy for tenuous strands. It virtually demands that economic be made up of solid blocks.

A turn in our attention to the American scene is not at all an anti-British move. It is not loving Caesar less, but Rome more. The events of the present war are so startling in their significance as to demand a reconstruction of the British Empire, or of such of it as may survive. And it is confidently hoped that the British-United States alliance now being formed may be projected into the future, so that what we are really doing is finding a new centre for democratic power.

Political Zones?

The zones into which the world is now being divided for purposes of political dominance and economic security are a logical step in the course of history. Just as Greece and Rome grew through the union of city with city, as the kingdoms of the

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

A Reply to a Critic

BY P. M. RICHARDS

A WEEK or two ago I asked in this column "Is Labor sabotaging the war?" and an indignant reader wrote in to say that the suggestion was likely to cause bad feeling and turn labor, or some part of it, against the war effort. Of course I meant unconscious sabotage, not deliberate, the reference being to the inevitable ill effects on the national war effort and war economy that must result from the present widespread attempts by labor to use the war production emergency as a means to obtain higher wages,

also to establish the principle that wartime rises in taxes and the cost of living must be balanced by wage increases.

Such efforts, even though unwitting, constitute an attempt to profiteer on the war if carried far enough, and certainly they are an attempt to escape from sharing the economic burden of the war—thus, to the extent that they are successful, increasing the burden borne by others. This is the vital point which the refractory workers—the vast majority of whom are decent, fair-minded, win-the-war-minded men and women—do not understand, and which it is most important that they should understand.

This is a war which we are all in up to our necks (or should be), which calls for the utmost from all of us, and which we have to support and pay for by increasing our production and decreasing our consumption and standard of living. The war does not make us collectively richer; it makes us collectively poorer, strange as that may seem in these days of (relatively) full employment, overtime production and enlarged spending by those formerly unemployed and those who have received wage increases.

Not Only Labor at Fault

In my article about sabotaging the war, I certainly did not mean to imply that only labor was at fault. Employers too have contributed to stoppages of production by withholding wage increases where such increases were warranted by the size of the profits and the needs of the workers. But such cases are exceptional, whereas demands by labor for higher wages, regardless of the circumstances, are the general rule. These employers understand the consequences of their acts (and are therefore more culpable); the great majority of the workers, in their case, do not, which is the reason for these remarks.

To suggest, as the critic of my earlier article does, that labor might be so offended by that article as to refuse to "co-operate" in the war effort is surely strange. Co-operate? Whose war is it? With all of

us, collectively, engaged in a life-or-death struggle with a vicious, exceedingly powerful enemy, will any of us refuse to "co-operate"? The fact that such a suggestion is made is evidence of the general failure in this country to realize the nature of the struggle and the world crisis.

The Government has to plead with us to supply the money it needs to run the war—our war; it "gratefully" acknowledges each purchase of a Victory Bond, which probably we have bought only after making sure that we have enough money remaining to cover our summer vacations and other normal expenses. We give from our surplus instead of, literally, "giving till it hurts," yet we expect to beat an enemy which not only has a six-year lead in preparedness but which, from the beginning of its effort, has made its whole country, with all its resources, solely a war-making machine.

If Canada Were Bombed

This slackness is very human and understandable, but it does not contribute to winning the war. Maybe it would have been a good thing for our cause if the *Bismarck* had got close enough to this continent to throw a few shells into Canadian towns or had sent some bombing planes as far inland as possible, preferably as far as Toronto. It would have given us a jolt that we badly need.

It's up to us to realize that we have to do whatever is necessary to win the war, whatever temporary sacrifices that entails. If, to beat totalitarianism, we have temporarily to adopt totalitarianism ourselves, well and good; let's do it. If we have to accept a lower standard of living, that's all right too. It's better to give now to preserve liberty and our way of life than give later to build up Germany.

Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, in his fine speech to the Canadian House of Commons on May 7, said that "nothing else matters except that when this war is over we should live in a free world" and went on: "What does it matter if we come out into that world bankrupt? What does it matter if we come out into that world with lower standards of material living than we have now? What does it matter if in that world the rich are not so rich? . . . These things do not matter. The only thing that matters to free men is that the policies under which they live shall be the policies which they themselves have devised. . . ."

That's it. That's all that matters. In a free world we or our sons can build anew.



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German people were absorbed by Prussia, as the scattered colonies of America became the United States of America, so also is Germany now working towards a solidarity on the continent. Italy aspires to a Mediterranean zone, and Japan seeks control of the Far East. At this stage we can not tell what will succeed and what will fail, but only a dreamer would hope that the little peoples of the world will control their own affairs, and that such a spineless organization as the League of Nations can maintain peace. Whether we like it or not, we are being re-made into a world of feudal protection on a grand scale.

The British Empire will survive, for it is too widespread to be engulfed at one sweep, and even the new order envisaged by the axis accords it a place among the world powers. But the future of Britain itself is clouded with doubt. The navy is still an important factor in military might, but it no longer is a guarantee against invasion, as the loss of Crete all too clearly shows. The British dominions, and many in the homeland as well, were becoming skeptical even before this war started, and now it is evident that Britain is not the logical heart for the administration of a wide-flung empire. Whatever kind of peace may come after this war, there always is the possibility of some new Caesar, Napoleon or Hitler running amuck through Europe. And if the centre for imperial and diplomatic affairs is moved, the status of the British Isles will decline. Moreover, the external investments which have contributed so much to the support of England have largely been sacrificed.

Removal from Danger

From the Empire viewpoint it would be far better if the nerve centre were removed from the danger zone, and the population of the British Isles reduced from 45 millions to 15 millions, which is approximately the limit than can be sustained on homegrown food. The balance of 30 millions should be welcome additions to the other parts of the empire. England could then be maintained as a powerful outpost at the very door of Europe.

The location of the future capital of the Empire must remain a moot question for the present. Canada is now frequently mentioned, because of its industrial development, its vast area, and its distance from any aggressive power. But there might



Dorothy Thompson, internationally known columnist, who spoke last week in the Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto, in a Victory Loan appeal. Said she: "The very fact that you are 'requested' to subscribe to this loan is significant . . . The word 'Please' has disappeared from the vocabulary of most of the countries . . . They say, 'Cough up or else' . . . You are asked to lend . . . to assure continuation of the democratic habit of saying 'Please'."

be some question about the wisdom of locating right under the nose of Washington. If the move were a step towards ultimate federation of all British and American peoples, it would be ideal. But if the Empire chose to go its own way, then either Africa or Australia would be better. As a matter of fact over half of the Empire is on the shores of the Indian Ocean, which could very well be made our Mare Nostrum of the future.

This question aside, every Canadian now realizes that the British Isles and the British Navy are his first line of defence, but that if these should go down, he has a second in his good neighbor Uncle Sam. When concern is expressed over control of the Azores and the Philippines, we may be sure that the undefended

northern boundary is vital to the United States. Our defences must be as one, and with that admission we must also recognize that all considerations of national self-sufficiency have no meaning from the viewpoint of war.

Recast Trade Policy

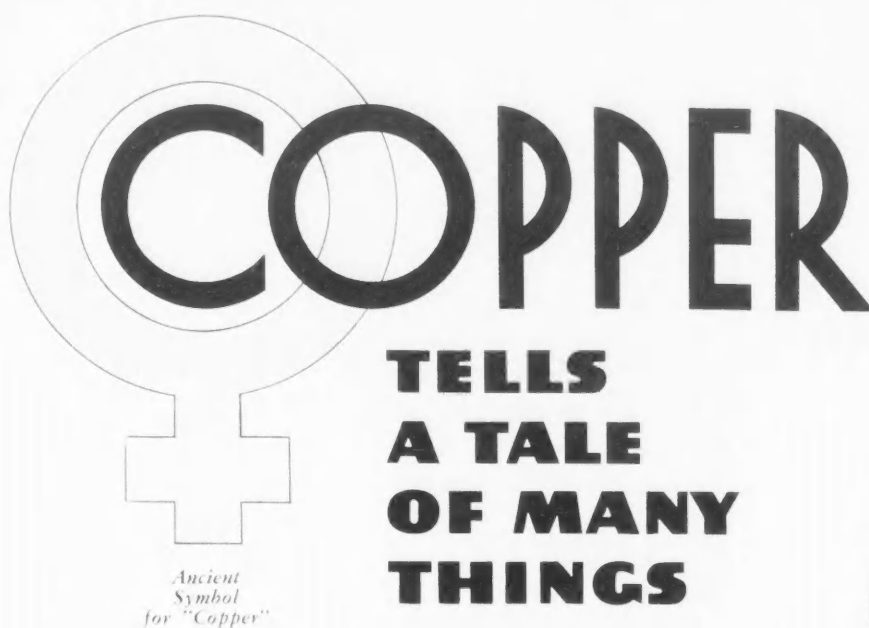
At this juncture, accordingly, the time is opportune for recasting Canada's trade and industrial policy to bring it more into line with the Americas' in the first instance, and at the same time to leave the door open for such opportunities as may be available for trade with the rest of the Empire and with the world at large. We can not aspire to be a world power in respect to either in-

dustry or finance, and our best future is to be found in promoting the maximum welfare of the economic zone of which we are a part. This has an immediate significance in respect to war effort, the object of which should be to organize our production for a maximum output on this continent, without regard for the separate contributions of Canada and the United States.

Changes in our industrial structure are also more practicable now than in normal times, inasmuch as vested interests in protected products are largely supplanted by the war program, and there should be time for a revamping of our lines in the return to peace. We need not fear too much centralization, for the trend across the line is towards a distribution of

production over wide areas. This has had the effect of industrializing the south and the Pacific Coast, to a degree that would have been inconceivable a generation ago. By the same token we could look for retention of most of our industries in Canada, under lower tariffs or even free trade.

The biggest problem for Canada undoubtedly will be the replacement of European markets for our exports. Such an adjustment is already under way, in the curtailment of output of wheat and a few other products of which we have too large a surplus. The labor so diverted can be applied in expanding such enterprises as aluminum, nickel, newsprint and shipbuilding, which should find widened opportunities in a program of continental solidarity.



IT is through electricity, of course, that copper renders its principal contribution to better living; but the red metal serves us in thousands of other useful ways.

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In their rolling stock, our railroads employ many thousand tons of copper—in electrical uses, signal systems, bearings, water piping, heating lines, air conditioning and air brake systems. In the automobile industry, radiators, bushings, chromium plated and other parts, together with electrical uses, constitute annually one of the largest markets for copper and copper alloys.

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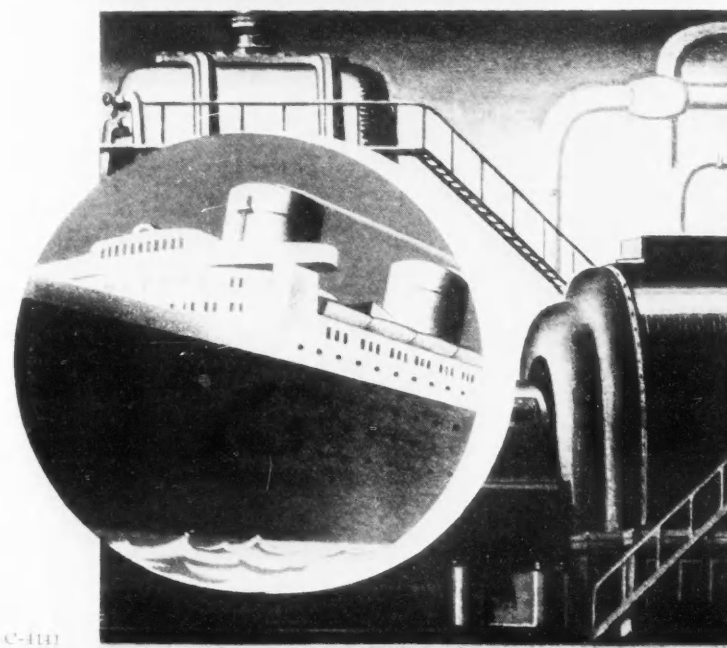
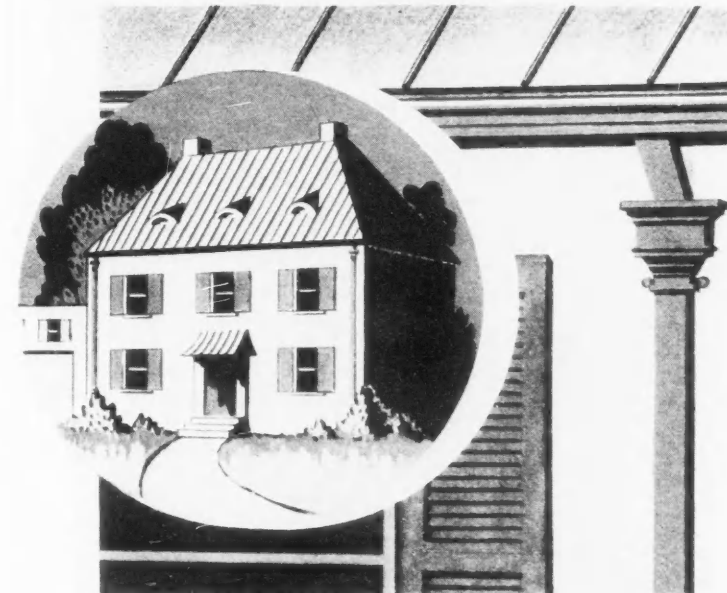
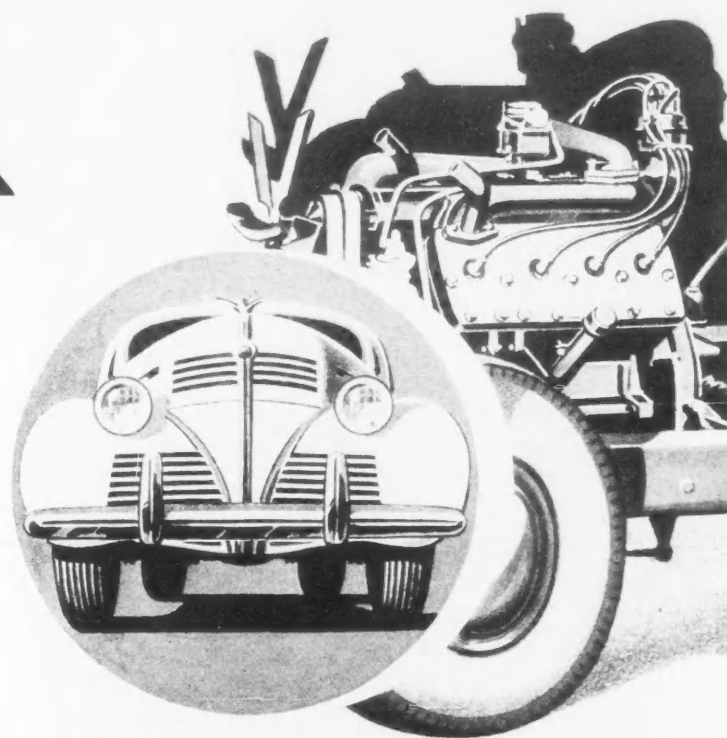


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These Trade Commissioners are at your service. Enquiries relative to export trade of specific commodities may be addressed to them in their respective territories.

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

CANADIAN WINERIES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been watching the stock of Canadian Wineries, Ltd., with the idea in mind that I might buy some. Do you approve of this? What do you think of the stock?

—E. E. K., Quebec, Que.

That it is a speculation of only limited possibilities and appeal at the present market, which is, apparently, discounting the company's ability to maintain the 40-cents-per-share dividend paid in 1939 and 1940.

Earnings in the fiscal year ended April 30, 1941, were equal to 38 cents per share, against 42 cents in 1940, 40 cents in 1939 and 47 cents in 1938. With European sources cut off, Canadian wines should have a free hand in the domestic market and this company, which occupies a strong trade position, should receive its share. However, I think that higher taxes and rising costs will limit any real earnings gain. The financial position is satisfactory.

Through subsidiaries, Canadian Wineries, Limited, produces various types of native wine, grape juice under the name "Niagara Maid," sparkling white wine and "Champagne Cider," a natural cider product of champagne character. Outlet for the company's products is both wholesale and retail with by far the greater volume being wholesale.

FRANCOEUR

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am a recent subscriber to your interesting weekly and would like through your helpful Gold and Dross pages to have some information on Francoeur Gold Mines, as regards production, profits, development results and prospects generally? Also does it pay a dividend?

—E. R. H., Drummondville, Que.

The recently issued annual statement of Francoeur Gold Mines, reported a production of \$465,114 in 1940, as compared with \$359,842 in the previous year, and the average

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of New York stock market prices was confirmed as downward in early May, 1940. The SHORT-TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12 but is now undergoing test as to continuation.

DEPRESSANTS ON INVESTMENT PSYCHOLOGY

Since May, 1940, when Hitler demonstrated to the Anglo-Saxon world his ability to back up his threats and boasts, the New York stock market has labored under various restraints. Britain's chances of holding her Empire together, reinforcement of the New Deal by the American electorate for a third term, establishment of the excess profits tax on corporate earnings, the gradual edging of the United States into the war, the placement of governmental controls over industry in furtherance of our defense and war effort: all may be included as among the major depressants to investment sentiment.

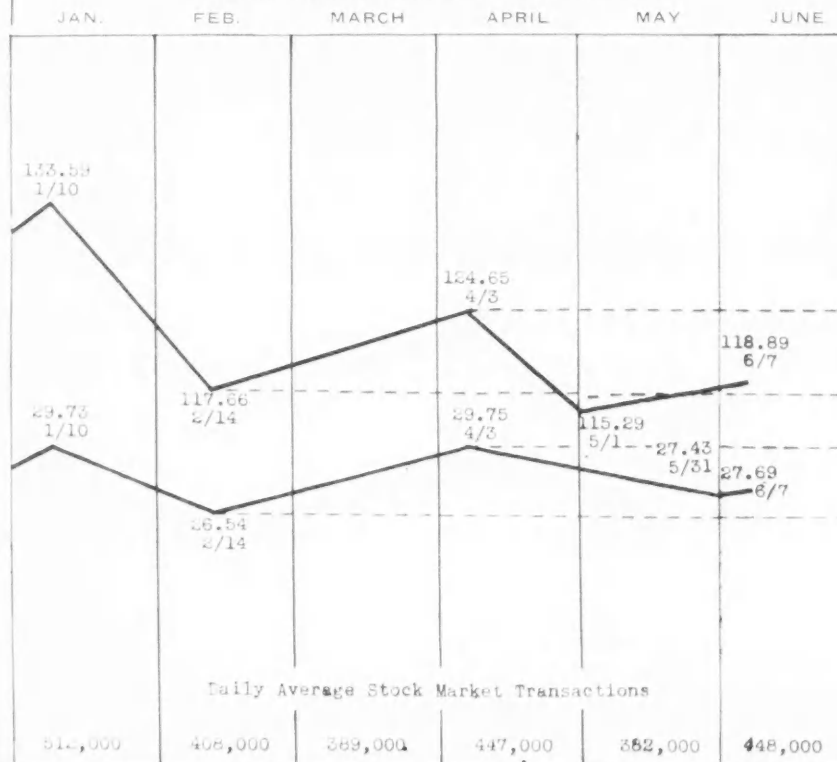
Because of these considerations, stock prices have remained in a generally lowered area. Indeed, the market, as reflected by leading issues, is not greatly above the low point touched in 1938, in which year the U.S. Federal Reserve Board's index of production reached a low of 80 and earnings on the Dow-Jones composite of 30 leading industrial stocks averaged \$6.01. As against the current depressed condition for stocks, American industrial production and corporate earnings have each now climbed, as against the 1938 figures just cited, some 80%. An equivalent rise in the Dow-Jones average would carry it, independently of speculative froth, to around 180.

MARKET FAIRLY WELL LIQUIDATED

There is little to suggest that the various depressants on investment psychology are immediately to be lifted. Until there is some change, the more favorable statistical considerations can hardly be expected to operate. In the meanwhile, the market does give evidence of being fairly well liquidated and thus in process of establishing a base on which eventual advance of substantial proportions can be erected. J. P. Morgan's remark that it always stops raining has yet to be disproved and those who, during the present dismal period, are gradually accumulating selected stocks should benefit correspondingly when the sun commences to shine.

From the technical approach, a close by both averages at or under 114.53 and 25.53 would represent decisive penetrations of lower resistance points suggesting full testing of the May, 1940, lows. Upside penetration of the early April peaks 124.65 and 29.75, to the contrary, would suggest the accumulation area as having ended in favor of substantial advance.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



J. P. LANGLEY & CO.

C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.

Chartered Accountants

Toronto

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You are recommended to write once to the Protective Association of Canada, Granby, Que., or to your local agent, for full details.

THE B. GREENING WIRE COMPANY LIMITED

COMMON DIVIDEND NO. 15

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the office of the company on May 30th, 1941, a dividend of 10 cents per share on the Common Shares of the company was declared payable July 1st, 1941, to shareholders of record June 15th, 1941.

Hamilton, Ont., June 4, 1941.

Western Grocers Limited

NOTICE OF DIVIDENDS

Notice is hereby given that the following dividends have been declared:

On the Preference Shares, 1% for the current quarter, payable July 15th, 1941, to shareholders of record June 20th, 1941.

On the Common Shares, 75¢ per share, payable July 15th, 1941, to shareholders of record June 20th, 1941.

By order of the Board,

W. P. RILEY,
President

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d, RILEY,
President

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MCCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

Preferred Stock Dividend No. 51.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of \$1.50 per share being at the rate of 6 per cent per annum has been declared on the 6 per cent cumulative Preferred Stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending June 30th, 1941, payable July 15th, 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business June 30th, 1941.

By Order of the Board, FRED HUNT, Secretary.

May 28th, 1941.

Silverwood DAIRIES, LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

COMMON DIVIDEND NO. 1

Notice is hereby given that a dividend has been declared on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company at the rate of Twenty cents (20c) per share, payable June 30th, 1941 to shareholders of record at the close of business June 14th, 1941.

By Order of the Board, J. H. GILLES, Secretary-Treasurer.

June 3, 1941.

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and the same will be payable on and after

1ST JULY 1941

To shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 30th instant.

By Order of the Board, WALTER GILLESPIE, Manager.

June 1941.

MONTE PORCUPINE MINES LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 12

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 10c per share has been declared by the Board of Monota Porcupine Mines Limited (No Personal Liability) payable in Canadian funds on July 15th, 1941, to shareholders of record on June 30th, 1941.

By Order of the Board, H. B. CLEARHUE, Secretary-Treasurer.

June 1941.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 52

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Fifty cents (50c) per Share on Class "A" Shares has been declared for the three months ending June 30th, 1941, payable by cheque dated July 15th, 1941, to shareholders as of record at the close of business on June 30th, 1941; such cheques will be mailed on July 12th, 1941, by the Montreal Trust Company from Vancouver.

By Order of the Board, ERNEST ROGERS, Secretary.

June 6th, 1941.

GOLD & DROSS

CANADIAN CELANESE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Several months ago you commented very favorably on the stock of Canadian Celanese, recommending it as a buy. Has anything happened since then to cause you to change your opinion?

S. C. V., Toronto, Ont.

Nothing; I still think the stock of Canadian Celanese has above-average attraction at the present time both for income and for appreciation.

An indication that earnings in the current year are expected to improve over 1940 was to be found in the recent declaration of a 25-cent-per-share extra along with the regular common dividend of 25 cents per share in the second quarter. The payment brought dividends to 75 cents per share in the first half of this year as compared with 50 cents per share for the corresponding period one year ago. In 1940, dividend disbursements amounted to \$1.50 per share, against earnings of \$2.21.

Currently sales and profits are running at record levels, with increased public purchasing power tending to offset rising costs. In May and June of last year the company's production was interrupted

per ton was \$7.02 as against \$6.32. Net profits were \$105,131, or 3.5 cents per share, whereas in the previous year it was 0.84 cents.

Most of the development work last year was in the north, or No. 8 zone, where results fully substantiated the promising indications secured from diamond drilling. As a consequence ore reserves were increased from 106,831 tons to 228,000 tons and expectations are that the north zone will mean a further pronounced increase in these figures.

Mill tonnage in 1940 was increased from 154 tons to 219 tons daily and indications point to earnings this year being considerably higher. Prospects for the company are quite interesting with attention being not only focused on the exploration of the north, No. 8 zone, but also on the No. 3 zone, some 1,500 feet to the west of the present workings, which so far has only been explored by diamond drilling.

The company paid its first dividend, an interim one of three cents a share last December. At that time it was considered probable two similar disbursements would be possible this year, at six months intervals. Net working capital at the close of 1940 was \$96,000, as against slightly over \$10,000 at the end of the previous year.

MERCURY MILLS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been urged to buy stock in Mercury Mills, Ltd. Before I do so, I would like to get your opinion of it. What do you think?

D. B. N., Halifax, N.S.

That the stock has no better than average attraction at the present time. Dividends are, I think, not a near term likelihood. As you probably know, no dividend can be declared on this stock in any year later than four months after the end of the preceding year; or when the company is in default under the trust deed securing the first mortgage bonds; or when such payment would have the effect of reducing working capital below \$750,000. In the year ended December 31, 1940 net working capital was \$671,889, so that the company's financial position will have to be bolstered before dividends can be considered. None have ever been paid on the common stock.

To date in this year the operations of Mercury Mills have continued active, with plants working at capacity and shipments for the first 5 months running well ahead of the corresponding period of 1940. During 1940, sales increased 35 per cent over those of 1939, with war contracts accounting for approximately 15 per cent of the total. Net was equal to 77 cents per share against 44 cents per share in 1939 and deficits of \$1.90, \$2.17 and \$1.82 in 1938, 1937 and 1936, respectively.

Mercury Mills, Ltd., knits silk, cashmere and cotton hosiery and underwear. Two plants are operated at Hamilton, Ontario, with a daily capacity of 2,000 pairs of hosiery and 500 dozen suits of underwear. A plant at Listowel, Ontario, is used for spinning and dyeing yarns.

BAGAMAC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would appreciate information regarding the present standing of Bagamac.

A. A. T., Hamilton, Ont.

Bagamac Mines Ltd., has no plans at present for the further exploration of its property adjoining Senator-Rouyn Ltd., due to existing unsettled conditions. The company has substantial share holdings in Senator-Rouyn which is now in production and in Frontier Red Lake Mines which has been purchased by Gold Frontier Ltd. Development work is proceeding on two levels at the latter property and a 125-ton mill has been purchased which will be installed once the property is ready for production. At the end of 1939 Bagamac investments had a book value of \$148,562.

by a six-weeks strike; without such disruptions this year, it should register an improvement in earnings even after the payment of heavier taxes.

Canadian Celanese has always followed a conservative dividend policy

and I think it unlikely that there will be any departure at this time. Rather, I think you can expect a strengthening of liquid resources, particularly in the accumulation of government bonds which would be available for use after the war.

Clarkson, Gordon, Dilworth & Nash

TORONTO MONTREAL HAMILTON WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Chartered Accountants

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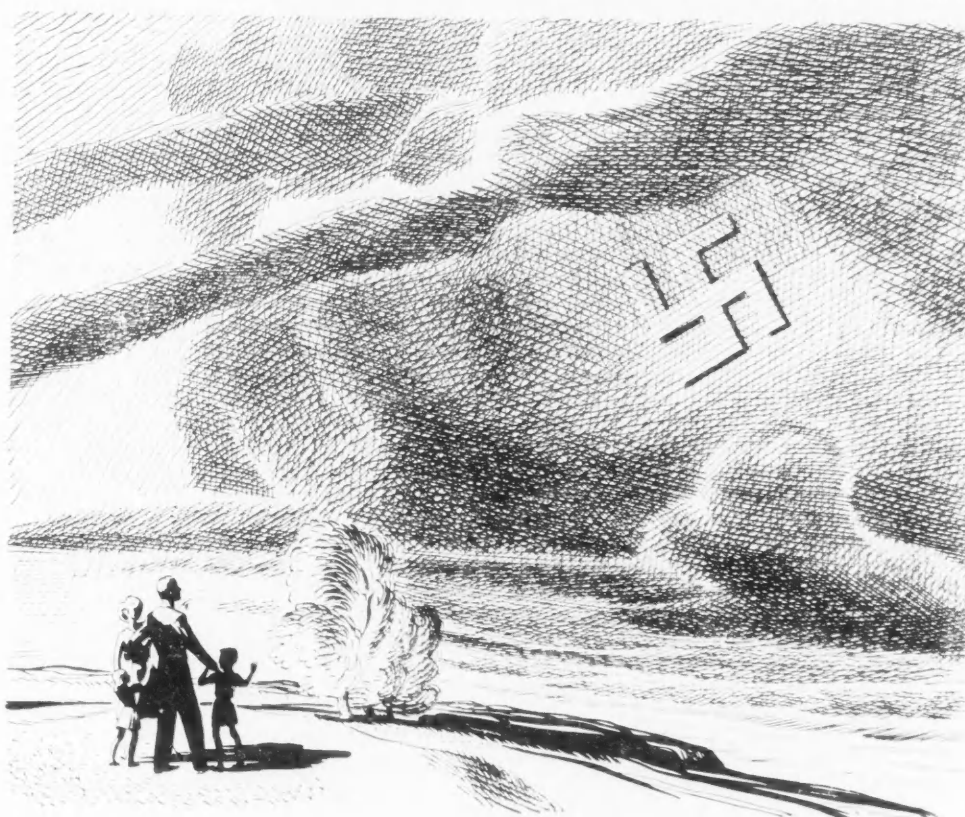
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The safety of your home, the future of your children, your own free way of life depend on the outcome of this war. Can any sacrifice be too great when so much is at stake?

Buy Victory Bonds!

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

AS HAS been pointed out before, one fact which we must accept today is that humanity is what it is and not something else that we should like it to be. Everyone is inherently an individual, which means simply that he is different from anyone else.

While it is vain to seek for any one moral or spiritual force that guides civilization, religion and law have been usually regarded as the conservative elements in our social structure, which finds its basis in an innumerable group of individuals, each with different capacities and abilities, but who in spite of lost motion and dislocations fit themselves together and co-operate, under some compelling universal urge, to achieve one single object, and that is security.

security for the present, and also security for the future as far as possible.

Some individuals succeed in their quest for security, while others fail. Among those who fail, besides the ones who throw life and opportunity away, are many who, through no fault of their own, are unable to make any headway in life's procession and fall by the wayside.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Is Individual Security a Delusion?

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Although it is generally agreed that the fundamental principle upon which our present social system has functioned is that every man must provide his own security, it is also now well-recognized that where, because of low productive capacity, ill-health, unemployability, or accident, he has failed to do so, it is the public's duty and the duty of private charity to make some provision for his subsistence.

Concentration of Wealth

Some authorities assert that the present state of insecurity of the individual is due to the fact that wealth has become concentrated in the hands of a very small percentage of the population; that an unduly large portion of the national income is absorbed by a comparatively few people; and that an excessive proportion of the wealth produced by the combination of capital and labor goes to capital and management.

On the other hand, statistics have been compiled from the public records in the United States which show that out of the year's national income 67 per cent goes in salaries and wages, while capital takes 33 per cent, but out of the 33 per cent pays most of the country's taxes. Further, that out of each \$100 paid in wages and salaries, the higher-ups get \$3; also, that out of each \$100 paid in wages and salaries, \$34 is required for the cost of government.

Thus the lack of security for the individual or for society as a whole cannot be attributed wholly to a maldistribution of income and wealth. It would seem to follow that any artificial means employed to redistribute income or wealth by "soaking the rich" through a capital levy, for example, will not only fail to provide security for individuals but will destroy the wealth.

As to the differences in individuals, it must be realized that there are not only physical differences, but that there are differences in temperament and character and in capacity. The principal characteristic of those of lower capacity is the lack of adaptability and the ability to think. That is why schemes purporting to provide an income for everybody out of the public funds at no expense to anybody can at times attract such a large number of supporters.

Basic Differences

There are among individuals different grades or levels of capacities, which are basic and biologic, and which are so well recognized that they do not cause any embarrassment. They are indeed necessary in the present structure of society. Division of labor is the keynote of our economic system, and without these different grades of capacities division of labor would be difficult if not impossible. Lack of individual security cannot therefore be ascribed to such differences.

There are people who believe that the cause of individual insecurity lies in our form of government and our system of economy. In hard times they become particularly vocal, and those who suffer most from insecurity are often ready to support any change which they are led to believe will produce security.

They are told that what is needed is a "planned society" — a term that sounds good. But they are not informed that an artificially planned society is altogether incompatible with human liberty. There is no evidence anywhere that it would produce either social or economic security. On the contrary, where it has been tried there is neither national nor individual security in evidence.

Some writers claim that to bring about any radical change in our social system would necessitate the rigid planning of our whole economy,

and that in such planning human freedom must be cast out. That would seem to indicate that in their opinion human freedom and human security are incompatible. Anyhow, all the evidence we now have is to the effect that a planned economy, while doing away with the freedom of the individual, does not provide him with any security to compensate him for its loss, so that his last state is worse than his first, he having lost his liberty and gained no security.

In Canada, where personal liberty is one of our most highly prized possessions, the great majority of the people have depended in the past upon industry and thrift to provide for their individual security, and are more than likely to continue to do so in the future, despite any alluring schemes which may be proposed from time to time as a short cut to the Utopia of financial independence for everybody at no cost to anybody.

Voluntary Insurance

Among the time-tried and safest ways by which the average individual may make provision for his economic security, without any infringement of his personal liberty, is through the system of voluntary insurance. By means of wisely-planned life insurance, for instance, to be paid for in instalments over the working period of his life, he may make absolutely secure his own financial independence in the years after retirement, while at the same time ensuring the economic security of his dependents should he himself be called by death at any time before reaching retirement age.

In many respects the security of the individual salary and wage earner depends upon the maintenance of his earning power, which accordingly needs protection against loss by reason of serious interruption through injury or illness. His greatest assets are usually his time coupled with the ability to employ a material part of it in profitable industry. Whether he works for wages or salary or fees, whether his labors are mental or physical, his chief saleable commodity is his time.

This emphasizes his need of accident and sickness insurance, the aim and purpose of which is to provide indemnity for cessation of in-

come during the period, brief or long, during which the individual cannot by virtue of his physical condition commercialize his time.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Please advise if the 'Toronto General' is safe to insure with. Has it any connection with T. G. Trusts?

—E. V. G., Brampton, Ont.

Toronto General Insurance Company was first incorporated in Ontario in 1921, but in 1937 it took out a Dominion charter, and since December 20, 1937, has been operating under Dominion charter and registry. It is regularly licensed for fire, casualty and other lines of insurance, and has a deposit with the Government of Ottawa of \$315,622 for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively.

Its total admitted assets at the beginning of 1940, the latest date for which Government figures are available, were \$1,405,743, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to \$652,211, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of \$753,532. As the paid up capital amounted to \$284,391, there was a net surplus over capital and all liabilities of \$469,141. It showed a net gain during the year of \$55,651. The company is in a sound financial position and safe to insure with. All claims are readily collectable.

P.S. It is an entirely separate company from the Toronto General Trusts Corporation.



W. R. HOUGHTON, Canadian Manager
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New Nazi Order

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The aim of the New Nazi Order is to make Germany the heart of Europe with the life blood of the other nations flowing to it. And for a long time Hitler has cast a covetous eye on both the British Empire and the United States.

The challenge to the Democracies is to outline their New Order and present it to the world.

AS THESE words are written Nazi Germany is busy trying to extend the realm of her New Order so that all Europe, including the Balkans, and all North Africa shall be acquainted with it. So much has been said about the New Order, and so much misunderstood, that it is time to correct a few false impressions.

What do the Nazis do with the countries they conquer and overrun, and how do they arrange a prospective synthesis of their conquests so as to forge them into one gigantic economic unit? It is known that Great Britain and the United States, together with the whole of the British Commonwealth, are on the schedule, and the marked-down victims can learn a good deal from the fate accorded to the enslaved peoples already under the Nazi heel.

So far as the European scene goes, the main direction of the New Order policy is to make the Reich the heart of the Continent, to which flows the whole bloodstream of the other countries, and from which just so much is pumped out to enable these countries to contrive to exist. The bolder conception of the Wilhelmstrasse is to make Germany the heart of the world, with all other nations subsidiary to its ruling, with the status of slaves and their function.

"A Grandiose Plan"

There used to be a misguided minority who saw Hitler as a bulwark of what was called capitalism to distinguish it from the "Red Menace" of Communism. What do they say now? In Belgium and Holland, in occupied France, in Czechoslovakia, everywhere in fact where the Nazis have marched, the small capitalist has been forced to employ his capital (over part of which he has been allowed to retain nominal possession) in the service of the conqueror. Every adjustment to the economy rendered necessary by the New Order program has been financed, and is being financed, by direct robbery like forced loans, and by indirect robbery, like the system of "compensatory" trade.

The *Economist* has lately directed attention to recent writings on this subject, and its conclusion deserves attention. The New Order, it says, is a "grandiose plan of imperialism and servitude." This, indeed, is the only solution to Hitler's gnawing envy and reluctant admiration of the

British Empire, and it is in keeping with his perverted view of the Commonwealth. What he sees in the Empire is an enormous potential for the domination of the entire world.

Of the immediate economic difficulties of Europe there is little to be said. They are great enough and complex enough, but their cause is simple and their remedy single. Germany is their cause and a Democratic victory will be their cure. Hitler should reflect that these difficulties are a measure of what would come afterwards even if his wildest dream—which is the dream of winning the war—were to come true.

War to the Death

And from the other angle, too, there is enough evidence to make even a German megalomaniac pause. Europe is not a self-sufficient unit in the terms of its present—or rather immediately pre-war—standard of living and the European New Order could not exist in vacuo. Germany's domination would have to spread over the whole globe before the economic conditions could be established which alone could give some solid foundation to the New Order. And that possibility is beyond the belief of the most ardent Nazi.

What the Democratic peoples can learn from the present position of Europe is simply that this war is a war to the death. Either the Democracies go down and the German beast devours the body of Europe, or the Germans are broken and freedom and sanity restored. We have seen confiscation of property, religious persecution, and economic blood-sucking, on the greatest scale ever known. And it is called the New Order.

The challenge to the Democracies is to outline their New Order and to offer it to the world. It is not enough to point out the apparent horrors of the German plan, or to condemn the sins committed in its name. If the Democracies offered no more than freedom from all such perverted schemes of New Order it would be something. But they can go far beyond that. Every foot of territory seized by Germany, every German bomb that falls, every woman who has lost husband or lover or son to the Germans—all these are weapons in the armoury of freedom. They should not be left to rust.



German troops on parade in Tripoli. Beginning at Tripoli, the Nazi drive gobbled up ground taken by the British from the Italians in Libya, to falter at Tobruk and stall at Solum inside the Egyptian border.

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A. C. RUBY, Br. Mgr., WINNIPEG

V. G. CREBER, Asst. Manager
M. NEVILL, Br. Mgr., VANCOUVER



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